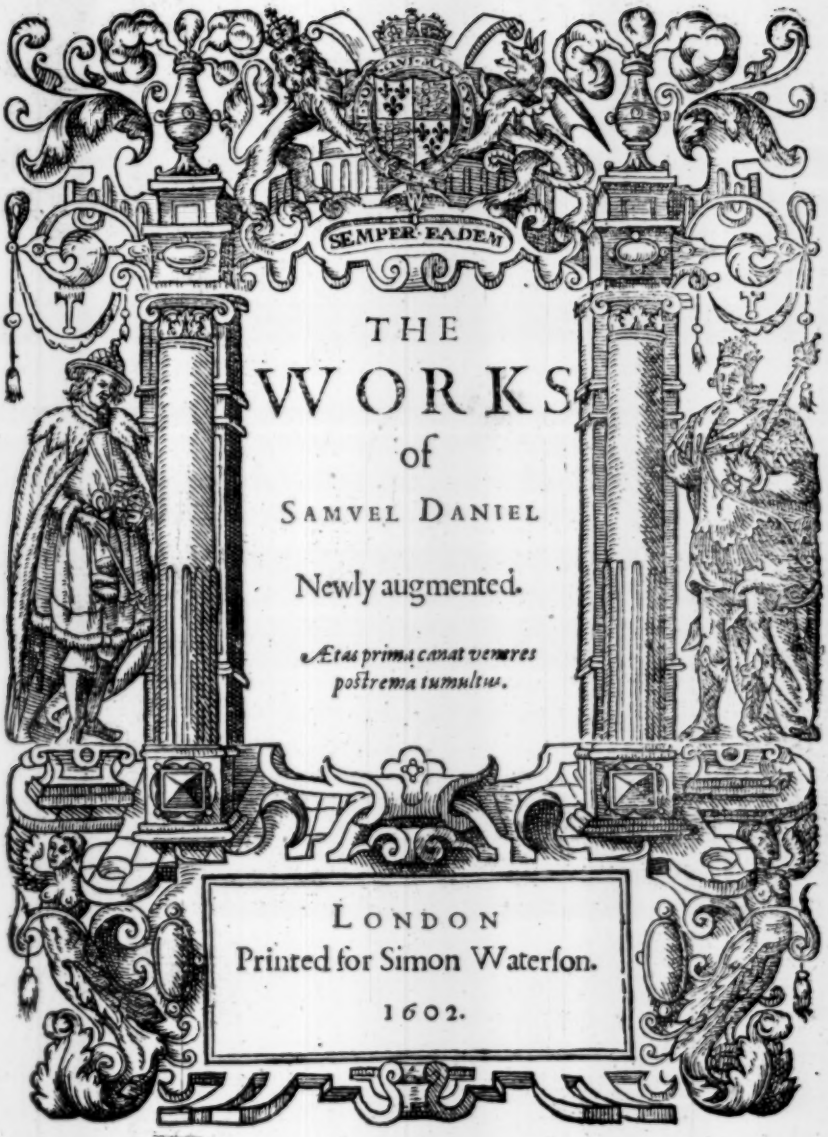


THE WORKS of SAMVEL DANIEL

Newly augmented.

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

LONDON
Printed for Simon Waterſon.
1602.

To her ſacred Maieſtie.

HEere ſacred Soueraigne, glorious Queene of Peace,
The tumults of diſordred times I ſing,
To glorifie thy Raigne, and to increaſe
The wonder of thoſe bleſſings thou dooſt bring
Vpon thy Land, which ioyes th'intire releaſe
From bloud and ſorrowes by thy gouerning,
That through affliction we may ſee our ioyes,
And bleſſe the glory of Elizaes dayes.

Happier then all thy great Progenitors,
That euer ſate vpon that powrefull Throne;
Or all thy mightieſt neighbour-Gouernors,
Which wonder at the bleſſings of thy Crowne,
Whoſe Peace more glorious farre then all their warres,
Haue greater powres of admiration ſhowne;
Receiue theſe humble fruites of mine increaſe,
Offred on th'Altare of thy ſacred Peace.

I, who by that moſt bleſſed hand ſuſtain'd,
In quietnes, doe eate the bread of reſt:
And by that all-reuiuing powre obtain'd,
That comfort which my Muſe and me hath bleſt,

The Epiſtle.

Bring here this worke of Warre, whereby was gain'd
This bleſſed Vnion which theſe wounds redreſt,
That ſacred Concord which prepar'd the way
Of glory for thee onely to enioy.

Wherto if theſe my Labors ſhall attaine,
And which, if Fortune giue me leaue to end,
It will not be the leaſt worke of thy Raigne,
Nor that which leaſt thy glory ſhall commend,
Nor ſhall I hereby vainely entertaine
Thy Land, with yale ſhadowes to no end;
But by thy Peace, teach what thy bleſſings are,
The more t'abhorre this execrable warre.

Samuel Daniel.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE FIRST BOOKE.

What times foregoe Richard *the seconds raigne:*
The fatall causes of this ciuile Warre
His Vncles pride, his greedie Minions gaine,
Glosters *reuolt, and death deliuered are:*
Herford *accusd, exild, calld backe againe,*
Pretendes t'amend what others Rule did marre.
The King from Ireland *hastes, but did no good,*
Whilst strange prodigious signes foretoken blood.

1

I Sing the ciuill VVarres, tumultuous Broyles,
And bloody factions of a mighty Land:
VVhose people hauty, proud with forraine spoyles
Vpon themselues, turne backe their conquering hand:
VVhilst Kin their Kin, Brother the Brother foyles,
Like Ensignes all against like Ensignes band:
Bowes against Bowes, the Crowne against the Crowne
VVhil'st all pretending right, all right's throwne downe.

2

VVhat furie, ô vvhat madnes held you so
Deare people too too prodigall of Blood?
To vvast so much, and vvarre vvithout a foe,
vvhilst *Fraunce* to see your spoyles, at pleasure stood.
How much might you haue purchasd vvith lesse vvoe?
T'haue done you honour and your Nephewes good,
Yours might haue been what euer lies betweene
The *Perenei*, and *Alps*, *Aquitayne*, and *Rheine*.

3

And yet what reaſon haue we to complaine?
Since hereby came, the quiet calme we ioy
The bliſſe of thee ELIZA, happie gaine
For all our loſſes for that no other way
The heauens could finde, then to vnite againe
The fatall ſeu'red families: that they
Might bring foorth thee: that in thy peace might grow
That glory, vvhich no age could euer ſhovv.

4

Thou ſacred Goddeſſe, I no muſe but thee
Invoke in this great worke I now entend:
Do thou inſpire my thoughts, infuſe in mee
A power to bring the ſame to happy end:
Rayſe vp a worke for latter times to ſee,
That may thy glory, and my paynes commend:
Strengthen thy Subiect ſtrange things to rehearſe,
And giue peace to my life, life to my Verſe.

5

And thou *Charles Mountioy*, borne the worldes delight
That haſt receiu'd into thy quiet ſhore
Mee tempeſt-driuen fortune-toſſed wight,
Tir'd with expecting, and could hope no more:
And cheereſt on, my better yeares to write
A ſadder Subiect, then I tooke before:
Receiue the worke I conſecrate to thee,
Borne of that reſt, which thou doſt giue to mee.

6

And MEMORIE, preſeruereſſe of thinges done,
Come thou, vnfold the woundes, the wracke, the waſt,
Reueale to me how all the ſtriſe begunne
Twixt *Lancaſter* and *Yorke* in ages paſt:
How cauſes, counſels, and euentes did runne,
So long as theſe vnhappie times did laſt,
Vnintermixt with fictions, fantaſies:
I verſifie the troth, not Poetize.

And

7

And to the end we may with better eaſe
Iudge the true progreſſe: here vouchſafe to ſhow
VVhat were the times foregoing neare to theaſe,
That theſe we may vvith better profit knovv:
Tell hovv the vvorld fell into this diſeaſe,
And hovv ſo great diſtemperature did grovv:
So ſhall vve ſee by vvhat degrees it came,
How things grovvne full, do ſoone grovv out of frame.

8

Ten Kings had novv raignd of the *Norman* race
With variable fortune, turning chaunce,
All in tvvo hundreth ſixtie one yeares ſpace,
When *Edward* third of name and firſt of *Fraunce*
Poſſeſt the Crowne in Fortunes higheſt grace:
And did to greateſt ſtate, his ſtate aduaunce,
When *England* might the largeſt limits ſee
That euer any King attaind but hee.

9

For moſt of all the reſt, toyld in vnreſt,
What with wrong titles, what with inward broyle,
Hardly a true eſtabliſhment poſſeſt
Of vvhat they ſought vvith ſuch exceeding toyle:
For vvhy, their povver vvithin it ſelfe oppreſt,
Scarce could breake foorth to greatnes all that vvhile:
Such vvo the childhood of this ſtate did paſſe
Before it could attaine to vvhat it vvaſſe.

10

For firſt the *Norman* conquering all by might,
By might vvas forſt to keepe vvhat he had got:
Altring the lavves, chaunging the forme of *Right*,
And placing barbarous Cuſtomes he had brought:
Maiſtring the mighty, humbling the poorer vvight
vvith grieuous taxes tyranie had ſought,
Scarce layde th'aſſured groundes to build vpon,
The chaunge ſo hatefull in ſuch courſe begon.

William the Conqueror.

11

William Rufus. *William* his ſonne tracing the ſelfe ſame wayes,
The great outworne with Warre, or ſlaine in peace,
Onely vpon depreſſed vveakenes prayes,
And treads dovvne vvhat vvas likelieſt to increaſe:
Thoſe that vvere left, being left to vvofull dayes,
Had onely povvre to vviſh for ſome releaſe:
Whilſt giuing beaſtes vvhat did to men pertaine,
Tooke for a beaſt himſelfe vvas after ſlaine.

12

Henry. 1. *Henrie* his brother raignes vvhen he had donne,
(Who *Roberts* title better to reiect
The *Norman Duke* the Conquerours firſt ſonne)
Lightens in ſhew, rather then in effect
Thoſe greeuances, his fatall race begunne,
Reformes the Lawes which ſoone he did neglect:
Whoſe ſonnes being drownd, for whom he did prepare
Leaues Crowne and Strife to *Maud* his daughters care.

13

King Stephen. Whom *Stephen* his Nephew (falſifying his oath)
Preuents, aſſailes the Realme, obtaines the Crowne:
Rayſing ſuch tumults as torment them both,
Whilſt both held nothing certainly their owne.
Th'afflicted Realme deuided in their troth,
And partiall fayth, moſt miſerable growne,
Endures the while, till peace and *Stephens* death,
Conclude ſome hope, of quiet, to take breath.

14

Henry 2. The ſonne of *Maud* (from *Saxon* blood deriu'd
By mothers line) ſucceedes th'vnrightfull King
Henrie the ſecond, in whoſe raigne reuiu'd
Th'oppreſſed ſtate, and firſt began to ſpring,
Who if he had not been ſo too long liu'd,
T'haue ſeene th'affliction that his age did bring
By his vngodly Sonnes, moſt happie man,
For they againſt him warr'd, for whom he wan

All

15

All *Ireland*,*Scotland*, th'Iles of *Orcades*,
Poytiers,*Guienna*,*Brittany* hee got,
And leades foorth ſorrow from it ſelfe,to theaſe,
Recouers ſtrength at home ſo feeble brought:
Giues courage to the ſtrong, to weaker eaſe:
Ads to the State what *England* neuer ſought:
Who him ſucceed(the forraine blood out growne)
Are home-borne Kings,by ſpeech and birth our owne.

16

Loe hitherto the new borne State in teares,
Was in her raw and wayling infancie,
During a hundred two and twentie yeares
Vnder the hand of Strangers tyrannie:
And now ſome better ſtrength and youth appeares,
Which promiſes a glad recouerie:
For hard beginnings haue the greateſt States,
What with their owne,or neighbourers debates.

17

Euen like to *Rheine*,which in his birth oppreſt,
Strangled almoſt with Rocks and mighty Hils,
Workes out a way to come to better reſt:
Warres with the Mountaines,ſtriues againſt their wils:
Bringes foorth his ſtreames in vnitie poſſeſt,
Into the quiet bed he proudly fils,
Carrying that greatnes which he cannot keepe
Vnto his death and buriall in the deepe.

18

So did the worldes proud *Miſtres Rome* at firſt
Striue with a hard beginning,warr'd with need:
Forcing her ſtrong Confiners to the worſt,
And in her blood her greatnes firſt did breed:
So *Spaine* at home with *Moores* ere foorth it burſt,
Did practize long,and in it ſelfe did bleed:
So did our State begin with her owne woundes
To try her ſtrength,ere it enlarg'd her boundes.

19

Richard.1. But now comes *Richard* to ſucceed his ſire,
Who much the glory of our Armes increaſt,
His fathers limits bound not his deſier:
He ſpreades the Engliſh Enſignes in the Eaſt,
And whilst his vertues would haue raiſd him higher
Treaſon and Malice, his great actions ceaſt:
A faythles Brother and a fatall King
Cut off his growth of glory in the ſpring.

20

Which vvicked brother, contrarie to courſe,
K. Iohn. Falſe *Iohn* vſurpes his *Nephew Arthurs* right,
Gets to the Crowne by craft, by rong, by force,
Rules it vvith luſt, oppreſsion, rigor, might:
Murders the lavvfull heire vvithout remorce:
Wherefore procuring all the worldes deſpight,
A Tyrant loath'd, a homicide conuented
Poyſoned he dyes, diſgrac'd and vnlamented.

21

Henry. 3. *Henrie* his ſonne is choſen King, though young,
And *Lewes* of *Fraunce* (elected firſt) beguilde,
After the mightie had debated long,
Doubtfull to chooſe a ſtraunger or a child:
VVith him the Barrons (in theſe times growne ſtrong)
Warre for their auncient Lawes ſo long exild.
He graunts the *Charter* that pretended eaſe,
And kept his owne, yet did his owne appeaſe.

22

Edward.1. *Edward* his ſonne a martiall King ſucceedes
Iuſt, prudent, graue, religious, fortunate:
Whoſe happy ordred raigne moſt fertile breedes
Plentie of mightie ſpirites to ſtrength his State,
And worthy mindes, to manage worthy deedes
Th'experience of thoſe times ingenerate:
For euer great imployment for the great
Quickens the blood, and honour doth beget.

And

23

And had not his mis-led laſciuious Sonne
Edward the ſecond, intermitted ſo — *Edward. 2.*
The courſe of glory happely begunne,
Which brought him, and his fauorites to woe:
That happy current without ſtop had runne
Vnto the full of his ſonne *Edwards* floe:
But who hath often ſeene in ſuch a ſtate,
Father and Sonne like good, like fortunate?

24

But now this great ſucceeder all repaires, — *Edward. 3.*
And rebrings-acke that diſcontinued good,
He builds vp ſtrength and greatnes for his heires
Out of the vertues that adornd his blood:
He makes his Subiects Lords of more then theirs,
And ſets their boundes farre wider then they ſtood:
Could greatnes haue but kept what he had got,
It was enough he did, and what he wrought.

25

And had his heire ſurviu'd him in due courſe, — *Edward the blacke prince who dyed before his father.*
What limits England had't thou found, what barre?
What world could haue reſiſted ſo great force?
O more then men! two thunderbolts of warre,
Why did not Time your ioyned worth diuorſe
T'haue made your ſeuerall glories greater farre?
Too prodigall was Nature thus to do,
To ſpend in one age, what ſhould ſerue for two.

26

But now the Scepter in this glorious ſtate — *Rich. 2.*
Supported with ſtrong powre and victorie
Was left vnto a Child, ordain'd by fate
To ſtay the courſe of what might grow too hie:
Here was a ſtop that greatnes did abate
When powre vpon ſo weake a baſe did lie,
For leaſt great fortune ſhould preſume too farre,
Such oppoſitions interpoſed are.

Neuer

27

Neuer this Iland better peopled ſtood,
Neuer more men of might, and mindes addreſt,
Neuer more Princes of the royall blood,
(If not too many, for the publique reſt)
Nor euer was more treaſure, wealth, and good,
Then when this *Richard* firſt the Crowne poſſeſt
Second of name: a name in two accurſt,
And well we might haue miſt all, but the firſt.

28

In this mans raigne began this fatall ſtrife
The bloudy argument whereof we treate:
That dearely coſt ſo many'a Prince his life:
That ſpoyld the weake, and euen conſum'd the great,
That, wherein all calamitie was rife,
That Memorie euen grieues her to repeat,
And would that Time would now this knowledge loſe,
But that tis good to learne by others woes.

29

Edward the third being dead, had left this child,
Sonne of his worthy ſonne deceaſd of late
The Crowne and Scepter of this Realme to wield,
Appoynting the Protectors of his State
Two of his Sonnes, to be his better ſhield,
Suppoſing Vnckles free from guile or hate,
Would order all things for his better good,
In the reſpect and honour of their blood.

30

Of theſe *Iohn* Duke of *Lancaſter* was one,
(Too great a Subiect growne, for ſuch a State
The title of a King and what h'had done
In great exployts his minde did eleuate
Aboue proportion kingdomes ſtand vpon,
Which made him puſh at what his iſſue gate)
The other *Edmond Langley*, whoſe milde ſprit
Affected quiet and ſafe delight.

With

31

With theſe did interpoſe his proud vnreſt
Thomas of *Woodſtocke*, one moſt violent,
Impatient of commaund, of peace, of reſt,
Whoſe brow would ſhew, that which his hart had ment
His open malice and repugnant breſt
Procur'd much miſchiefe by his diſcontent:
And theſe had all the charge of King and State,
Till by himſelfe he might it ordinate.

32

And in the firſt, yeares of his gouernment,
Things paſt, as firſt; the Warres in *Fraunce* proceed,
Though not with that ſame fortune and euent,
Being now not followed with ſuch carefull heed,
Our people here at home growne diſcontent
Through great exactions inſurrections breed,
Priuate reſpectes hindred the Common-weale,
And idle eaſe doth on the mightie ſteale.

33

Too many Kinges breed factions in the Court,
The head too weake, the members growne too great:
Which is the thing that Kingdomes doth tranſport,
The plague the heauens do for iniuſtice threate
When children rule; who euer in this ſort
Confound the State, their aunceſtors did get:
"For the ambitious once inur'd to raigne,
" Can neuer brooke a priuate State againe.

34

" And Kingdomes euer ſuffer this diſtreſſe,
"For one or many, guide the infant King,
"Which one or many, taſting this exceſſe
"Of greatnes and commaund, can neuer bring
"Their thoughtes againe t'obay, or to be leſſe:
"From hence theſe inſolencies euer ſpring,
"Contempt of others, whom they ſeeke to foyle,
"Then follow leagues, deſtruction, ruine, ſpoyle.

Who-

35

Whether it vvere that they vvhich had the charge,
Suffred the King to take a youthfull vaine,
That they their priuate better might inlarge:
Or vvhether he himſelfe vvould farther ſtraine,
(Thinking his yeeres ſufficient to diſcharge
The gouernment) preſumd to take the raigne,
Or howſoeuer novv his eare he lendes
To youthfull counſell, and his luſtes attendes.

36

And Courtes vvere neuer barren yet of thoſe
VVhich could with ſubtile traine and apt aduice
VVorke on the Princes vveakenes, and diſpoſe
Of feeble frayltie, eaſieſt to entice:
And ſuch no doubt, about this King aroſe,
vvhoſe flatterie (the dangerous nurſe of vice)
Got hand vpon his youth, to pleaſures bent:
VVhich led by them, did others diſcontent.

37

For now his vnckles grew much to miſlike
Theſe ill proceedings; were it that they ſaw
That others fauor'd, did aſpiring ſeeke
Their Nephew from their counſels to vvithdravv,
Seeing his nature flexible and meeke,
Becauſe they onely vvould keepe all in avve:
Or that in deede they found the King and State
Abuſde by ſuch as now in office ſate.

38

Or rather elſe, they all were in the fault,
Th'ambitious vnckles, th'indiſcreete young King,
The greedy Counſell, and the Minions naught:
And all togither did this tempeſt bring:
Beſides, the times withall iniuſtice fraught,
Concurr'd in this confuſd diſordering,
That we may truely ſay, this ſpoyld the ſtate,
Youthfull Counſell, priuate Gaine, partiall Hate.

And

39

And ſure the King plainely diſcouereth
Apparant cauſe his Vnckles to ſuſpect:
For *Iohn* of *Gaunt* was ſayd to ſeeke his death
By ſecret meanes, which came not to effect:
The Duke of *Gloſter* likewiſe practiſeth
In open world that all men might detect,
And leagues his Nobles, and in greateſt ſtrength
Riſes in armes againſt him too at length.

40

Vnder pretence from him to take away
Such as they ſayd the State oppreſſors were,
To whom the Realme was now become a pray:
The chiefe of whom they nam'd was *Robert Vere*
Then Duke of Ireland: bearing greateſt ſway
About the King, who held him onely dere:
Him they would haue remoou'd, and diuers more,
Or elſe would neuer lay downe armes they ſwore.

41

The King was forſt in that next Parliment
To graunt them what he durſt not well refuſe,
For thither arm'd they came, and fully bent
To ſuffer no repulſe, nor no excuſe:
And here they did accompliſh their intent,
Where Iuſtice did her Sword, not Ballance vſe:
For euen that ſacred place they violate,
And there arreſt the Iudges as they ſate.

42

Who ſoone, with many others had their end,
All put to death without the courſe of right:
And ſtill theſe broyles that publique good pretend,
Worke moſt iniuſtice, being done for ſpight:
For the agrieued euermore doe bend
Againſt thoſe whom they ſee of greateſt might:
Who though themſelues are wrong'd and often forſt,
Yet for they can doe moſt, are thought the worſt.

And

43

And yet I doe not seeme herein to excuse
The Iustices, and Minions of the King,
vvhich might their office and their grace abuse,
But onely blame the course held in the thing:
For great men too well grac'd much rigor vse
Presuming fauorites mischiefe euer bring;
And this Experience euen her selfe doth speake,
Minions too great, argue a King too vveake.

44

Now that so much was graunted as was sought,
A reconcilement made, although not ment,
Appeasd them all in shew, but not in thought,
VVhilst euery one seem'd outwardly content:
Though hereby King, nor peeres, nor people got
More loue, more strength, or easier gouernment
But euery day things still succeded worse,
For good from Kings must not be drawne by force.

45

And this it loe continued, till by chaunce
The Queene (which was the emperours daughter) di'de
vvhen as the King t'establish peace with *Fraunce*,
And better for home quiet to prouide,
Sought by contracting marriage to aduance
His owne affayres against his vnckles pride:
Tooke the young daughter of King *Charles* to wife,
vvhich after in the end rayld greater strife.

46

For now his vnckle *Gloster* much repin'de
Against this French aliance and this peace,
Hauing himselfe a busy stirring minde
vvhich neuer was content the warres should cease:
VVhether he did dishonorable finde
Those articles that did our state decrease,
And therfore storm'd because the Crowne had wrong,
Or that he fear'd the King would grow too strong:

Or

47

Or whatſoeuer mou'd him this is ſure
Hereby he wrought his ruine in the end,
And was a fatall cauſe that did procure
The ſwift approching miſchiefes that attend:
For loe, the King no longer could indure
Thus to be croſt in what he did intend,
And therefore watcht but ſome occaſion fit
T'attach the Duke when he thought leaſt of it.

48

And fortune now to further this intent,
The great Earle of *S. Paule* doth hither bring,
From *Charles* of *Fraunce* vnto the young Queene ſent,
Both to ſee her, and to ſalute the King:
To whom he ſhewes his Vnckles diſcontent,
And of his ſecret dangerous practiſing,
How he his Subiectes ſought to ſulleuate,
And breake the league with *Fraunce* concluded late.

49

To whom the ſubtle Earle foorthwith replies,
Great Prince, it is within your power with eaſe
To remedy ſuch feares, ſuch ielouſies,
And rid you of ſuch mutiners as theaſe:
By cutting off that, which might greater riſe:
And now at firſt, preuenting this diſeaſe,
And that before he ſhall your wrath diſcloſe,
For who threates firſt means of reuenge doth loſe.

50

Firſt take his head, then tell the reaſon why,
Stand not to finde him guyltie by your lawes,
Eaſier you ſhall with him your quarrell try
Dead then aliue who hath the better cauſe:
For in the murmuring vulgar vſually
This publique courſe of yours compaſſion drawes,
Eſpecially in caſes of the great,
Which worke much pitty in the vndiſcreat.

51

And this is ſure though his offence be ſuch,
Yet doth calamitie attract commorſe,
And men repine at Princes bloodſhed much
How iuſt-ſouer iudging tis by force:
I know not how their death giues ſuch a tuch
In thoſe that reach not to a true diſcourſe:
That ſo ſhall you obſeruing formall right
Be ſtill thought as vniuſt and win more ſpight.

52

And oft the cauſe, may come preuented ſo,
And therefore when tis done, let it be heard:
So ſhall you hereby ſcape your priuate wo,
And ſatisfie the world to, afterward:
What need you weigh the rumors that ſhall go?
What is that breath being with your life compard?
And therefore if you will be rul'd by me
Strangled or poyſon'd ſecret let him be.

53

And then araigne the chiefe of thoſe you find
Were of his faction ſecretly compact,
Whom you may wiſely order in ſuch kind
That you may ſuch confeſſions then exact,
As both you may appeaſe the peoples minde,
And by their death much aggrauate the fact:
So ſhall you rid your ſelfe of dangers quite
And ſhew the world that you haue done but right.

54

This counſell vttred vnto ſuch an eare
As willing liſtens to the ſafeſt wayes,
Workes on the yeelding matter of his feare,
Which eaſely to any courſe obeyes?
For euery Prince ſeeing his daunger neere,
By any meanes his quiet peace aſſayes:
And ſtill the greateſt wronges that euer weare
Haue then bin wrought when Kinges were put in feare.

Calld

55

Calld in with publique pardon and releace,
The *Duke* of *Gloſter* with his complices
All tumults, all contentions ſeeme to ceaſe,
The land rich, people pleaſd, all in happines,
When ſodaynly *Gloſter* came caught with peace,
Warwicke with profered loue and promiſes,
And *Arundell* was in with cunning brought,
Who els abrode his ſafetie might haue wrought

56

Long was it not ere *Gloſter* was conuayd
To *Calice* and there ſtrangled ſecretly:
Warwicke and *Arundell* cloſe priſoners layd,
Th'eſpeciall men of his confedracy:
Yet *Warwickes* teares and bace confeſsions ſtayd
The doome of death, who came confin'd thereby,
And ſo prolonges this not long bace begg'd breath,
But *Arundell* was put to publique death.

Mowbray after made Duke of Norfolke had the charge of murthering the D. of Gloceſter at Calice.

57

Which publique death (receiud with ſuch a cheare,
As not a ſigh, a looke, a ſhrinke bewrayes
The leaſt felt touch of a gigenerous feare)
Gaue life to Enuie, to his courage prayſe,
And made his ſtout-defended cauſe appeare
With ſuch a face of Right, as that it layes.
The ſide of wrong t'wards him who had long ſince
By Parliment forgiuen this offence.

The K. had by Parliment before pardoned the D. & thoſe two Earles, yet was the pardon reuoked.

58

And in the vnconceiuing vulgar ſort
Such an impreſsion of his goodnes gaue
As Sainted him, and rayſ'd ſtrange fond report
Of miracles effected on his Graue,
Although the Wiſe whom zeale did not tranſport,
Knew how each great example ſtill muſt haue
Something of wrongue, a taſte of violence,
Wherewith the publique quiet doth diſpence.

59

The King foorthwith prouides him of a Guard
A thouſand Archers dayly to attend,
Which now vpon the act he had prepard
As th'argument his actions to defend:
But yet the world had now conceiu'd ſo hard,
That all this nought auaild him in the end:
In vaine with terror is he fortified
That is not guarded with firme loue beſide.

60

Now ſtorme his grieued Vnckles, though in vaine
Not able better courſes to aduiſe:
They might their ſorrowes inwardly complaine,
But outwardly they needes muſt temporiſe:
The King was great, and they ſhould nothing gaine
T'attempt reuenge, or offer once to riſe:
This league with *Fraunce* had made him now ſo ſtrong,
That they muſt needes as yet indure this wrong.

61

For like a Lion that eſcapes his boundes
Hauing been long reſtraind his vſe to ſtraie,
Raunges the reſtles Woods, ſtayes on no ground,
Riottes with bloodſhed, wantons on his praie:
Seekes not for need, but in his pride to wound,
Glorying to ſee his ſtrength and what he may:
So this vnbridled King freed of his feares,
In libertie himſelfe, thus wildly beares.

62

For ſtanding on himſelfe he ſees his might
Out of the compaſſe of reſpectiue awe,
And now beginnes to violate all right,
While no reſtrayning feare at hand he ſaw:
Now he exactes of all, waſtes in delight,
Riots in pleaſure, and neglects the law:
He thinkes his Crowne is licenſd to do ill
That leſſe ſhould liſt, that may do what it will.

Thus

63

Thus b'ing tranſported in this ſenſuall courſe
No friend to warne, no counſell to withſtand,
He ſtill proceedeth on from bad to worſe,
Sooth'd in all actions that he tooke in hand
By ſuch as all impietie did nurſe,
Commending euer what he did commaund:
Vnhappy Kinges that neuer may be taught
To know them ſelues, or to diſcerne their fault.

64

And whilſt all ſylent grieue at what is donne,
The Duke of *Herford* then of courage bold,
And worthily great *Iohn* of *Gaunts* firſt ſonne,
Vtters the paſſion which he could not hold,
In ſad diſcourſe vpon this courſe begun,
Which he to *Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke told:
To th'end he being great about the King,
Might do ſome good by better counſelling.

65

The faythles Duke that preſently takes hold
Of ſuch aduantage to inſinuate
Haſtes to the King, peruerting what was told,
And what came of good minde he makes it hate:
The King, who might not now be ſo controld
Or cenſur'd in his courſe, fretting thereat,
For *Herford* ſendes: who doth ſuch wordes denie,
And craues the combate of his enemie.

Froiſart. Pol. Virg. & Hal, deliuer it in this ſort: but Walſingame reportes it otherwiſe.

66

Which ſtraight was graunted, and the day aſſign'd
When both in order of the field appeare
To right each other as th'euent ſhould finde,
And now both euen at poynt of combate were,
When loe the King chang'd ſodenly his minde,
Caſtes downe his warder, and ſo ſtayes them there,
As better now aduiſd what way to take,
Which might for his moſt certaine ſafety make.

67

For now conſidering (as it likely might)
The victorie ſhould hap on *Herfords* ſide,
A man moſt valiant and of noble ſprite,
Belou'd of all, and euer worthy tride:
How much he might be grac'd in publique fight
By ſuch an act as might aduance his pride,
And ſo become more popular by this,
Which he feares, too much he already is.

68

And therefore he reſolues to baniſh both,
Though th'one in chiefeſt fauour with him ſtood,
A man he dearely lou'd and might be loth
To leaue him that had done him ſo much good:
Yet hauing cauſe to do as now he doth
To mittigate the enuie of his blood;
Thought beſt to looſe a friend, to rid a foe,
And ſuch a one as now he doubted ſo.

Mowbray was baniſhed the very day (by the courſe of the yeere) whereon he murthered the D. of Gloceſter.

69

And therefore to perpetuall exile hee
Mowbray condemnes *Herford* but for ten yeares:
Thinking (for that the wrong of this decree
Compard with greater rigour leſſe appeares)
It might of all the better liked bee:
But yet ſuch murmuring of the fact he heares,
That he is faine foure of the ten forgiue,
And iudg'd him ſixe yeares in exile to liue.

70

At whoſe departure hence out of the land,
How did the open multitude reueale
The wondrous loue they bare him vnderhand,
Which now in this hote paſſion of their zeale
They plainely ſhewd that all might vnderſtand
How deare he was vnto the common weale:
They feard not to exclaime againſt the King
As one that ſought all good mens ruining.

71

Vnto the ſhore with teares, with ſighes, with mone,
They him conduct, curſing the boundes that ſtay
Their willing feete that would haue further gone
Had not the fearefull *Ocean* ſtopt their way:
Why *Neptune* haſt thou made vs ſtand alone
Deuided from the world, for this ſay they?
Hemd in to be a ſpoyle to tyrannie,
Leauing affliction hence no way to flie?

72

Are we lockt vp poore ſoules, here t'abide
Within the watery priſon of thy waues,
As in a fold, where ſubiect to the pride
And luſt of rulers we remaine as ſlaues?
Here in the reach of might, where none can hide
From th'eye of wrath, but onely in their graues?
Happy confiners you of other landes
That ſhift your ſoyle and oft ſcape tyrants hands.

73

And muſt we leaue him here: that here were fit
We ſhould retaine the pillar of our ſtate?
Whoſe vertues well deſerue to gouerne it,
And not this wanton young effeminate:
Why ſhould not he in Regall honour ſit,
That beſt knowes how a Realme to ordinate?
But one day yet we hope thou ſhalt bring backe
Deare *Bullingbrooke* the Iuſtice that we lacke.

74

Thus muttred loe the malecontented ſort
That loue Kings beſt before they haue them ſtill,
And neuer can the preſent ſtate comport,
But would as often change as they change will:
For this good Duke had wonne them in this ſort
By ſuckring them and pittying of their ill,
That they ſuppoſed ſtraight it was one thing,
To be both a good Man, and a good King.

When

75

When as the grauer ſort that ſaw the courſe
And knew that Princes may not be controld,
Likt well to ſuffer this for feare of worſe:
Since many great, one Kingdome cannot hold:
For now they ſaw inteſtine ſtrife of force
The apt-deuided State intangle would,
If he ſhould ſtay whom they would make their head,
By whom the vulgar body might be lead,

76

They ſaw likewiſe that Princes oft are faine
To buy their quiet with the price of wrong:
And better twere that now a few complaine,
Then all ſhould mourne, aſwell the weake as ſtrong:
S'eing ſtill how little Realmes by chaunce do gaine,
And therefore learned by obſeruing long
T'admire times paſt, follow the preſent will,
Wiſh for good Princes, but t'indure the ill.

77

For when it nought auailes, what folly then
To ſtriue againſt the current of the time?
Who will throw downe himſelfe for other men
That make a ladder by his fall to clime?
Or who would ſeeke t'imbroile his Countrey when
He might haue reſt; ſuffering but others crime?
Since wiſe men euer haue preferred farre
Th'vniuſteſt peace, before the iuſteſt warre?

78

Thus they conſidered that in quiet ſate,
Rich or content, or elſe vnfit to ſtriue:
Peace louer-wealth, hating a troublous ſtate,
Doth willing reaſons for their reſt contriue:
But if that all were thus conſiderate,
How ſhould in Court the great, the fauour'd thriue?
Factions muſt be and theſe varieties,
And ſome muſt fall, that other ſome may riſe.

79

But long the Duke remaind not in exile
Before that *Iohn* of *Gaunt* his father dies,
Vpon whose state the King seasd now this while,
Disposing of it as his enemies:
This open wrong no longer could beguile
The world, that saw these great indignities,
Which so exasperates the mindes of all,
That they resolu'd him home againe to call.

80

For now they saw t'was malice in the King
Transported in his ill-conceiued thought,
That made him so to prosecute the thing
Against all law, and in a course so naught:
And this aduantage to the Duke did bring
Fitter occasions whereupon he wrought:
" For to a man so strong and of such might
" He giues him more, that takes away his right.

81

The King, in this meane time, I know not how
Was drawne into some actions foorth the land,
T'appease the *Irish* that reuolted now;
And there attending what he had in hand,
Neglects those parts from whence worse dangers grow
As ignorant how his affayres did stand:
Whether the plot was wrought it should be so,
Or that his fate did draw him on to go.

82

Certaine it is that he committed here
An ignorant and idle ouersight,
Not looking to the Dukes proceedings there,
Being in the court of *Fraunce* where best he might,
Where both the King and all assured were
T'haue stopt his course being within their right:
But beeing now exild he thought him sure
And free from farther doubting, liu'd secure.

So

83

So blindes the ſharpeſt counſels of the wiſe
This ouerſhadowing prouidence on hie,
And dazeleth the cleareſt ſighted eies,
That they ſee not how nakedly they lie:
There where they little thinke the ſtorme doth riſe,
And ouercaſts their cleare ſecuritie:
When man hath ſtopt all wayes ſaue onely that
That (leaſt ſuſpected) ruine enters at.

84

And now was all diſorder in th'exceſſe,
And whatſoeuer doth a change portend,
As idle luxurie, and wantonneſſe,
Proteus-like varying pride, vaine without end:
Wrong-worker *Riot*, motiue to oppreſſe,
Endles exactions, which the idle ſpend,
Conſuming Vſury and credits crackt,
Cald on this purging Warre that many lackt.

85

Then ill perſwading want in martiall mindes,
And wronged patience, long oppreſt with might,
Looſenes in all, which no religion bindes,
Commaunding force the meaſure made of *Right*,
Gaue fuell to this fire, that eaſie findes
The way t'inflame the whole indangerd quite:
Theſe were the publique breeders of this Warre,
By which ſtill greateſt ſtates confounded are.

86

For now this peace with *Fraunce* had ſhut in here
The ouergrowing humours Warres do ſpend,
For where t'euacuate no employments were
Wider th'vnwildy burthen doth diſtend:
Men wholy vſd to warre, peace could not beare
As knowing no courſe elſe whereto to bend:
For brought vp in the broyles of theſe two Realmes,
They thought beſt fiſhing ſtill in troubled ſtreames.

87

Like to a Riuer that is ſtopt his courſe
Doth violate his bankes, breakes his owne bed,
Deſtroyes his boundes and ouer-runs by force
The neighbour fieldes irregularly ſpread:
Euen ſo this ſodaine ſtop of Warre doth nurſe
Home broyles within it ſelfe, from others lead:
So dangerous the change hereof is tride
Ere mindes come ſoft or otherwiſe imploide.

88

But all this makes for thee, ô *Bullingbrooke*,
To worke a way vnto thy Soueraintie:
This care the heauens, fate, and fortune tooke
To bring thee to thy Scepter eaſely:
Vpon the fals that hap which him forſooke
Who crownd a King, a King yet muſt not die,
Thou wert ordaind by prouidence to raiſe
A quarrell laſting longer then thy dayes.

89

For now this abſent King out of his land,
Where though he ſhew'd great ſprite and valor then,
(Being attended with a worthy band
Of valiant Peeres, and moſt couragious men)
Gaue time to them at home that had in hand
Th'vngodly worke, and knew the ſeaſon when
Who faile not to aduiſe the Duke with ſpeed,
Solliciting to what he ſoone agreed.

90

Who preſently vpon ſo good report,
Relying on his friends fidelitie,
Conueyes himſelfe out of the French Kinges court,
Vnder pretence to go to Brittanie:
And with his followers that to him reſort
Landed in England: Welcom'd ioyfully
Of th'altring vulgar apt for changes ſtill,
As headlong carryed with a preſent will.

And

91

And com'd to quiet shore, but not to rest,
The first night of his ioyfull landing here,
A fearefull vision doth his thoughts molest,
Seeming to see in wofull forme appeare
A naked goodly woman all distrest,
Which with full-weeping eyes and rent-white haire,
Wringing her hands as one that grieued and prayd,
With sighes commixt with words, it seem'd thus sayd:

92

O whither dost thou tend my vnkind Sonne?
What mischiefe dost thou go about to bring
To her whose *Genius* thou here lookst vpon,
Thy Mother-countrey whence thy selfe didst spring?
Whither thus dost thou in ambition run,
To change due course by foule disordering?
What bloodshed, what turmoyles dost thou cõmence,
To last for many wofull ages hence?

93

Stay here thy foote, thy yet vnguiltie foote,
That canst not stay when thou art farther in,
Retire thee yet vnstaind, whilst it doth boote,
The end is spoyle of what thou dost begin:
Iniustice neuer yet tooke lasting roote,
Nor held that long, impietie did win:
The babes vnborne, shall ô be borne to bleed
in this thy quarrell, if thou do proceed.

94

Thus sayd, she ceast, when he in troubled thought
Grieu'd at this tale and sigh'd, and this replies:
Deare Countrey, ô I haue not hither brought
These Armes to spoyle, but for thy liberties:
The sinne be on their head that this haue wrought,
Who wrongd me first, and thee do tyrannise:
I am thy Champion, and I seeke my right,
Prouokt I am to this by others spight.

This

95

This this pretence ſaith ſhee, th'ambitious finde
To ſmooth iniuſtice, and to flatter wrong:
Thou doſt not know what then will be thy minde
When thou ſhalt ſee thy ſelfe aduanc'd and ſtrong:
When thou haſt ſhak'd off that which others binde
Thou ſoone forgetteſt what thou learnedſt long:
Men do not know what then themſelues will bee
When as more then themſelues, themſelues they ſee.

96

And herewithall turning about he wakes,
Lab'ring in ſpirite, troubled with this ſtrange ſight:
And muſ'd a while, waking aduiſement takes
Of what had paſt in ſleepe and ſilent night,
Yet hereof no important reck'ning makes
But as a dreame that vaniſht with the light:
The day deſignes, and what he had in hand
Left it to his diuerted thoughtes vnskand.

97

Doubtfull at firſt, he warie doth proceed
Seemes not t'affect, that which he did effect,
Or els perhaps ſeemes as he ment indeed,
Sought but his owne, and did no more expect:
Then Fortune thou art guiltie of his deed,
That didſt his ſtate aboue his hopes erect,
And thou muſt beare ſome blame of his great ſinne
That left'ſt him worſe then when he did beginne.

98

Thou didſt conſpire with pride, and with the time
To make ſo eaſie an aſſent to wrong,
That he that had no thought ſo hie to clime,
(With fauouring comfort ſtill allur'd along)
Was with occaſion thruſt into the crime,
Seeing others weakenes and his part ſo-ſtrong:
And who is there in ſuch a caſe that will
Do good, and feare that may liue free with ill.

99

We will not ſay nor thinke O *Lancaſter*,
But that thou then didſt meane as thou didſt ſweare
Vpon th' Euangeliſts at *Doncaſter*,
In th' eye of heauen, and that aſſembly theare,
That thou but as an vpright orderer,
Sought'ſt to reforme th' abuſed Kingdome here,
And get thy right, and what was thine before:
And this was all, thou would'ſt attempt no more.

100

Though we might ſay and thinke that this pretence
Was but a ſhadow to the intended act,
Becauſe th' euent doth argue the offence,
And plainely ſeemes to manifeſt the fact:
For that hereby thou mightſt win confidence
With thoſe whom els thy courſe might hap diſtract,
And all ſuſpition of thy drift remoue,
Since eaſily men credit whom they loue.

101

But God forbid we ſhould ſo nearely pry
Into the low deepe buried ſinnes long paſt
T' examine and conferre iniquity,
Whereof fayth would no memory ſhould laſt:
That our times might not haue t' exemplifie
With aged ſtaines, but with our owne ſhame caſt,
Might thinke our blot the firſt not done before,
That new-made ſinnes might make vs bluſh the more.

102

And let vnwreſting Charitie beleeue
That then thy oth with thy intent agreed,
And others fayth, thy fayth did firſt deceiue,
Thy after-fortune forc'd thee to this deed:
And let no man this idle cenſure giue
Becauſe th' euent proues ſo, twas ſo decreed:
For oft our counſels ſort to other end
Then that which frayltie did at firſt intend.

Whilſt

103

Whilſt thoſe that are but outward lookers on,
That cannot ſound theſe miſteries of State,
Deemes thinges were ſo contriu'd as they are done,
Holding that pollicie, that was but fate:
wondring how ſtrange twas wrought, how cloſe begun,
And thinke all actions elſe did tend to that,
Whilſt ſtill too ſhort they come, or caſt too far,
Making the happy wyſer then they ar.

104

But by degrees he venters now on blood,
And ſacrifiz'd vnto the peoples loue,
The death of thoſe that chiefe in enuie ſtood
As th' Officers, who firſt theſe dangers proue:
The Treaſorer and thoſe that they thought good,
Buſhy and *Greene* by death he muſt remoue:
Theſe were the men the people thought did cauſe
Thoſe great exactions and abuſd the lawes.

105

This done, his cauſe was preacht with learned skill,
And th' Archbiſhop of Canterbury ſhew'd
A Pardon ſent from Rome, to all that will
Take part with him, and quit the fayth they ow'd
To Richard, as a Prince vnfit and ill,
On whom the Crowne was fatally beſtow'd:
And eaſie-yeelding zeale was quickly caught
With what the mouth of grauitie had taught.

106

O that this powre from euerlaſting giuen
The great alliance made twixt God and vs,
Th' intelligence that earth doth hold with heauen,
Sacred Religion, ô that thou muſt thus
Be made to ſmooth our wayes vniuſt, vneuen,
Brought from aboue earth-quarrels to diſcuſſe,
Muſt men beguile our ſoules to winne our wils,
And make our Zeale the furtherer of ils?

107

But the ambitious to aduance their might
Diſpence with heauen and what religion would,
The armed will finde right, or els make right,
If this meanes wrought not, yet another ſhould:
And this and other now do all incite
To ſtrength the faction that the Duke doth hold,
Who eaſily obtained what he ſought,
His vertues and his loue ſo greatly wrought.

108

The King ſtill buſied in this *Iriſh* warre
Which by his valour there did well ſucceed,
Had newes how here his Lordes reuolted are,
And how the Duke of *Herford* doth proceed:
In theſe affaires he feares are growne too farre,
Haſtes his returne from thence with greateſt ſpeed:
But was by tempeſtes, windes, and ſeas debarr'd
As if they likewiſe had againſt him warr'd.

109

But at the length, though late, in Wales he landes,
Where thorowly inform'd of *Henries* force,
And well aduertiſd how his owne caſe ſtandes,
Which to his griefe he ſees tendes to the worſe:
He leaues t' *Aumarle*, at *Milford* all thoſe bandes
He brought from *Ireland*; taking thence his courſe
To *Conwaie* all diſguiſd with fourteene more
To th' Earle of *Salisburie* thither ſent before.

The Duke of Aumarle ſoune to the Duke of Yorke.

110 *faces*

Thinking the Earle had rayſd ſome Armie there,
Whom there he findes forſaken all alone:
The forces in thoſe partes which leuied were,
Were cloſely ſhronke away, diſperſd and gone:
The King had ſtayd too long, and they in feare,
Reſolued euery man to ſhift for one:
At this amaſd, ſuch fortune he lamentes,
Foreſees his fall, whereto each thing conſentes.

In

111

In this diſturb'd tumultuous broken State,
Whilſt yet th' euent ſtood doubtfull what ſhould bee,
Whilſt nought but headlong running to debate,
And glittering troupes and armor men might ſee:
Fury, and feare, compaſſion, wrath, and hate,
Confuſd through all the land no corner free:
The ſtrong all mad, to ſtrife, to ruine bent
The weaker wayld, the aged they lament,

112

And blame their many yeeres that liue ſo long
To ſee the horrour of theſe miſeries:
Why had not we (ſayd they) dyde with the ſtrong
In forraine fieldes in honourable wiſe:
In iuſt exploytes, and lawfull without wrong,
And by the valiant hand of enemies:
And not thus now reſerued in our age
To home confuſion and diſordered rage?

113

Vnto the Temples flocke the weake deuout,
Sad wayling Women, there to vow and pray
For husbands, brothers, or their ſonnes gone out
To bloodſhed, whom nor teares, nor loue could ſtay:
Here graue religious Fathers which much doubt
The ſad euents theſe broyles procure them may,
As Prophets warne, exclaime, diſſwade theſe crimes
By the examples freſh of other times.

114

And ô what do you now prepare ſayd they,
Another Conqueſt by theſe fatall wayes?
What muſt your owne hands make your ſelues a pray
To deſolation, which theſe tumultes rayſe?
What *Dane*, what *Norman*, ſhall prepare his way
To triumph on the ſpoyle of your decayes?
That which nor *Fraunce* nor all the world could do
In vnion, ſhall your diſcord, bring you to?

115

Conſpire againſt vs neighbour nations all
That enuie at the height whereto w'are growne:
Coniure the barbarous North, and let them call
Strange fury from farre diſtant ſhores vnknowne,
And let them altogither on vs fall:
So to diuert the ruine of our owne,
That we forgetting what doth ſo incenſe
May turne the hand of malice to defence.

116

Calme theſe tempeſtuous ſpirits O mighty Lord,
This threatning ſtorme that ouer hanges the land,
Make them conſider ere they'vnſheath the ſword
How vaine is th'earth, this poynt whereon they ſtand,
And with what ſad calamities is ſtoor'd
The beſt of that, for which th'Ambitious band:
Labor the end of labor, ſtrife of ſtrife,
Terror in death and horrour after life.

117

Thus they in zeale whoſe humbled thoughts were (good,
Whil'ſt in this wide ſpread volume of the skies,
The booke of prouidence diſcloſed ſtood,
Warnings of wrath, foregoing miſeries:
In lines of fire and caracters of blood,
There fearefull formes in dreadfull flames ariſe,
Amazing Comets, threatning Monarches might
And new-ſeene Starres, vnknowne vnto the night.

118

Red fiery Dragons in the ayre do flie,
And burning Meteors, poynted-ſtreaming lightes,
Bright Starres in midſt of day appeare in skie,
Prodigious monſters, gaſtly fearefull ſightes:
Strange Ghoſtes, and apparitions terrifie,
The wofull mother her owne birth affrightes,
Seeing a wrong deformed infant borne,
Greeues in her paines, deceiu'd in ſhame doth morne.

119

The Earth as if afeard of blood and woundes
Trembles in terrour of theſe falling bloes:
The hollow concaues giue out groning ſoundes
And ſighing, murmures to lament our woes:
The Ocean all at diſcord with his boundes,
Reiterates his ſtrange vntimely floes:
Nature all out of courſe to checke our courſe,
Neglectes her worke to worke in vs remorſe.

120

So great a wracke vnto it ſelfe doth lo
Diſordered mortalitie prepare:
That this whole frame doth euen labour ſo
Her ruine vnto frailtie to declare:
And trauailes to foreſignifie the wo
That weake improuidence could not beware:
For heauen and earth, and ayre and ſeas and all,
Taught men to ſee, but not to ſhun their fall.

121

Is man ſo deare vnto the heauens that they
Reſpecte the wayes of earth, the workes of ſinne?
Doth this great all this vniuerſall weigh
The vaine deſignes that weakenes doth begin?
Or doe our feare, father of zeale, make way
Vnto this errour ignorance liues in?
Making our faults the cauſe that moue theſe powres
That haue their cauſe from other cauſe then ours?

122

Or do the conſcience of our wicked deedes
Apply to ſinne the terrour of theſe ſightes,
Hapning at the inſtant when commotion breedes
Amazing only timorous vulgar wights,
Who euer aggrauating that which feedes
Their feares, ſtill finde out matter that affrightes,
Whilſt th'impious fierce, neglecting feele no touch,
And waigh too light what other feare ſo much?

No,

123

No,no, th'eternall power that guides this frame,
And ſerues him with the inſtruments of heauen
To call the earth and ſummon vp our ſhame,
By an edict from euerlaſting giuen:
Forbids mortalitie to ſearch the ſame:
Where ſence is blind,and wit of wit bereauen,
Terror muſt be our knowledge, feare our skill,
T'admire his worke,and tremble at his will.

124

And theſe beginninges had this impious Warre,
Th'vngodly bloodſhed that did ſo defile
The beautie of thy fieldes,and euen did marre
The flowre of thy chiefe pride thou faireſt Ile:
Theſe were the cauſes that incenſd ſo ferre
The ciuill wounding hand inragd with ſpoyle,
That now the liuing with afflicted eie
Looke backe with griefe on ſuch calamitie.

The end of the firſt Booke.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE SECOND BOOKE.

King Richard *mones his wrong and wailes his raigne:*
And here betrayd, to Lonon *he is led,*
Baſely attyrd attending Hertfords *traine:*
Where th'one is skorn'd, the other Welcomed.
His Wife *miſtaking him doth much complaine,*
And both togither greatly ſorrowed:
In hope to ſaue his life and eaſe his thrall
He yeelds vp ſtate, and Rule, *and Crowne, and all.*

1

IN dearth of fayth and ſcarſitie of friendes,
The late great mightie Monarch on the ſhore
In th'vtmoſt corner of his land attendes
To call backe falſe obedience fled before:
Toyles, and in vaine, his toyle and labour ſpendes,
More hartes he ſought to gaine, he loſt the more:
All turn'd their faces to the riſing ſunne,
And leaues his ſetting-fortune night begunne.

2

Percy how ſoone by thy example led
The houſehold traine forſooke their wretched Lord,
When with thy ſtaffe of charge diſhonoured,
Thou brak'ſt thy fayth, not ſteward of thy word,
And tookſt his part that after tooke thy head:
When thine owne hand had ſtrengthned firſt his ſword
"For ſuch great merits do obraid, and call
"For great reward, or thinke the great too ſmall.

This Percy was Earle of Worſter, and brother to the Earle of Northumberland.

And

3

And Kinges loue not to be beholding ought,
Which makes their chiefeſt friends oft ſpeed the worſt:
For thoſe by whom their fortunes haue bin wrought,
Put them in minde of what they were at firſt:
Whoſe doubtfull fayth if once in queſtion brought
Tis thought they will offend becauſe they durſt,
And taken in a fault are neuer ſpar'd,
Being eaſier to reuenge, then to reward.

4

And thus theſe mighty actors ſonnes of change,
Theſe partizanes of factions, often tride
That in the ſmoake of Innouations ſtrange,
Buylde huge vncertaine plots of vnſure pride:
And on the hazard of a bad exchange,
Haue venterd all the ſtocke of life beſide,
Whilſt Princes raiſd, diſdaine to haue bin raiſd
By thoſe whoſe helpes deſerue not to be praiſd.

5

Now *Maieſtie* forſaken, all alone
But with th' vnarmed title of thy right,
Saw'ſt thoſe braue troupes, thy fortune followers gone,
And all that pompe (the complements of might)
Th' amazing ſhadowes that are caſt vpon
The cares of Princes, to beguile the ſight,
All vaniſht cleane, and only frayltie left
Thy ſelfe of all, beſides thy ſelfe bereft?

6

Like when ſome great *Coloſſus*, whoſe ſtrong baſe
Or mighty props are ſhronke or ſunke away,
Fore-ſhewing ruine, threatning all the place
That in the danger of his fall doth ſtay,
All straight to better ſafetie flocke apace,
None reſt to helpe the ruine while they may:
The perill great, and doubtfull the redreſſe,
Men are content to leaue right in diſtreſſe.

As

7

As ſtately *Thames* inricht with many a Flood,
And goodly Riuers that haue made their graues
And buried both their names and all their good
Within his greatnes to augment his waues:
Glides on with pompe of Waters vnwithſtood
Vnto the *Ocean*, which his tribute craues
And layes vp all his wealth within that powre
Which in it ſelfe all greatnes doth deuowre.

8

So flocke the mightie with their following traine
Vnto the all-receiuing *Bullingbrooke*,
Who wonders at himſelfe how he ſhould gaine
So many hartes as now his partie tooke:
And with what eaſe and with how ſlender paine,
His fortune giues him more then he could looke,
What he imagind neuer could be wrought
Is powrd vpon him, farre beyond his thought.

9

So often thinges which ſeeme at firſt in ſhew
Without the compaſſe of accompliſhment,
Once ventred on to that ſucceſſe do grow,
That euen the Authors do admire th' euent:
So many meanes which they did neuer know
Do ſecond their deſignes, and do preſent
Straunge vnexpected helpes, and chiefly then
When th'Actors are reputed worthy men.

10

And *Richard* who lookt fortune in the backe,
Sees headlong-lightnes running from the right,
Amazed ſtandes to note how great a wracke
Of fayth his riots cauſd, what mortall ſpight
They beare him, who did law and iuſtice lacke:
Sees how concealed hate breakes out in ſight,
And feare-depreſſed enuie pent before
When fit occaſion thus vnlockt the dore.

Like

11

Like when ſome maſtiue whelpe diſpoſd to play
A whole confuſed heard of beaſtes doth chace,
Which with one vile conſent run all away,
If any hardier then the reſt in place
But turne the head that idle feare to ſtay,
Backe ſtraight the daunted chaſer turnes his face,
And all the reſt with bold example led
As faſt run on him as before they fled.

12

So with this bold oppoſer ruſhes on
This many-headed monſter *Multitude:*
And he who late was feard is ſet vpon,
And by his owne *Acteon*-like purſude,
His owne that had all loue and awe forgone:
Whom breath and ſhadowes onely did delude,
And neuer hopes which promiſes perſwade:
Though rarely men keepe promiſes ſo made.

13

Which ſeeing this, thus to himſelfe complaines:
O why do you fond falſe deceiued ſo
Run headlong to that change that nothing gaines
But gaine of ſorrow, onely change of wo?
Which is all one if he be like who raignes:
Why will you buy with blood what you forgoe?
Tis nought but ſhewes that ignorance eſteemes,
The thing poſſeſt is not the thing it ſeemes.

14

And when the ſinnes of *Bullingbrooke* ſhall be
As great as mine, and you vnanſwered
In theſe your hopes: then may you wiſh for mee
Your lawfull Sou'raigne from whoſe fayth you fled,
And grieued in your ſoules the error ſee
That ſhining promiſes had ſhadowed:
As th' humatous ſicke remouing finde no eaſe,
When changed Chambers change not the diſeaſe.

Then

15

Then ſhall you finde this name of Libertie
(The watchword of Rebellion euer vſd,
The idle eccho of Vncertaintie:
That euermore the ſimple hath abuſd)
But new-turnd Seruitude and Miſerie:
And euen the ſame and worſe before refuſd,
Th'aſpirer once attaind vnto the top,
Cuts off thoſe meanes by which himſelfe got vp.

16

And with a harder hand and ſtreighter raine
Doth curbe that looſenesho did finde before,
Doubting th'occaſion like might ſerue againe,
His owne example makes him feare the more:
Then ô iniurious Land what doſt thou gaine
To aggrauate thine owne afflictions ſtore?
Since thou muſt needes obay to gouernement,
And no rule euer yet could all content.

17

What if my youth hath offered vp to luſt
Licentious fruites of indiſcreet deſires
When idle heate of vainer yeeres did thruſt
That fury on: yet now when it retires
To calmer ſtate, why ſhould you ſo diſtruſt
To reape that good whereto mine age aſpires?
The youth of Princes haue no boundes for ſinne,
Vnleſſe themſelues do make them boundes within.

18

Who ſees not that ſees ought (wo worth the while)
The eaſie way that greatneſſe hath to fall
Enuirond with deceit, hem'd in with guile,
Sooth'd vp in flatterie, fawned on of all:
Within his owne liuing, as in exile,
Heares but with others eares or not at all:
Euen made a pray onely vnto a few,
Who locke vp grace that would to others ſhew.

19

And who as let in leaſe do farme the Crowne,
And ioy the vſe of Maieſtie and might,
Whilſt we hold but the ſhadow of our owne,
Pleaſd but with ſhewes, and dallied with delight:
They as huge vnproportion'd mountaines growne
Betweene our land and vs, ſhadowing our light,
Bereaue the reſt of ioy, and vs of loue,
And keepe downe all, to keepe themſelues aboue.

20

Which woundes with griefe poore vnreſpected zeale
When grace holdes no proportion in the partes,
When diſtribution in the Common-weale
Of charge and honour due to good deſartes
Is ſtopt, when others greedy hands muſt deale
The benefite that Maieſtie impartes:
What good we ment, comes gleaned home but light,
Whilſt we are robd of prayſe, they of their right.

21

Hence, hence I ſee, and to my griefe I ſee,
Th'vnreconcileable diſunion
Is growne betweene m'aggraued Realme and mee,
And by their fault, whoſe fayth I truſted on:
My eaſie nature tractable and free,
Soone drawne to what my Counſell would haue done,
Is thus betrayde by them and my neglect,
Eaſieſt deceiud where leaſt I did ſuſpect.

22

Thus he complaind, when loe from *Lancaſter*
(The new intituled Duke) with order ſent
Ariu'd *Northumberland*, as to conferre
And make relation of the Dukes intent:
And offred there, if that he would referre
The controuerſie vnto Parlament,
And puniſh thoſe that had abuſd the State,
As cauſers of this vniuerſall hate.

23

And alſo ſee that iuſtice might be had
On thoſe the Duke of *Gloſters* death procur'd,
And ſuch remoud from Counſell as were bad,
His coſin *Henrie* would he there aſſur'd
On humble knees before his grace be glad
To aske him pardon to be well ſecur'd,
And haue his right and grace reſtor'd againe,
The which was all he laboured t'obtaine.

24

And therefore he a Parley doth exhort,
Perſwades him leaue that vnbeſeeming place,
And with a Princely hardines reſort
Vnto his people, that attend his grace:
They ment his publique good and not his hurt,
And would moſt ioyfull be to ſee his face:
He layes his ſoule to pledge, and takes his oth
The oſt of Chriſt an oſtage for his troth.

25

This proffer with ſuch proteſtations made
Vnto a King that ſo neare danger ſtood,
Was a ſufficient motiue to perſwade
When no way els could ſhew a face ſo good:
Th'vnhonourable meanes of ſafety bade
Danger accept what Maieſtie withſtood:
When better choyces are not to be had,
We needes muſt take the ſeeming beſt of bad.

26

Yet ſtandes h'in doubt a while what way to take,
Conferring with that ſmall remayning troope
Fortune had left; which neuer would forſake
Their poore diſtreſſed Lord, nor euer ſtoope
To any hopes the ſtronger part could make:
Good *Carlile*, *Ferby*, and ſir *Stephen Scroope*, *The Byſhop of Carlile.*
With that moſt worthy *Montague* were all, *Montague Earle of Salisbury.*
That were content with *Maieſtie* to fall.

27

Time ſpare and make not ſacrilegious theft
Vpon ſo memorable conſtancie:
Let not ſucceeding ages be bereft
Of ſuch examples of integritie:
Nor thou magnanimous *Liegh* muſt not be left
In darkneſſe for thy rare fidelitie,
To ſaue thy fayth content to looſe thy head,
That reuerent head in all men pittied.

28

Nor Conſcience would that I ſhould iniurie
Ienico d'Artois a Gaſcoin. The memorie of thee, moſt truſtie *Ienico*,
For be'ing not ours, though with that *Gaſcony*
Claym'd not for hers the fayth we reuerence ſo
That *England* might haue this ſmall company
Onely to her alone, hauing no mo:
But let's deuide this good betwixt vs both,
Take ſhee thy birth, and wee will haue thy troth.

29

Graue *Montague*, whom long experience taught
In either fortune; this aduiſd his King:
Deare Soũraigne know, the matter that is ſought
Is onely now your Maieſtie to bring
From out of this poore ſafety you haue got
Into their hands, that els hold euery thing:
Nothing but onely you they want of all,
And wanting you, they nothing theirs can call.

30

Here haue you craggie Rockes to take your part
That neuer will betray their fayth to you:
Theſe truſtie Mountaines here will neuer ſtart
But ſtand t'obrayd their ſhame that are vntrue:
Here may you fence your ſafety with ſmall art
Againſt the pride of that confuſed crew:
If men will not, theſe very cliffes will fight,
And be ſufficient to defend your right.

Then

31

Then keepe you here, and here ſhall you behold
Within ſhort ſpace the flyding fayth of thoſe
That cannot long their reſolution hold,
Repent the courſe their idle rathnes choſe:
For that ſame mercenarie fayth they ſold
With leaſt occaſions diſcontented growes,
And inſolent thoſe voluntarie bands,
Preſuming how by them he chiefly ſtandes.

32

And how can he thoſe mightie troupes ſuſtaine
Long time where now he is, or any where?
Beſides, what diſcipline can he retaine
Where as he dares not keepe them vnder feare,
For feare to haue them to reuolt againe?
So that it ſelfe when greatneſſe cannot beare
With her owne waight, muſt needes confuſdly fall
Without the helpe of other force at all.

33

And hither to approch h'will neuer dare
Where deſerts, rockes, and hilles, no ſuccours giue,
Where deſolation and no comforts are,
Where few can do no good, many not liue:
Beſides, we haue the *Ocean* to prepare
Some other place, if this ſhould not relieue,
So ſhall you tire his force, conſume his ſtrength,
And weary all his followers out at length.

34

Doe but referre to time, and to ſmall time,
And infinite occaſions you ſhall finde
To quaile the rebble euen in the prime
Of all his hopes beyonde all thought of minde:
For many with the conſcience of the crime
In colder blood will curſe what they deſign'd,
And bad ſucceſſe obrayding their ill fact,
Drawes them, whom others draw from ſuch an act.

35

For if the leaſt imagind ouerture
But of conceiud reuolt men once eſpie,
Straight ſhrinke the weake, the great will not indure,
Th'impatient run, the diſcontented flie:
The friend his friendes example doth procure,
And altogither haſte them prelently
Some to their home, ſome hide, others that ſtay
To reconcile themſelues, the reſt betray.

36

What hope haue you that euer *Bullingbrooke*
Will liue a Subiect that hath tride his fate?
Or what good reconcilement can you looke
Where he muſt alwayes feare, and you muſt hate?
And neuer thinke that he this quarrell tooke
To reobtaine thereby his priuate ſtate:
T'was greater hopes that hereto did him call,
And he will thruſt for all, or els looſe all.

37

Nor truſt this ſubtle *Agent* nor his oth,
You know his fayth, you tride it before hand,
His fault is death, and now to looſe his troth
To ſaue his life he will not greatly ſtand:
Nor truſt your kinſmans proffer, ſince you both,
Shew blood in Princes is no ſtedfaſt band:
What though he hath no title, he hath might,
That makes a title where there is no right?

38

The Biſhop of Carlile.

Thus he: when that good Biſhop thus replies
Out of a minde that quiet did affect:
My Lord, I muſt confeſſe as your caſe lies,
You haue great cauſe your Subiectes to ſuſpect,
And counterplot againſt their ſubtelties,
Who all good care and honeſtie neglect,
And feare the worſt what inſolence may do,
Or armed furie may incenſe them to.

But

39

But yet my Lord, feare may as well transport
Your care beyond the truth of what is ment,
As otherwise neglect may fall too short,
In not examining of their intent:
But let vs weigh the thing which they exhort:
Tis Peace, Submission, and a Parlament:
Which how expedient' tis for either part
Twere good we iudgd with an vnpartiall hart.

40

And first for you my Lord, in griefe we see
The miserable case wherein you stand
Voyde here of succour, helpe, or maiestie,
On this poore promontorie of your land:
And where how long a time your Grace may be,
Expecting what may fall into your hand
We know not: since th'euent of thinges do lie
Clos'd vp in darknes farre from mortall eie.

41

And how vnfit it were you should protract
Long time in this so dangerous disgrace,
As though that you good spirit and courage lackt
To issue out of this opprobrious place:
When euen the face of Kinges do oft exact
Feare and remorse in faultie subiectes base,
And longer stay a great presumption drawes
That you were guyltie, or did doubt your cause.

42

What Subiectes euer so inraged would dare
To violate a Prince, t'offend the blood
Of that renowmed race, by which they are
Exalted to the glorie of this good?
What if some thinges by chaunce misguided were,
Which they haue now rebelliously withstood?
They neuer will proceed with that despight
To wracke the State, and to confound the right.

Nor

43

Nor doe I thinke that *Bullingbrooke* can bee
So blind ambitious to affect the Crowne,
Hauing himselfe no title, and doth see
Others, if you should fayle, must keepe him downe.
" Besides the Realme, though mad, will neuer gree
" To haue a right succession ouerthrowne,
" To rayse confusion vpon them and theirs,
" By preiudicing true and lawfull heires.

44

And now it may be, fearing the successe
Of his attemptes, or with remorce of minde,
Or else distrusting secret practises,
He would be glad his quarrell were resignd,
So that there were some orderly redresse
In those disorders which the Realme did find:
And this I thinke he now sees were his best
Since farther actions farther but vnrest.

45

And for th'impossibilitie of peace
And reconcilement which my Lords obiects:
I thinke when doying iniury shall cease
(The cause pretended) then surcease th'effects:
Time and some other Actions may increase
As may diuert the thought of these respects.
Lex Amne-stia. Others law of forgetting iniuries
May serue our turne like calamities.

46

And for his oath my Lord I thinke in conscience,
True honour would not so be found vntrue,
Nor spot his blood with such a foule offence
Against his soule, against his God, and you:
Our Lord forbid that euer with th'expence
Of heauen and heauenly ioyes that shall insue,
Mortalitie should buy this little breath,
T'indure the horror of eternall death.

And

47

And therefore as I thinke you ſafely may
Accept this proffer, that determine ſhall
All doubtfull courſes by a quiet way,
Needfull for you, fit for them, good for all:
And here my Sou'raigne to make longer ſtay
T'attend for what you are vnſure will fall
May ſlippe th'occaſion and incenſe their will,
For feare that's wiſer then the truth doth ill.

48

Thus he perſwades euen of a zelous minde,
Suppoſing men had ſpoken as they ment,
And vnto this the King likewiſe inclinde
As wholly vnto peace and quiet bent,
And yeeldes himſelfe to th'Earle, goes, leaues behind
Safety, Scepter, Honor, Gouernment:
For gone, all's gone, he is no more his owne:
And they rid quite of feare, he of the Crowne.

49

A place there is where proudly raiſd there ſtandes
A huge aſpiring Rocke neighbou'ring the Skies,
Whoſe ſurly brow imperiouſly commaundes
The Sea his boundes that at his proud feete lies:
And ſpurnes the waues that in rebellious bandes
Aſſault his Empire and againſt him riſe:
Vnder whoſe craggy gouernment there was
A niggard narrow way for men to paſſe.

50

And here in hidden cliffes concealed lay
A troope of armed men to intercept
The vnſuſpecting King, that had no way
To free his foote that into danger ſtept:
The dreadfull *Ocean* on th'one ſide lay,
The hard-incroching Mountaine th'other kept,
Before him he beheld his hatefull foes,
Behind him, trayterous enemies incloſe.

Enui-

51

Enuiron'd thus the Earle begins to cheere
His all-amaſed Lord by him betrayde:
Bids him take courage,ther's no cauſe of feare,
Theſe troopes but there to guard him ſafe were layd:
To whom the King : What needes ſo many here?
This is againſt your oth my Lord he ſayd:
But now he ſees in what diſtreſſe he ſtood,
To ſtriue was vaine, t'intreat would do no good.

52

And therefore on with carefull hart he goes,
Complaines(but to himſelfe)ſighes, grieues, and freats:
At *Rutland* dines,though feedes but on his woes,
The griefe of minde hindred the minde of meats:
For ſorrow,ſhame,and feare,skorne of his foes,
The thought of what he was,and what now threats:
Then what he ſhould, and now what he hath done,
Muſters confuſed paſſions all in one.

53

To *Flint* from thence vnto a reſtles bed
That miſerable night he comes conuayd,
Poorely prouided,poorely followed,
Vncourted,vnreſpected,vnobayd:
Where if vncertaine ſleepe but hoouered
Ouer the drooping cares that heauy weigh'd
Millions of figures fantaſie preſentes
Vnto that ſorrow,wakned griefe augmentes.

54

His new misfortune makes deluding ſleepe
Say twas not ſo,falſe dreames the trueth deny:
Wherewith he ſtarts; feeles waking cares do creepe
Vpon his ſoule,and giues his dreame the lie:
Then ſleepes againe,and then againe as deepe
Deceites of darknes mocke his miſerie:
So hard belieu'd was ſorrow in her youth, (truth.
That he thinkes truth was dreames,and dreames were

The

55

The morning light preſentes vnto his view
Walking vpon a turret of the place,
The trueth of what he ſees is prou'd too true:
A hundred thouſand men before his face
Came marching on the ſhore which thither drew:
And more to aggrauate his fowle diſgrace,
Thoſe he had wrongd, or done to them deſpight
As if they him obrayd, came firſt in ſight.

56

There might he ſee that falſe forſworne vile crue,
Thoſe ſhameles agents of vnlawfull luſt,
His *Pandars*, *Paraſites*, people vntrue
To God and man, vnworthy any truſt:
Preſſing vnto that fortune that was nue,
And with vnbluſhing faces formoſt thruſt,
As thoſe that liue in ſun-ſhine of delightes,
And flie the winter when affliction lightes.

57

There he beheld how humbly diligent
New Adulation was to be at hand,
How ready Falſhood ſtept, how nimbly went
Baſe-pickthanke Flattery and preuents Commaund:
He ſaw the great obay, the graue conſent,
And all with this new-rayld Aſpirer ſtand,
Which when he ſaw, and in his ſorrow waid,
Thus out of grieſe vnto himſelfe he ſayd.

58

O faythleſſe *Coſen*, here behold I ſtand
Spectator of that act my ſelfe haue playd,
That act of Rule which now vpon thy hand
This wauering mutabilitie hath layd:
But *Coſen*, know the fayth of this falſe land
Stands ſworne to me, that fayth they haue betrayd
Is mine, mine is the rule, thou doſt me wrong
T'vſurpe the gouernment I held ſo long.

And

59

And when thou haſt but tride what I haue found,
Thou mayſt repent t'haue bought commaund ſo deare,
When thou ſhalt find on what vnquiet ground
Greatneſſe doth ſtand, that ſtandes ſo high in feare:
Where infinite occaſions do confound
The peace of minde, the good thou look'ſt for here:
How fatall is th'aſcent vnto a Crowne,
Frō whence men come not downe, but muſt fall downe

60

And you that cheriſh fat iniquitie,
Inriching ſinne with ſtore, and vice with gaine
By my diſgrace, ſee what you get thereby.
To raiſe the bad, to make the good complaine:
Theſe vipers ſpoyle the wombe wherein they lie,
And haue but impudence a grace to gaine,
But bodyes and bold browes, no mindes within
But minde of ill, that knowes but how to ſin.

61

And for the good which now do take thy part
Thou mayſt reioyce, for th'others I am glad
To thinke they may in time likewiſe ſubuart
The expectation which of thee men had:
When thou ſhalt finde how difficult an art
It is to rule and pleaſe the good and bad:
And feele the grieuance of this fatall ſort,
Which ſtill are borne for Court, or made in Court.

62

More griefe had ſayd: when loe the Duke he ſaw
Entring the Caſtle come to parly there,
Which makes him preſently from thence withdraw
Into a fitter place ſome other where:
His fortune now inforſt an yeelding awe
To meete him, who before in humble feare
Would haue been glad t'haue ſtayd, and to prepare
The grace of audience, with attendant care.

The

63

The Duke when come in preſence of his King,
Whether the ſight of maieſtie did breed
Remorſe of wronge which reuerence did bring:
Or whether but to formalize his deed,
He kneeles him downe euen at his entering,
Roſe, kneeles againe (for craft will ſtill exceed)
When as the King approcht, put off his hood
And welcomd him, though wiſhd him little good.

64

To whom the Duke thus ſayd: My Lord I know
That both vnlookt for, and vnſent vnto
I haue preſumed to come hither now:
But this your wrong and rigor draue me to:
And being come, I purpoſe now to ſhow
You better how to rule, and what to do:
You haue had time too much to worke our ill,
But now redreſſe is planted in our will.

65

As you ſhall pleaſe deare Coſin (ſayd the King)
You haue me in your powre: I am content
And I am pleaſd, if my diſgrace may bring
Good to my Countrey, which I euer ment:
But yet God graunt your courſe held in this thing,
Cauſe not ſucceeding ages to repent.
And ſo they left: the Duke had haſte to go,
It was no place to end the matter ſo.

66

Straight towards London in this heate of pride,
The Duke ſets forward as they had decreed,
With whom the *Captiue King* conſtraind muſt ride,
Moſt meanely mounted on a ſimple Steed:
Degraded of all grace and eaſe beſide,
Thereby neglect of all reſpect to breed:
For th'ouer-ſpreading pompe of prouder might
Muſt darken weaknes and debaſe his ſight.

67

Approaching neare the Cittie he was met
With all the ſumptuous ſhewes ioy could deuiſe,
Where new-deſire to pleaſe did not forget
To paſſe the vſuall pompe of former guiſe:
Striuing applauſe as out of priſon let,
Runnes on beyond all boundes to noueltie:
And voyce and hands and knees and all do now
A ſtrange deformed forme of welcome ſhow.

68

And manifold confuſion running greetes,
Shootes, cries, claps hands, thruſts, ſtriues & preſſes nere:
Houſes impou'riſht were t'inritch the ſtreetes,
And ſtreetes left naked that vnhappy were
Plac'd from the ſight where ioy with wonder meetes,
Where all of all degrees ſtriue to appeare:
Where diuers-ſpeaking zeale, one murmure findes
In vndiſtinguiſht voyce to tell their mindes.

69

He that in glorie of his fortune ſate,
Admiring what he thought could neuer be,
Did feele his blood within ſalute his ſtate,
And lift vp his reioycing ſoule to ſee
So many hands and hartes congratulate
Th'aduancement of his long-deſir'd degree:
When prodigall of thankes in paſſing by,
He reſalutes them all with chearefull eye.

70

Behind him all aloofe came penſiue on
The vnregarded King, that drooping went
Alone, and (but for ſpight) ſcarce lookt vpon,
Iudge if he did more enuie or lament:
See what a wondrous worke this day is done,
Which th'image of both, fortunes doth preſent,
In th'one to ſhew the beſt of glories face:
In th'other, worſe then worſt of all diſgrace.

Now

71

Now *Iſabell* the young afflicted Queene,
Whoſe yeares had neuer ſhew'd her but delights,
Nor louely eyes before had euer ſeene
Other then ſmiling ioyes and ioyfull ſights:
Borne great, matcht great, liu'd great, and euer beene
Partaker of the worlds beſt benefits,
Had plac'd her ſelfe, hearing her Lord ſhould paſſe
That way where ſhe vnſeene in ſecret was.

72

Sicke of delay, and longing to behold
Her long miſt loue in fearefull ieoperdies,
To whom although it had in ſort been told
Of their proceeding, and of his ſurprize,
Yet thinking they would neuer be ſo bold
To lead their Lord in any ſhamefull wiſe,
But rather would conduct him as their King,
As ſeeking but the States reordering.

73

And foorth ſhe lookes, and notes the formoſt traine,
And grieues to view ſome there ſhe wiſht not there:
Seeing the chiefe not come, ſtayes, lookes againe,
And yet ſhe ſees not him that ſhould appeare:
Then backe ſhe ſtandes, and then deſires was faine
Againe to looke to ſee if he were nere:
At length a glittring troupe farre off ſhe ſpies,
Perceiues the thronge, and heares the ſhootes & cries.

74

Lo yonder now at length he comes (ſayth ſhee)
Looke my good women where he is in ſight:
Do you not ſee him? yonder that is hee
Mounted on that white Courſer all in white,
There where the thronging troupes of people bee,
I know him by his ſeate, he ſits s'vpright:
Lo now he bowes: deare Lord with what ſweete grace:
How long haue I longd to behold that face?

75

O what delight my hart takes by mine eie?
I doubt me when he comes but ſomething neare,
I ſhall ſet wide the window: what care I
Who doth ſee me, ſo him I may ſee cleare.
Thus doth falſe ioy delude her wrongfully,
Sweete Ladie in the thing ſhe held ſo deare:
For nearer come, ſhe findes ſhe had miſtooke,
And him ſhe markt, was *Henrie Bullinbrooke.*

76

Then *Enuie* takes the place in her ſweete eies,
Where Sorrow had prepard her ſelfe a ſeat,
And words of wrath frō whence complaints ſhould riſe
Proceed from egar lookes, and browes that threat:
Traytor ſaith ſhee; i'ſt thou that in this wiſe
To braue thy Lord and King art made ſō great?
And haue mine eyes done vnto me this wrong
To looke on thee? for this ſtaide I ſo long?

77

Ah haue they grac'd a periur'd rebell ſo?
Well, for their errour I will weepe them out,
And hate the tongue defilde that prayſde my fo,
And loath the minde that gaue me not to doubt:
What, haue I added ſhame vnto my woe?
Ile looke no more; Ladies looke you about,
And tell me if my Lord be in this traine,
Leaſt my betraying eyes ſhould erre againe.

78

And in this paſſion turnes her ſelfe away:
The reſt looke all, and careſull note each wight?
Whilſt ſhe impatient of the leaſt delay
Demaundes againe: And what not yet in ſight?
Where is my Lord? What, gone ſome other way?
I muſe at this; O God graunt all goe right.
Then to the window goes againe at laſt,
And ſees the chiefeſt traine of all was paſt.

And

79

And ſees not him her ſoule deſir'd to ſee,
And yet hope ſpent makes her not leaue to looke,
At laſt her loue-quicke eyes which ready be,
Faſtens on one whom though ſhe neuer tooke
Could be her Lord: yet that ſad cheere which he
Then ſhew'd, his habit and his wofull looke,
The grace he doth in baſe attire retaine,
Cauld her ſhe could not from his ſight refraine.

80

What might he be ſhe ſayd that thus alone
Rides penſiue in this vniuerſall ioy?
Some I perceiue as well as we do mone,
All are not pleaſd with euery thing this day:
It may be he lamentes the wronge is done
Vnto my Lord, and grieues, as well he may:
Then he is ſome of ours, and we of right
Muſt pittie him, that pitties our ſad p ight.

81

But ſtay, iſt not my Lord himſelfe I ſee?
In truth if twere not for his baſe aray,
I verily ſhould thinke that it were hee:
And yet his baſenes doth a grace bewray:
Yet God forbid, let me deceiued be,
And be it not my Lord, although it may:
Let my deſire make vowes againſt deſire,
And let my ſight approue my ſight a liar.

82

Let me not ſee him, but himſelfe, a King:
For ſo he left me, ſo he did remoue:
This is not he, this feeles ſome other thing,
A paſſion of diſlike, or els of loue:
O yes tis he, that princely face doth bring
The euidence of maieſtie to proue:
That face, I haue conferr'd, which now I ſee
With that within my hart, and they agree.

83

Thus as ſhe ſtood aſſur'd, and yet in doubt,
Wiſhing to ſee, what ſeene ſhe grieud to ſee,
Hauing beliefe, yet faine would be without
Knowing, yet ſtriuing not to know twas hee:
Her hart relenting, yet her hart ſo ſtout
As would not yeeld to thinke what was, could bee:
Till quite condemnd by open proofe of ſight
Shee muſt confeſſe or elſe denie the light.

84

For whether loue in him did ſympathize,
Or chaunce ſo wrought to manifeſt her doubt,
Euen iuſt before, where ſhe thus ſecret prize,
He ſtaies and with cleare face lookes all about.
When ſhe: tis ô too true, I know his eyes,
Alas it is my owne deare Lord, cries out:
And with that crie ſinkes downe vpon the flore,
Abundant griefe lackt words to vtter more.

85

Sorrow keepes full poſſeſſion in her ſoule,
Lockes him within, layes vp the key of breath,
Raignes all alone a Lord without controule
So long till greater horror threatneth:
And euen in danger brought, to looſe the whole,
His forſt come foorth, or els to ſtay with death,
Opens a ſigh and lets in Sence againe,
And Sence at length giues Words leaue to complaine.

86

Then like a torrent had been ſtopt before,
Teares, ſighes, and wordes, doubled togither flow,
Confuſdly ſtriuing whether ſhould do more
The true intelligence of griefe to ſhow:
Sighes hindred words, words periſht in their ſtore,
Both intermixt in one, together grow:
One would do all, the other more then's part,
Being both ſent equall agents from the hart.

87

At length when paſt the firſt of ſorrowes worſt,
When calm'd confuſion better forme affordes
Her hart commaundes her words ſhould paſt out firſt,
And then her ſighes ſhould interpoynt her wordes,
The whiles her eyes out into teares ſhould burſt:
This order with her ſorrow ſhe accordes,
Which orderles all forme of order brake,
So then began her wordes, and thus ſhe ſpake.

88

What, doſt thou thus returne againe to mee:
Are theſe the triumphes for thy victories?
Is this the glorie thou doſt bring with thee
From that vnhappie Iriſh enterpriſe?
And haue I made ſo many vowes to ſee
Thy ſafe returne, and ſee thee in this wiſe?
Is this the lookt-for comfort thou doſt bring,
To come a Captiue, that wentſt out a King.

89

And yet deare Lord, though thy vngrateſull land
Hath left thee thus, yet I will take thy part:
I do remaine the ſame vnder thy hand,
Thou ſtill doſt rule the kingdome of my hart:
If all be loſt, that gouernment doth ſtand,
And that ſhall neuer from thy rule depart:
And ſo thou bee, I care not how thou bee,
Let greatnes goe, ſo it goe without thee.

90

And welcome come, how ſo vnfortunate,
I will applaud what others do deſpiſe:
I loue thee for thy ſelfe, not for thy State,
More then thy ſelfe, is what without thee, lies:
Let that more goe, if it be in thy fate,
And hauing but thy ſelfe it will ſuffize:
I married was not to thy Crowne, but thee:
And thou without a Crowne all one to mee.

91

But what do I heere lurking idlie mone
And wayle a part, and in a ſingle part
Make ſeuerall griefe, which ſhould be both in one,
The touch being equall of each others hart?
Ah no ſweete Lord thou muſt not mone alone.
For without me thou art not all thou art,
Nor my teares without thine are fully teares,
For thus vnioyn'd, ſorrow but halfe appeares.

92

Ioyne then our plaints, & make our griefe full griefe,
Our ſtate being one, let vs not part our care,
Sorrow hath onely this poore bare reliefe,
To be bemon'd of ſuch as wofull are:
And ſhould I rob thy griefe and be the thiefe
To ſteale a priuate part, and ſeuerall ſhare,
Defrawding ſorrow of her perfect due:
No no my Lord, I come to helpe thee rue.

93

Then foorth ſhe goes a cloſe concealed way,
As grieuing to be ſeene not as ſhe was,
Labors t'attaine his preſence all ſhe may,
Which with moſt hard a do was brought to paſſe:
For that night vnderſtanding where he lay
With earneſt treating ſhe procur'd her paſſe
To come to him. Rigor could not deny
Thoſe teares, ſo poore a ſuite, or put her by.

94

Entring the chamber where he was alone,
As one whoſe former fortune was his ſhame,
Loathing th'obrayding eye of any one
That knew him once, and knowes him not the ſame:
When hauing giuen expreſſe commaund that none
Should preſſe to him, yet hearing ſome that came,
Turnes angerly about his grieued eyes,
When loe his ſweete afflicted Queene he ſpyes.

Straight

95

Straight cleeres his brow, and with a borrowed ſmile,
What my deare Queene? welcome my deare he ſayes:
And ſtriuing his owne paſſion to beguile,
And hide the ſorrow which his eie betraies,
Could ſpeake no more, but wrings her hands the while,
And then (ſweete Lady) and againe he ſtayes:
Th'exceſſe of ioy and ſorrow both affordes
Affliction none, or but poore niggard wordes.

96

Shee that was come with a reſolued hart,
And with a mouth full ſtoor'd, with wordes well choſe,
Thinking this comfort will I firſt impart
Vnto my Lord, and thus my ſpeach diſpoſe:
Then thus Ile ſay, thus looke, and with this art
Hide mine owne ſorrow to relieue his woes:
When being come, all this prou'd nought but winde,
Teares, lookes, and ſighes, do only tell her minde.

97

Thus both ſtood ſilent and confuſed ſo,
Their eyes relating how their hartes did morne
Both bigge with ſorrow, and both great with wo
In labour with what was not to be borne:
This mightie burthen wherewithall they goe
Dies vndeliuered, periſhes vnborne:
Sorrow makes ſilence her beſt orarore
Where wordes may make it leſſe, not ſhew it more.

98

But he whom longer time had learn'd the art
T'indure affliction as a vſuall touch,
Straines foorth his wordes, and throwes diſmay apart,
To raiſe vp her, whoſe paſſions now were ſuch
As quite oppreſt her ouercharged hart:
Too ſmall a veſſell to containe ſo much,
And cheeres and mones, and faigned hopes doth frame,
As if himſelfe beleeu'd, or hop'd the ſame.

And

99

And now the while theſe Princes ſorrowed,
Forward ambition come ſo neare her ende,
Sleepes not nor ſlippes th'occaſion offered
T'accompliſh what it did before intende:
A Parlament is foorthwith ſummoned
In *Richards* name, whereby they might pretende
A forme to grace diſorder, and a ſhow
Of holy right, the right to ouerthrow.

100

And could not *Maieſtie* be ruined
But with the fearefull powre of her owne name?
And muſt abuſd obedience thus be led
With powrefull titles to conſent to ſhame?
Could not confuſion be eſtabliſhed
But forme and order muſt confirme the ſame?
Muſt they who his authoritie did hate,
Yet vſe his ſtile to take away his ſtate?

101

Order, how much predominant art thou,
That if but onely thou pretended art,
How ſoone deceiu'd mortalitie doth bow
To follow thine as ſtill the better part?
Tis thought that reuerent forme will not allow
Iniquitie, or ſacred right peruart:
Within our ſoules ſince then thou dwell'ſt ſo ſtrong,
How ill do they that vſe thee, to do wrong?

102

So ill did they that in this formall courſe
Sought to eſtabliſh a deformed right:
Who might as well effected it by force,
But that men hold it wrong what's wrought by might:
Offences vrg'd in publique are made worſe,
The ſhew of iuſtice aggrauates deſpight:
"The multitude that looke not to the cauſe
"Reſt ſatisfied, ſo it be done by lawes.

And

103

And now doth Enuie articles obiect
Of rigor, malice, priuate fauouringes,
Exaction, riot, falſhood, and neglect,
Crimes done, but not to b'anſwered by Kinges:
Which Subiectes may complaine, but not correct:
And all theſe faultes which *Lancaſter* now bringes
Againſt a King, muſt be his owne when he
By vrging others ſinnes, a King ſhall be.

104

For all that was moſt odious was deuiſd
And publiſht in theſe articles abrode,
All th'errours of his youth were here compriſd,
Calamitie with obloquie to lode:
And more to make him publikely diſpiſd
Libels, inuectiues, rayling rimes, were ſow'd
Among the vulgar, to prepare his fall
With more applauſe and good conſent of all.

105

Looke how the day-hater *Mineruas* bird
Whil'ſt priuiledg'd with darknes and the night,
Doth liue ſecure t'himſelfe, of others feard,
If but by chaunce diſcouered in the light,
How doth each little Fowle with enuie ſtirr'd
Call him to iuſtice, vrge him with diſpight:
Summon the feathered flockes of all the wood
To come to ſcorne the tyrant of their blood.

106

So fares this King layd open to diſgrace,
Whilſt euery mouth full of reproch inuayes,
And euery baſe detractor in this caſe,
Vpon th'aduantage of misfortune playes:
Downe-falling greatnes vrged on apace
Was followed hard by all diſgracefull wayes,
Now in the poynt t'accelerate an end,
Whilſt miſerie had no meanes to defend.

Vpon

107

Vpon thoſe articles in Parlament
So haynous made, inforſt, and vrgd ſo hard,
He was adiudgd vnfit for gouernment,
And of all regall powre and rule debarr'd:
For who durſt contradict the Dukes intent?
Or if they durſt, ſhould patiently be heard?
Deſire of change, old wronges, new hopes, freſh feare,
Being farre the maior part, the cauſe muſt beare.

108

Yet muſt we thinke that ſome which ſaw the courſe,
The better few, whom paſſion made not blind,
Stood carefull lookers on with ſad commorſe,
Amazd to ſee what headlong rage deſſignd:
And in a more conſiderate diſcourſe
Of tragicall euentes thereof deuind,
And did or might their grieued hartes to eaſe
Vtter their ſorrowes in like tearmes as theſe.

109

What diſſolute proceedinges haue we here?
What ſtrange preſumptuous diſobedience?
What vnheard fury voyde of awe or feare,
With monſtrous vnexampled inſolence?
Durſt Subiects euer here or any where
Thus impiouſly preſume ſo fowle offence,
To violate the power commaunding all,
And into iudgement Maieſtie to call?

110

Fame hide it cloſe and do not carrie word
To after-comming ages of our ſhame,
Blot out of Bookes, and raſe out of Record
All monuments, memorials of the ſame:
Forget to tell how we did lift our ſword,
And enuious idle accuſations frame
Againſt our lawfull Sou'raigne, when we ought
His end and our releaſe haue ſtayd, not ſought.

Since

111

Since better yeeres might worke a better care,
And time might well haue cur'd what was amiſſe:
Since all theſe faultes fatall to greatnes are,
And worſe deſertes haue not been puniſht thus:
But yet in this the heauens, we feare, prepare
Confuſion for our ſinnes as well as his,
And his calamity beginneth our:
For he his owne, and we abuſd his powre.

112

Thus grieued they: when to the King were ſent
Certaine that might perſwade and vrge him on
To leaue his Crowne, and make with free conſent
A voluntarie reſignation,
Seeing he could no other way preuent
The danger of his owne confuſion:
For not to yeeld to what feare would conſtraine,
Would barre the hope of life that did remaine.

113

And yet this ſcarce could worke him to conſent
To yeeld vp that ſo ſoone, men hold ſo deare:
Why let him take (ſayd he) the gouernement,
And let me yet the name, the title beare:
Leaue me that ſhew and I will be content,
And let them rule and gouerne without feare:
What can they not my ſhadow now indure,
When they of all the reſt do ſtand ſecure?

114

Let me hold that, I aſke no other good:
Nay, that I will hold, *Henrie* do thy worſt,
For ere I yeeld my Crowne Ile looſe my blood,
That blood that ſhall make thee and thine accurſt:
Thus reſolute a while he firmely ſtood,
Till loue of life, and feare of being forſt,
Vanquiſht th'innated valour of his minde,
And hope and friendes, ſo wrought that he reſignd.

115

Then to the Towre (where he remained) went
The *Duke* with all the *Peeres* attended on:
To take his offer with his free conſent,
And teſtifie his reſignation:
And thereof to informe the Parlament,
That all thinges might more formally be done:
And men might reſt more ſatiſide thereby,
As not done of conſtraint, but willingly.

116

And foorth he's brought vnto th'accompliſhment,
Deckt with the Crowne in princely robes that day,
Like as the dead in other landes are ſent
Vnto their graues in all their beſt aray:
And euen like good, did him this ornament,
For what he brought, he muſt not beare away:
But buries there his glory and his name,
Intombd for euermore in others blame.

117

And there vnto th'aſſembly of theſe States,
His ſorrow for their long indured wrong
Through his abuſd authoritie relates,
Excuſes with confeſſions mixt among:
And glad he ſayes to finiſh all debates
He was to leaue the Rule they ſought for long,
Proteſting if it might be for their good,
He would as gladly ſacrifice his blood.

118

There he his Subiectes all in generall
Aſſoyles and quites of oth and fealty,
Renounces intereſt, title, right and all
That appertaind to Kingly dignity:
Subſcribes thereto and doth to witneſſe call
Both heauen and earth, and God and ſaintes on hie,
And all this did he but t'haue leaue to liue,
The which was all he crau'd that they would giue.

Tis

119

Tis ſayd, with his owne handes he gaue the Crowne
To *Lancaſter*, and wiſht to God he might
Haue better ioy thereof then he had knowne,
And that his powre might make it his by right:
And furthermore he crau'd of all his owne
But life, to liue a part a priuate wight:
The vanitie of greatnes he had tride,
And how vnſurely ſtandes the foote of pride.

120

This brought to paſſe, the Lords returne with ſpeed
T'acquaint the Parlament with what is done,
Where they at large publiſht the Kings owne deed
And manner of his reſignation:
When *Canterburie* vrgd them to proceed
Foorthwith vnto a new election,
And *Henrie* make his claime both by diſcent
And reſignation to the gouernment.

Thomas Arundell Biſhop of Canterbury.

121

Who there with full and generall applauſe
Is ſtraight proclaimd as King, and after crownd,
The other cleane reiected by the lawes,
As one the Realme had moſt vnworthy found.
And yet ô *Lancaſter*, I would thy cauſe
Had had as lawfull and as ſure a ground
As had thy vertues; and thy glorious worth
For *Empire* borne, for *Gouernment* brought foorth.

122

Then had not that confuz'd ſucceeding age
Her fieldes engrain'd with blood, her riuers dide
With purple ſtreaming woundes of her owne rage,
Nor ſeene her Princes ſlaine, her Peeres diſtroide:
Then hadſt not thou deare Countrey come to wage
Warre with thy ſelfe, nor thoſe afflictions tride
Of all-conſuming diſcord here ſo long,
Too mighty now againſt thy ſelfe too ſtrong.

123

Whereby the blood of thirteene battells fought
About this quarrell, fatall to our land,
Had been reſeru'd with glory to haue brought
K.Hen. 5. Nations and Kingdomes vnder our command:
And all that which thy ſonne and thou had got
With glorious prayſe had ſtill been in our hand,
K.Hen.8. And that great Worthy laſt of all thy name
Had ioynd the Weſterne *Empire* to the ſame.

124

So ſhould his great imperiall Daughter now
Th'admired glorie of the earth, hereby
Haue had all this neare bordring world to bow
To her immortalized Maieſtie:
Then proud *Iberus* Lord not ſeeking how
T'attaine a falſe-conceiued Monarchie,
Had kept his barraine boundes and not haue ſtood
In vaine attempts t'inrich the Seas with blood:

125

Nor interpos'd his greedie medling handes
In other mens affayres, t'aduance his owne:
Nor tyrannizd ouer ſo many landes
From late obſcuritie, ſo mightie growne.
But we with our vndaunted conquering Bandes,
Had led our Enſignes vnto landes vnknowne,
And now with more audacious force began
To march againſt th'Earths-terror *Ottoman.*

126

Where thou my Lord, the glorie of my Muſe
Magnanimous *Mountioy*, th'ornament of men,
Hadſt had a large and mightie fielde to vſe
Thy holy guiftes and learned counſels then:
Whole landes and Prouinces ſhould not excuſe
Thy truſtie fayth, nor yet ſufficient been
For thoſe great vertues to haue 'ordered
And in a calme obedience rendered.

Nor

127

Nor had my Muſe ſo ſad a ſubiect tooke,
Compoſing bloodie accentes of theſe times:
Nor told of woundes that grieued eyes might looke
On th'horror of their prediceſſors crimes:
But rather glorious triumpes vndertooke,
And regiſtred in euerlaſting rimes
The ſacred Tropheis of *ELIZABETH*,
T'haue kept the wonder of her worth from death.

128

But whither am I carried with the thought
Of what might haue been, had not this been ſo?
O ſacred *Fury* how was I thus brought
To ſpeake of glory that muſt tell of wo?
Theſe acted miſchiefes cannot be vnwrought
Though men be pleaſd to wiſh it were not ſo.
And therefore leaue ſad Muſe th'imagin'd good,
For we muſt now returne againe to blood.

The end of the ſecond Booke.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE THIRD BOOKE.

Henry *the fourth the Crowne eſtabliſhed,*
The Lords that did to Gloſters *death conſent,*
Degraded doe rebell, are vanquiſhed:
King Richard *vnto* Pomfret *Caſtle ſent,*
Is murthered there. The Percies *making head*
Againſt the King, receiue the punishment:
And in the end a tedious troublous raigne
A grieuous death concludes with care, and paine.

1

NOw riſen is that head, by which did ſpring (rights
The birth of two ſtrong heads, two crownes, two
That monſtrous ſhape that afterward did bring
Deform'd confuſion to diſtracted wights:
Now is attain'd that dearely purchas'd thing
That filde the world with lamentable fights:
And now attain'd, all care is how to frame
Meanes to eſtabliſh, and to hold the ſame.

2

Striuing at firſt to build a ſtrong conceit
Of his weake cauſe, in apt-abuſed mindes,
He deckes his deed with colours of deceit
And ornamentes of right, which now he findes:
Succeſſion, conqueſt, and election ſtraight
Suggeſted are, and prou'd in all three kindes:
More then inough he findes, that findes his might
Hath force to make all that he will haue, right.

All

3

All theſe he hath, when one good would ſuffize
The worldes applauſe, and liking to procure;
But who his owne cauſe makes doth ſtill deuiſe
To make too much to haue it more then ſure:
Feare caſtes too deepe, and euer is too wiſe;
The doubtfull can no vſuall plots indure:
Theſe ſelfe-accuſing titles all he had,
Seeking to make one good of many bad.

4

Like fooliſh he that feares, and faine would ſtop
An inundation working on a pace,
Runs to the breach, heapes mightie matter vp,
Throwes indigested burthens on the place,
Loades with huge waightes the outſide and the top,
But leaues the inner partes in feeble caſe:
Thinking for that the outward forme ſeemes strong
Tis ſure inough, and may continue long.

5

But when the vnderworking waues come on,
Searching the ſecrets of vnfenced wayes,
The full maine *Ocean* following hard vpon,
Beares downe that idle frame, skorning ſuch ſtayes;
Proſtrates that fruſtrate paines as if not done,
And proudly on his ſilly labors playes,
Whilſt he perceiues his error, and doth finde
His ill proceeding contrary to kinde.

6

So fares it with our indirect diſſeignes
And wrong-contriued labors at the laſt,
Whilſt working time or Iuſtice vndermines
The feeble ground-worke craft thought laid ſo faſt:
Then when out-breaking vengeance vncombines
The ill-ioynd plots ſo fairely ouercaſt,
Turnes vp thoſe ſtrong pretended heapes of ſhowes
And all theſe weake illuſions ouerthrowes.

7

But well he thought his powre made all ſeeme plaine,
And now t'his coronation he proceedes,
Which in moſt ſumptuous ſort(to intertaine
The gazing vulgar whom this error feedes)
Is furniſht with a ſtately-glorious traine,
Wherein the former Kinges he farre exceedes:
And all t'amuſe the world,and turne the thought
Of what,and how twas done,to what it wrought.

8

And that he might on many props repoſe
He ſtrengths his owne,and who his part did take:
New officers,new counſellours he choſe,
His eldeſt ſonne the Prince of *Wales* doth make,
His ſecond *Lord* high *Steward*; and to thoſe
Had hazarded their fortunes for his ſake
He giues them charge, as merites their deſart:
Seeking all meanes t'oppreſſe the aduerſe part.

9

All Counſellers vnto the former King,
All th'officers,and Iudges of the ſtate,
He to diſgrace,or els to death did bring,
Lead by his owne,or by the peoples hate:
Who euermore by nature mallicing
Their might whom not their vertues,but their fate
Exalted hath,whom when Kinges do what's naught
Becauſe tis in their powre,tis thought their fault.

10

And plac'd for theſe ſuch as were popular
Belou'd of him,and in the peoples grace,
Learned graue *Shorley* he makes *Chauncellor*,
One of great ſpirit,worthy his worthy race:
And *Clifford* he ordaines *Lord Treaſuror*,
A man whoſe vertues well deſeru'd that place:
Others to other roomes(whom people hold
So much more lou'd how much they loath the old)

Then

11

Then againſt thoſe he ſtrictly doth proceed
Who chiefe of *Gloſters* death were guiltie thought,
(Not ſo much for the hatred of that deed)
But vnder this pretext the meanes he ſought,
To ruine ſuch whoſe might did much exceed
His powre to wrong, nor els could well be wrought,
Law, Iuſtice, blood, the zeale vnto the dead,
Were on his ſide, and his drift ſhadowed.

The Nobilitie accuſed for the death of Thomas of Woodſtocke D. of Gloſter.

12

Here many of the greateſt of the land
Accuſd were of the act, ſtrong proofes brought out,
Which ſtrongly were refell'd, the Lords all ſtand
To cleere their cauſe moſt reſolutely ſtoute:
The King perceiuing what he tooke in hand
Was not with ſafetie to be brought about,
Deſiſtes to vrge their death in any wiſe,
Reſpecting number, ſtrength, friendes, and allies.

The Dukes of Surry, Exceſter, and Aumarle. The Earles of Salisbury and Gloſter, the Biſhop of Carlile, Sir Thomas Blunt, and other were the parties accuſed, for the death of the D. of Gloſter.

13

Nor was it time now in his tender raigne
And infant-young-beginning gouernment,
To ſtriue with blood, when lenitie muſt gaine
The mightie wight, and pleaſe the diſcontent:
New Kinges do feare, when old courts farther ſtraine,
Eſtablifht ſtates to all thinges will conſent:
He muſt diſpence with his will, and their crime,
And ſeeke t'oppreſſe and weare them out with time.

14

Yet not to ſeeme but to haue ſome thing done,
In what he could not as he would effect,
To ſatisfie the people that begun
Reuenge of wrong, and iuſtice to expect:
He cauſd be put to execution
One that to do this murther was elect,
A baſe meane man whom few or none would miſſe,
Who firſt did ſerue their turne, and now ſerues his.

And

15

And to abaſe the too high ſtate of thoſe
That were accuſd, and leſſen their degrees,
Aumarle, Surry, Exceter, muſt loſe
The names of Dukes, their titles, dignities,
And what ſoeuer honour with it goes:
The Earles their titles and their Signories,
And all they gote in th'end of *Richards* raigne
Since *Gloſters* death, they muſt reſtore againe.

16

By this as if by *Oſtraciſme* t'abate
That great preſumptiue wealth, whereon they ſtand
For firſt hereby impou'riſhing their ſtate,
He killes the meanes they might haue to withſtand:
Then equals them with other whom they hate,
Who (by their ſpoyles) are raiſd to hie command,
That weake, and enuied if they ſhould conſpire,
They wracke themſelues, and he hath his deſire.

17

And by this grace, which yet muſt be a grace,
As both they, and the world, are made beleeue,
He doth himſelfe ſecure and them deface,
Thinking not rigor that which life doth giue:
But what an error was it in this caſe
To wrong ſo many, and to let them liue?
But errors are no errors but by fate,
For oft th'euent make foule faultes fortunate.

18

The Parlament which now is held, decreed
What euer pleaſd the King but to propound:
Confirm'd the Crowne to him and to his ſeed,
And by their oth their due obedience bound:
And ô b'it ſinne t'examine now this deed
How iuſt tis done, and on how ſure a ground?
Whether that Court may change due courſe or no,
Or ought the Realme againſt the Realme can do?

Here

19

Here was agreed to make all more ſecure
That *Richard* ſhould remaine for euermore
Cloſe-priſoner, leaſt the Realme might chaunce indure
Some new reuolt, or any freſh vprore:
And that if any ſhould ſuch broyle procure
By him or for him, he ſhould die therefore.
So that a talke of tumult and a breath
Would ſerue him as his paſſing-bell to death.

20

Yet reuerent *Carlile* thou didſt there oppoſe
Thy holy voyce to ſaue thy Princes blood,
And freely check'ſt this iudgement and his foes,
When all were bad, yet thou dar'ſt to be good:
Be it inrold that time may neuer loſe
The memorie how firme thy vertues ſtood,
When powre, diſgrace, nor death, could ought diuart
Thy glorious tongue, thus to reueale thy hart.

21

Graue, reuerent Lords, ſince that this ſacred place
Our *Auentine-Retire*, our holy hill:
This place, ſoule of our State, the Realmes beſt grace,
Doth priuiledge me ſpeake what reaſon will:
Let me but ſpeake my conſcience in this caſe
Leaſt ſinne of ſilence ſhew my hart was ill,
And let theſe walles witneſſe, if you will not,
I do diſcharge my ſoule of this ſoule blot.

22

Neuer ſhall this poore breath of mine conſent
That he that two and twentie yeeres hath raigned
As lawfull Lord, and King by iuſt diſcent,
Should here be iudgd vnheard, and vnaraigned,
By Subiects too: Iudges incompetent
To iudge their King vnlawfully detaind,
And vn-brought foorth to plead his guiltles cauſe,
Barring th'annoynted libertie of lawes.

Haue

23

Haue you not done inough with what is done?
Muſt needes diſorder grow from bad to worſe?
Can neuer miſchiefe end as it begunne,
But being once out, muſt farther out of force?
Thinke you that any meanes vnder the Sunne
Can aſſecure ſo indirect a courſe?
Or any broken cunning cunning buyld ſo ſtrong,
As can hold out the hand of vengeance long?

24

Stopt there was his too vehement ſpeech with ſpeed,
And he ſent cloſe to warde from where he ſtood:
His zeale vntimely deem'd too much t'exceed
The meaſure of his wit and did no good:
They reſolute for all this do proceed
Vnto that iudgement could not be withſtood:
The King had all he crau'd or could compell,
And all was done we will not ſay how well.

25

Now *Muſe* relate a wofull accident,
And tell the bloodſhed of theſe mightie Peeres
Who lately reconcild, reſt diſcontent,
Grieu'd with diſgrace, remayning in their feares
How euer ſeeming inwardly content:
Yet th'inward touch that wounded honor beares
Reſtes cloſely rankling and can finde no eaſe
Till death of one ſide cure this great diſeaſe.

26

Meanes how to feele, and learne each others hart
By th'*Abbot* now of *Weſtminſter* is found,
Who ſecretly diſlyking *Henries* part,
Inuites theſe Lordes, and thoſe he ment to ſound,
Feaſtes them with coſt, and drawes them on with art,
And darke, and doubtfull queſtions doth propound:
Then playner ſpeakes, and yet vncertaine ſpeakes,
Then wiſhes well, then off abruptly breakes.

27

My Lords ſayth he, I feare we ſhall not finde
This long-deſired King ſuch as was thought:
But yet he may do well: God turne his minde:
Tis yet new dayes: but ill bodes new and nought:
Some yet ſpeed well: though all men of my kinde
Haue cauſe to doubt: his ſpeech is not forgot,
That Princes had too little, we too much;
God giue him grace, but tis ill truſting ſuch.

28

This open-cloſe, apparent-darke diſcourſe
Drew on much ſpeech, and euery man replies,
And euery man ads heate, and wordes inforce
And vrge out wordes, for when one man eſpies
Anothers minde like his, then ill breedes worſe,
And out breaks all in th'end what cloſeſt lies,
For when men well haue fed, th'blood being warme,
Then are they moſt improuident of harme,

29

Bewray they did their inward boyling ſpight
Each ſtirring other to reuenge their cauſe,
One ſayes he neuer ſhould indure the ſight
Of that forſworne, that wrongs both land and lawes.
Another vowes the ſame of his minde right:
A third t'a poynt more neare the matter drawes,
Sweares if they would, he would attempt the thing
To chace th'vſurper, and replace their King.

30

Thus one by one kindling each others fire,
Till all inflam'd they all in one agree:
All reſolute to proſecute their ire,
Seeking their owne, and Countries cauſe to free:
And haue his firſt, that their blood did conſpire,
For no way elſe, they ſayd but this could be
Their wrong-detained honor to redeeme,
Which true-bred blood ſhould more then life eſteeme.

And

31

And let not this our new-made faythles Lord
(Sayth *Surry*) thinke, that we are left ſo bare, *Thom. late Duke of Surry.*
Though bare inough: but we will finde a ſword
To kill him with, when he ſhall not beware:
For he that is with life and will in ſtoor'd,
Hath for reuenge inough, and needes not care:
For time bringes meanes to furniſh him with all,
Let him but wayte occaſions as they fall.

32

Then of the manner how t'effect the thing
Conſulted was, and in the end agreed,
That at a Maske and common Reuelling
Which was ordaind, they ſhould performe the deed?
For that would be leaſt doubted of the King,
And fitteſt for their ſafety to proceed:
The night, their number, and the ſoddaine act,
Would daſh all order, and protect their fact.

33

Beſides, they might vnder the faire pretẽce
Of Tilts and Turnementes, which they intend,
Prouide them horſe, and armour for defence,
And all thinges elſe conuenient for their end:
Beſides, they might hold ſure intelligence
Among themſelues without ſuſpect t'offend:
The King would thinke they ſought but grace in court
with all their great preparing in this ſort.

34

A ſolemne oth religiouſly thy take
By intermutuall vowes proteſting there
This neuer to reueale: nor to forſake
So good a cauſe, for danger, hope, or feare:
The Sacrament, the pledge of fayth they take,
And euery man vpon his ſword doth ſweare
By Knighthood, honor, or what els ſhould binde,
To aſſecure the more each others minde.

35

And when all this was done, and thought well done,
And euery one assures him good successe,
And easie seemes the thing to euery one
That nought could crosse their plot, or them suppresse:
Yet one among the rest, whose minde not wonne
With th'ouer weening thought of hot excesse,
Nor headlong carryed with the streame of will,
Nor by his owne election led to ill:

36

Sir Thomas Blunt.

Iudicious *Blunt*, whose learning, valor, wit,
Had taught true knowledge in the course of thinges,
Knew dangers as they were, and th'humerous fit
Of ware-lesse discontent, what end it bringes:
Counsels their heat with calme graue words, and fit,
Words well forethought that from experience springs,
And warnes a warier cariage in the thing,
Least blind presumption worke their ruining.

37

My Lordes (sayth he) I know your wisedomes such
As that of mine aduice you haue no need:
I know you know how much the thing doth touch
The maine of all your states, your blood, your seed:
Yet since the same concernes my life as much
As his whose hand is chiefest in this deed,
And that my foote must go as farre as his,
I thinke my tongue may speake what needfull is.

38

The thing we enterprize, I know doth beare
Great possibilitie of good effect,
For that so many men of might there are
That venter here this action to direct:
Which meaner wightes of trust, and credite bare
Not so respected could not looke t'effect;
For none without great hopes will follow such
Whose powre, and honor doth not promise much.

Be-

39

Beſides this new, and doubtfull gouernment,
The wauering fayth of people vaine, and light,
The ſecret hopes of many diſcontent,
The naturall affection to the right,
Our lawfull Sou'raignes life, in priſon pent,
Whom men begin to pittie now, not ſpight,
Our well layde plot, and all I muſt confeſſe
With our iuſt cauſe, doth promiſe good ſucceſſe.

40

But this is yet the outward fayreſt ſide
Of our diſſeigne: within reſtes more of feare,
More dread of ſad euent yet vndiſcride
Then (my moſt worthy Lords) I would there were:
But yet I ſpeake not this as to deuide
Your thoughtes from th'act, or to diſmay your cheere,
Only to adde vnto your forward will
A moderate feare to caſt the worſt of ill.

41

Danger before, and in, and after th'act
You needes muſt graunt, is great, and to be waigh'd
Before: leaſt while we do the deede protract
It be by any of our ſelues bewraid:
For many being priuie to the fact,
How hard it is to keepe it vnbetraid?
When the betrayer ſhall haue life and grace,
And rid himſelfe of danger and diſgrace.

42

For though ſome few continue reſolute,
Yet many ſhrinke, which at the firſt would dare,
And be the formoſt men to execute,
If th'act, and motion at one inſtant were:
But intermiſſion ſuffers men diſpute
What dangers are, and caſt with farther care:
Cold doubt cauil's with honor, ſkorneth fame,
And in the end feare waighes downe fayth, with ſhame.

43

Then in the act, what perils ſhall we finde
If either place, or time, or other courſe
Cauſe vs to alter th'order now aſſign'd?
Or that, then we expect thinges happen worſe?
If either error, or a fainting minde,
An indiſcreete amazement or remorſe
In any at that inſtant ſhould be found,
How much it might the act, and all confound?

44

After the deed the daungers are no leſſe,
Leaſt that our forwardnes not ſeconded
By our owne followers, and accomplices,
Being kept backe, or ſlow, or hindered:
The haſtie multitude ruſh on t'oppreſſe
Confuſed weaknes there vnſuccored,
Or raiſe an other head of that ſame race
T'auenge his death, and proſecute the caſe.

45

All this (my Lords) muſt be conſidered,
The beſt and worſt of that which may ſucceed,
That valour mixt with feare, boldneſſe with dread,
May march more circumſpect, with better heed:
And to preuent theſe miſchiefes mentioned
Is by our fayth, our ſecreſie, and ſpeed,
For euen already is the worke begun,
And we reſt all vndone, till all be done.

46

And though I could haue wiſht an other courſe
In open fielde t'haue hazarded my blood,
Yet ſome are heere whoſe loue is of that force
To draw my life, whom zeale hath not withſtood:
But like you not of your diſſeigne the worſe,
If the ſucceſſe be good your courſe is good:
And ending well, our honor then begins,
No hand of ſtrife is pure, but that which wins.

This

47

This ſayd, a ſad ſtill ſilence held their mindes
Vpon the fearefull proiect of their woe,
But that not long ere forward furie findes
Incouraging perſwaſions on to goe:
We muſt (ſayd they) we will, our honour bindes,
Our ſafetie bids, our fayth muſt haue it ſo:
We know the worſt can come, tis thought vpon,
We can not ſhift, being in, we muſt goe on.

48

And on in deed they went, but ô not farre,
A fatall ſtop trauerſd their headlong courſe,
Their drift comes knowne, and they diſcouered are,
For ſome of many will be falſe of force:
Aumarle became the man that all did marre,
Whether through indiſcretion, chance, or worſe,
He makes his peace with offring others blood,
And ſhewes the King how all the matter ſtood.

49

Then loe diſmayde, confuſion all poſſeſt,
Th'afflicted troupe hearing their plot diſcride,
Then runnes amazd diſtreſſe with ſad vnreſt
To this, to that, to flie, to ſtand, to hide:
Diſtracted terror knew not what was beſt
On what determination to abide:
At laſt Diſpaire would yet ſtand to the Sword,
To trie what friendes would doe, or fate affoord.

50

Then this, then that mans ayde, they craue, implore,
Post here for helpe, ſeeke there their followers:
Coniure the friendes they had, labour for more,
Sollicite all reputed fauorers
Who *Richards* cauſe ſeem'd to affect before,
And in his name write, pray, ſende meſſengers
To try what fayth was left, if by this art
Any would ſtep to take Afflictions part.

And

51

And ſome were found, and ſome againe draw back.
Vncertaine power could not it ſelfe retaine,
Intreate they may, authoritie they lacke,
And here, and there they march, but all in vaine:
With deſp'rate courſe, like thoſe that ſee their wracke
Euen on the Rockes of death, and yet they ſtraine
That death may not them idly finde t'attend
Their certaine laſt, but worke to meete their end.

52

And long they ſtand not ere the chiefe ſurprizd
Conclude with their deare blood their tragedie:
And all the reſt diſperſt, run ſome diſguizd
To vnknowne coaſtes, ſome to the ſhores do flie,
Some to the woodes, or whither feare aduiſd:
But running from, all to deſtruction hie,
The breach once made vpon a battered ſtate
Downe goes diſtreſſe, no ſhelter ſhroudes their fate.

53

And now what horror in their ſoules doth grow?
What ſorrowes with their friendes, and neare allies?
What mourning in their ruin'd houſes now?
How many childrens plaintes and mothers cryes?
How many wofull Widowes left to bow
To ſad diſgrace? what periſht families?
what heires of hie rich hopes their thoughts muſt frame
To bace-downe-looking pouertie and ſhame?

54

This ſlaughter and calamitie foregoes
Thy eminent deſtruction, wofull King:
This is the bloody comet of thy woes
That doth foretell thy preſent ruyning:
Here was thy end decreed when theſe men roſe,
And euen with their, this act thy death did bring
Or haſtened, at the leaſt vpon this ground:
Yet if not this, another had been found.

Kinges

55

Kinges (Lordes of times and of occaſions)
May take th'aduantage, when, and how they liſt,
For now the Realme with theſe rebellions
Vext, and turmoyld, was thought would not reſiſt
Nor feele the wound, when like confuſions
Should by this meanes be ſtayd, or quite ſuppreſt,
The cauſe be'ing once cut off, that did moleſt,
The land ſhould haue her peace, and he his reſt.

56

He knew this time, and yet he would not ſeeme
Too quicke to wrath, as if affecting blood;
But yet complaines ſo farre, that men might deeme
He would twere done, and that he thought it good;
And wiſht that ſome would ſo his life eſteeme
As ridde him of theſe feares wherein he ſtood:
And therewith eyes a Knight, that then was by,
Who ſoone could learne his leſſon by his eye.

This Knight was Sir Pierce of Exton.

57

The man, he knew was one that willingly
For one good looke would hazard ſoule and all,
An inſtrument for any villanie,
That needed no commiſſion more at all:
A great eaſe to the King that ſhould hereby
Not need in this a courſe of iuſtice call,
Nor ſeeme to will the act, for though what's wrought
Were his owne deed, he grieues ſhould ſo be thought.

58

So foule a thing ô thou *Iniuſtice* art,
That tortreſt both the doer and diſtreſt:
For when a man hath done a wicked part,
How doth he ſtriue t'excuſe to make the beſt,
To ſhift the fault, t'vnburthen his charg'd hart,
And glad to finde the leaſt ſurmiſe of reſt:
And if he could make his ſeeme others ſin,
What great repoſe, what eaſe he findes therein?

This

59

This Knight,but yet why ſhould I call him Knight,
To giue impietie this reuerent ſtile:
Title of honour,worth,and vertues right
ſhould not be giuen to a wretch ſo vile:
But pardon me if I do not aright,
It is becauſe I will not here defile
My vnſtaind verſe with his opprobrious name,
And grace him ſo to place him in the ſame.

60

This caitife goes, and with him takes eight more
As deſperate as himſelfe, impiouſly bold:
Such villaines as he knew would not abhorre
To execute what wicked act he would,
And haſtes him downe to *Pomfret* where before
The reſtles King conuaide,was laide in hold:
There would he do the deed he thought ſhould bring
To him great grace and fauour with his King.

61

Whether the ſoule receiues intelligence
By her neare *Genius* of the bodyes end,
And ſo impartes a ſadneſſe to the ſence
Foregoing ruine whereto it doth tend:
Or whether Nature elſe hath conference
With profound ſleepe,and ſo doth warning ſend
By prophetizing dreames what hurt is neare,
And giues the heauie carefull hart to feare:

62

How euer,ſo it is,the now ſayd King
Toſt here and there his quiet to confound,
Feeles a ſtraunge waight of ſorrowes gathering
Vpon his trembling hart,and ſees no ground:
Feeles ſodaine terror bring cold ſhiuering:
Liſtes not to eate,ſtill muſes,ſleepes vnſound,
His ſences droope, his ſteedie eyes vnquicke,
And much he ayles,and yet he is not ſicke.

63

The morning of that day, which was his laſt,
After a wearie reſt ryſing to paine,
Out at a little grate his eyes he caſt
Vpon thoſe bordering hils, and open plaine,
And viewes the towne, and ſees how people paſt,
Where others libertie makes him complaine
The more his owne, and grieues his ſoule the more,
Conferring captiue-Crownes with freedome poore.

64

O happie man ſayth hee, that loe I ſee
Grazing his cattell in thoſe pleaſant fieldes:
If he but knew his good, how bleſſed hee
That feeles not what affliction greatnes yeeldes,
Other then what he is he would not bee,
Nor chaunge his ſtate with him that Scepters weildes:
Thine thine is that true life, that is to liue,
To reſt ſecure, and not riſe vp to grieue.

65

Thou ſit'ſt at home ſafe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'ſt of others harmes, but feeleſt none:
And there thou telſt of Kinges and who aſpire,
Who fall, who riſe, who triumphes, who do mone:
Perhappes thou talkſt of mee, and doſt inquire
Of my reſtraint, why here I liue alone,
And pittieſt this my miſerable fall:
For pittie muſt haue part, enuie not all.

66

Thrice-happie you that looke as from the ſhore,
And haue no venter in the wracke you ſee,
No intr'eſt, no occaſion to deplore
Other mens trauayles while your ſelues ſit free.
How much doth your ſweete reſt make vs the more
To ſee our miſerie and what we bee?
Whoſe blinded greatnes, euer in turmoyle,
Still ſeeking happie life, makes life a toyle.

Great

67

Great *Diocleſian*, and more great therefore
For ſkorning that whereto vaine pride aſpires,
Reckning thy Gardens in *Illiria* more
Then all the Empire, all what th'earth admires:
Thou well didſt teach that he is neuer poore
That little hath, but he that much deſires,
Finding more true delight in that ſmall ground
Then, in poſſeſſing all the earth, was found.

68

Are Kinges that freedome giue, themſelues not free,
As meaner men to take what they may giue?
What, are they of ſo fatall a degree
That they cannot diſcend from that and liue?
Vnleſſe they ſtill be Kinges can they not bee,
Nor may they their authoritie ſurviue?
Will not my yeelded Crowne redeeme my breath?
Still am I fear'd? is there no way but death?

69

Scarce this word death, had ſorrow vttered,
But in ruſht one, and tels him how a Knight
Is come from Court, his name deliuered.
What newes with him ſayd he, that trayterous wight?
What more remoues? Muſt we be farther led?
Are we not ſent inough yet out of ſight?
Or hath this place not ſtrength ſufficient
To guard vs in? or haue they worſe intent?

70

By this the bloodie troope were at the dore,
When as a ſodaine and a ſtrange diſmay
Ioforſt them ſtraine, who ſhould go in before:
One offers, and in offring makes a ſtay:
An other forward ſets, and doth no more:
A third the like, and none durſt make the way:
So much the horror of ſo vile a deed
In vileſt mindes hinders them to proceed.

71

At length,as to ſome great aſſault the Knight
Cheeres vp his fainting men all that he can,
And valiantly their courage doth incite
And all againſt one weake vnarmed man:
A great exployt worthy a man of might,
Much honour wretch therein thy valor wan:
Ah poore weake Prince, yet men that preſence feare
Which once they knew authoritie did beare.

72

Then on thruſtes one,and he would formoſt be
To ſhead anothers blood,but loſt his owne:
For entring in,as ſoone as he did ſee
The face of Maieſtie to him well knowne,
Like *Marius* Souldier at *Minternum*, hee
Stood ſtill amazd his courage ouerthrowne:
The King ſeeing this,ſtartes vp from where he ſate,
Out from his trembling hand his weapon gate.

73

Thus euen his foes that came to bring him death,
Bring him a weapon that before had none,
That yet he might not idly looſe his breath,
But die reuengd,in action,not alone:
And this good chaunce that this much fauoureth
He ſlackes not,for he preſently ſpeedes one,
And Lion-like vpon the reſt he flies,
And here falles one,and there another lies.

74

And vp and downe he trauerſes his ground,
Now wardes a felling blow,now ſtrikes againe,
Then nimbly ſhiftes a thruſt,then lendes a wound,
Now backe he giues,then ruſhes on a maine,
His quicke and ready hand doth ſo confound
Theſe ſhamefull beaſtes that foure of them lies ſlaine:
And all had periſht happily and well
But for one act, that ô I grieue to tell.

75

This coward Knight ſeeing with ſhame and feare
His men thus ſlaine, and doubting his owne end;
Leapes vp into a chaire that loe was there,
The whiles the King did all his courage bend
Againſt thoſe foure that now before him were,
Doubting not who behind him doth attend,
And plyes his handes vndaunted, vnaffeard,
And with good hart, and life for life he ſtird.

76

And whiles he this, and that, and each mans blow
Doth eye, defend, and ſhift, being layd to ſore,
Backward he beares for more aduantage now,
Thinking the wall would ſafegard him the more,
When loe with impious hand, ô wicked thou,
That ſhamefull durſt not come to ſtrike before,
Behind him gau'ſt that wofull deadly wound,
That layd that moſt ſweete Prince flat on the ground.

77

Monſter of men, what hath thy fury done
Vpon an ouerpreſſed innocent,
Lab'ring againſt ſo many, he but one,
And one poore ſoule with care, with ſorrow ſpent?
Could thine owne eyes indure to looke vpon
Thy handes diſgrace, or didſt thou not relent?
But what thou didſt I will not here deuine,
Nor ſtaine my thoughtes to enter into thine.

78

But leaue thee wretch vnto blacke infamie,
To darke eternall horror, and diſgrace,
The hatefull skorne to all poſteritie:
The out-caſt of the world, laſt of thy race,
Of whoſe curſt ſeed, nature did then deny
To bring foorth more, her faire workes to deface:
And as aſham'd to haue produc'd that paſt,
She ſtayes her hand, and makes this worſt, her laſt.

There

79

There lyes that comely body all imbrude
With ſacred blood, amidſt the foule he ſhed:
Thoſe holly ſtreames became with that vile, rude
Vnhallowed ſtaynes confusdly interſpred:
Ah why was Groſſnes with ſuch grace indude,
To be with that ſweete mixture honored?
Or ſerued it but as ſome vile graue, ordaynd
Where an imbalmed corps ſhould be contaynd?

80

Thoſe faire diſtended limmes all trembling lay,
Whom yet nor life nor death their owne could call,
For life remou'd had not rid all away,
And death though entring, ſeas'd not yet on all:
That ſhort-tim'd motion (that ſoone finiſh ſhall
The mouer ceaſing) yet a while doth ſtay,
As th'Organ ſound a time ſuruiues the ſtop
Before it doth the dying note giue vp.

81

So holdes thoſe organs of that goodly frame,
The weake remaines of life a little ſpace,
But ah full ſoone cold death poſſeſt the ſame,
Set are thoſe ſun-like eyes, bloodleſſe that face,
And all that comely whole a lumpe became,
All that faire forme which death could ſcarce diſgrace
Lyes periſht thus, and thus vntimely fate
Hath finiſht his moſt miſerable ſtate.

82

And thus one King moſt neare in blood allide
Is made th'oblation for the others peace:
Now onely one, both name and all beſide
Intirely hath, pluralitie doth ceaſe:
He that remaines, remaines vnterrifide
With others right; this day doth all releaſe:
And hencefoorth he is abſolutly King,
No Crownes but one, this deed confirmes the thing.

83

And yet new *Hydraes* loe, new heades appeare,
T'afflict that peace reputed then so sure,
And gaue him much to do, and much to feare,
And long and dangerous tumultes did procure,
And those euen of his chiefest followers were
Of whom he might presume him most secure,
Who whether not so grac'd or so preferd
As they expected, these new factions stird.

84

The *Percyes* were the men, men of great might,
Strong in alliance, and in courage strong
That thus conspire, vnder pretence to right
The crooked courses they had suffered long:
Whether their conscience vrgd them, or despight,
Or that they saw the part they tooke, was wrong,
Or that ambition hereto did them call,
Or others enuide grace, or rather all.

85

What cause so euer were, strong was their plot,
Their parties great, meanes good, th'occasion fit:
Their practise close, their fayth suspected not,
Their states farre off, and they of wary wit:
Who with large promises draw in the Scot
To ayde their cause; he likes, and yeeldes to it,
Not for the loue of them, or for their good,
But glad hereby of meanes to shed our blood.

86

Then ioyne they with the *Welsh*, who fitly trainde,
And all in armes vnder a mightie head
Owen Glendowr. Great *Glendowr*, who long warr'd, and much attaind,
Sharpe conflictes made, and many vanquished:
With whom was *Edmond Earle* of *March* retaind,
Being first his prisoner, now confedered,
A man the King much fear'd, and well he might,
Least he should looke whether his Crown stood right.

For

97

For *Richard*, for the quiet of the State,
Before he tooke thoſe *Irish* warres in hand,
About ſucceſſion doth deliberate,
And finding how the certaine right did ſtand,
With full conſent this man did ordinate
The heyre apparent to the Crowne and land:
Then iudge if this the King might nearely touch,
Although his might were ſmall, his right being much.

In the 9. yeere of the raigne of K. Rich. 2. was by Parlament ordayned Roger E. of March heir apparent to the crowne. This Roger was the ſonne of Edmond Mortimer, who married Phillippa the only daughter of Leontl D. of Clarence, the third ſonne of King Ed. 3. who by her had iſſue this Roger & Elizabeth: Roger had iſſue 4. children, all which ſaue only Anne dyed without iſſue: Anne was maried to Rich E. of Cambridge ſonne to Edmond D. of Yorke. This Richarde beheaded at Southampton had iſſue by Anne, Richard, ſurnamed Plantagenet, after Duke of Yorke.

98

With theſe the *Percyes* them confederate,
And as three heades, they league in one intent,
And inſtituting a Triumuirate
Do part the land in triple gouernment:
Deuiding thus among themſelues the State,
The *Percyes* ſhould rule all the *North* from *Trent*,
And *Glendowr Wales*: the *Earle* of *March* ſhould bee
Lord of the *South* from *Trent*; and thus they gree.

99

Then thoſe two helpes which ſtill ſuch actors finde,
Pretence of common good, the Kinges diſgrace,
Doth fit their courſe, and draw the vulgar minde
To further them, and ayde them in this caſe:
The King they accuſd for cruell, and vnkinde,
That did the State, and Crowne, and all deface:
A periurde man, that helde all fayth in ſkorne,
Whoſe truſted othes had others made forſworne.

100

Beſides the odious deteſtable act
Of that late murthered King they aggrauate,
Making it his, that ſo had will'd the fact,
That he the doers did remunerate:
And then ſuch taxes dayly doth exact,
That were againſt the orders of the State:
And with all theſe, or worſe, they him aſſaild,
Who late of others with the like preuaild.

101

Thus doth contentious proud mortalitie
Afflict each other, and it selfe torment:
And thus dost thou, mind-torturing Miserie,
Restles Ambition, borne in discontent,
Turne and retosse with vile iniquitie,
The vnconstant courses, frayltie did inuent:
And foulst faire order, and defilst the earth,
Fostring vp warre, father of blood and dearth.

102

Great seemd the cause, and greatly to, did ad
The peoples loue thereto these crimes rehearst,
That many gathered to the troupes they had,
And many more do flocke from coastes disperst:
But when the King had heard these newes so bad,
Th'vnlookt for dangerous toyle more nearely pierst,
For bent t'wards *Wales* t'appease those tumults there,
H'is forst diuert his course, and them forbeare.

103

Not to giue time vnto th'increasing rage
And gathering fury, foorth he hastes with speed,
Least more delay, or giuing longer age,
To th'euill growne, it might the cure exceed:
All his best men at armes, and Leaders sage,
All he prepard he could, and all did need:
For to a mightie worke thou goest O King,
To such a fielde that power to power shall bring.

104

The Earle of Northumberlans sonne.

There shall young *Hotspur* with a furie lead,
Meete with thy forward sonne as fierce as hee:
There warlike *Worster* long experienced
In forraine armes, shall come t'incounter thee:
There *Dowglas* to thy *Stafford* shall make head:
There *Vernon* for thy valiant *Blunt* shalbe:
There shalt thou finde a doubtfull bloody day,
Though sickneese keepe *Northumberland* away.

Who

105

Who yet reſeru'd, though after quit for this,
Another tempeſt on thy head to raiſe,
As if ſtill wrong-reuenging *Nemeſis*
Did meane t'afflict all thy continuall dayes:
And yet this Field he happely might miſſe
For thy great good, and therefore well he ſtayes:
What might his force haue done being ioynd thereto,
When that already gaue ſo much to do?

106

The ſwift approch and vnexpected ſpeed
The King had made vpon this new-rayſd force,
In th'vnconfirmed troupes much feare did breed,
Vntimely hindring their intended courſe:
The ioyning with the *Welsh* they had decreed
Was hereby ſtopt, which made their part the worſe,
Northumberland with forces from the *North*,
Expected to be there, was not ſet foorth.

107

And yet vndaunted *Hotſpur* ſeeing the King
So neare approch'd, leauing the worke in hand,
With forward ſpeed his forces marſhalling,
Sets foorth, his farther comming to withſtand:
And with a chearefull voyce incouraging
By his great ſpirit his well imboldned Band,
Bringes a ſtrong Hoſt of firme reſolued might,
And plac'd his troupes before the King, in ſight.

108

This day (ſayth he) my faythfull valiaunt friendes,
What euer it doth giue, ſhall glory giue:
This day with honor frees our ſtate, or endes
Our miſerie with fame, that ſtill ſhall liue,
And do but thinke how well this day he ſpendes
That ſpendes his blood his countrey to relieue:
Our holy cauſe, our freedome, and our right,
Sufficient are to moue good mindes to fight.

Beſides

109

Beſides th'aſſured hope of victorie
That we may euen promiſe on our ſide
Againſt this weake-conſtrained companie,
Whom force, and feare, not will, and loue doth guide:
Againſt a Prince, whoſe foule impietie
The heauens do hate, the earth cannot abide:
Our number being no leſſe, our courage more,
What need we doubt, if we but worke therefore.

110

This ſayd, and thus reſolu'd, euen bent to charge
Vpon the King, who well their order viewd,
And carefull noted all the forme at large
Of their proceeding, and their multitude:
And deeming better if he could diſcharge
The day with ſafetie, and ſome peace conclude:
Great proffers ſendes of pardon, and of grace,
If they would yeeld, and quietnes imbrace.

111

But this refuſd, the King with wrath incenſd
Rage againſt furie doth with ſpeed prepare:
And though (ſayd he) I could haue well diſpenſd
With this dayes blood, which I haue fought to ſpare,
That greater glory might haue recompenſd
The forward worth of theſe, that ſo much dare,
That we might honor had by th'ouerthrowne,
That th'wounds we make, might not haue bin ourowne

112

Yet ſince that other mens iniquitie
Calles on the ſword of wrath, againſt my will,
And that themſelues exact this crueltie,
And I conſtrained am this blood to ſpill:
Then, on my maiſters, on couragiouſly,
True-harted ſubiectes againſt traytors ill,
And ſpare not them, who ſeeke to ſpoyle vs all,
Whole foule confuſed end, ſoone ſee you ſhall.

Straight

113

Straight moues with equall motion epuall rage
The like incenſed armies vnto blood,
One to defend, an other ſide to wage
Foule ciuill warre, both vowes their quarrell good:
And too much heate to blood doth now inrage
Both who the deed prouokes, and who withſtood,
That valor here is vice, here manhood ſinne,
The forward'ſt handes doth the leaſt honor winne.

114

But now begin theſe fury-mouing ſoundes,
The notes of wrath, that muſicke brought from hell,
The ratling Drums, which Trumpets voice confounds,
The cryes, th'incouragements, the ſhouting ſhrell:
That all about the beaten ayre aboundes,
Thundring confuſed, murmurs horrible,
To rob all ſence, except the ſence to fight,
Well handes may worke, the minde hath loſt his ſight.

115

O warre! begot in pride and luxurie,
The child of wrath, and of diſſention:
Horrible good: miſchiefe neceſſarie,
The foule reformer of confuſion,
Vniuſt-iuſt ſcourge of our iniquitie,
Cruell recurer of corruption:
Ah that theſe ſin-ſicke ſtates in need ſhould ſtand
To be let blood with ſuch a boyſtrous hand!

116

And how well hadſt thou here been ſpar'd this day,
Had not wrong counſaild *Percy* been peruers,
Whoſe young vndanger'd hand now raſh, makes way *The Prince of Wales.*
Vpon the ſharpeſt frontes of the moſt fierce:
Where now an equall fury thruſtes to ſtay
And rebeat-backe that force and his diſperſe,
Then theſe aſſaile, then thoſe chace backe againe,
Till ſtaide with new-made hilles of bodyes ſlaine.

There

117

There loe that new-appearing glorious ſtarre,
Wonder of Armes, the terror of the field,
Henry the ſonne who was after Hen. 5. Young *Henrie*, laboring where the ſtouteſt are,
And euen the ſtouteſt forces backe to yeeld:
There is that hand boldned to blood and warre,
That muſt the ſword in wondrous actions wield:
But better hadſt thou learnd with others blood
A leſſe expence to vs, to thee more good.

118

Hadſt thou not there lent preſent ſpeedy ayde
To thy indaungerde father, nearely tyrde,
Whom fierce incountring *Dowglas* ouerlayd,
That day had there his troublous life expirde:
Which was ſir Walter Blunt. Heroycall couragious *Blunt* arayd
In habite like as was the King attirde,
And deemd for him, excuſd that fate with his,
For he had what his Lord did hardly miſſe.

119

For thought a King, he would not now diſgrace
The perſon then ſuppoſd, but Princelike ſhewes
Glorious effectes of worth that fit his place,
And fighting dyes, and dying ouerthrowes:
Another Blunt which was the kings Standard bearer. Another of that forward name and race,
In that hotte worke his valiant life beſtowes,
Who bare the Standard of the King that day,
Whoſe colours ouerthrowne did much diſmay.

120

And deare it coſt, and much good blood is ſhed,
To purchaſe thee this looſing victorie
Diſturbed King: yet haſt thou conquered
A doubtfull day, a mightie enemie:
But yet what woundes, what famous worth lyes dead,
That makes the winner looke with ſorrowing eye,
Sir Hugh Shurly. Couragious *Stafford* loſt, that much had wrought,
And valiant *Shorly*, who great glory got.

Such

121

Such wracke of others blood thou didſt behold,
Furious young *Hotſpur*, ere thou loſt thine owne,
Which now once loſt, that heate in thine waxt cold,
And ſoone became thine Armie ouerthrowne.
But, why had not this ſpirit this courage bold,
Been in ſome better cauſe ſo hylie ſhowne,
That we might not thus violently then
Haue tearmd that rage, which valour ſhould haue ben.

122

But now the King retires him to his peace,
A peace much like a feeble ſickmans ſleepe,
(Wherein his waking paines do neuer ceaſe,,
Though ſeeming reſt his cloſed eyes doth keepe)
For neuer peace could euer ſo releaſe
His intricate turmoyles, and ſorrowes deepe,
But that his cares kept waking all his life,
Continue on, till death conclude the ſtrife.

123

Whoſe harald ſickneſſe, being ſent before
With full commiſſion to denounce his end,
And paine, and griefe, enforcing more and more,
Beſiedgd the hold that could not long defend,
And ſo conſum'd all that imboldning ſtore
Of hot gaine-ſtriuing blood, that did contend,
Wearing the wall ſo thin, that now the minde
Might well looke thorow, and his frayltie finde.

124

When loe as if the vapours vaniſht were,
Which heate of boyling blood and health did breed,
(To cloude the ſence, that nothing might appeare
Vnto the thought, that which it was in deed)
The lightned ſoule began to ſee more cleere
How much it was abusd, and notes with heed
The plaine diſcouered falſehood open layd,
Of ill-perſwading fleſh that ſo betrayd.

125

And lying on his laſt afflicted bed
Where death and conſcience both before him ſtand,
Th'one holding out a Booke wherein he red
In bloodie lines the deedes of his owne hand:
The other ſhewes a Glaſſe, which figured
An ougly forme of foule corrupted Sand:
Both bringing horror in the hyeſt degree,
With what he was, and what he ſtraight ſhould bee.

126

Which ſeeing, all confuſd, trembling with feare,
He lay a while, as ouerthrowne in ſprite,
At laſt commaundes ſome that attending were,
To fetch the Crowne and ſet it in his ſight.
On which, with fixed eye and heauie cheere
Caſting a looke: *O God* (ſayth he) what right
I had to thee, my ſoule doth now conceiue:
Thee, which with blood I got, with horror leaue.

127

Wert thou the cauſe my clyming care was ſuch
To paſſe thoſe boundes, nature, and law ordaind?
Is this that good which promiſed ſo much,
And ſeemd ſo glorious ere it was attaind?
Wherein was neuer ioy. but gaue a touch
To checke my ſoule, to thinke how thou wert gaind,
And now how do I leaue thee vnto mine?
Wherein is dread to keepe, death to reſigne.

128

With this the ſoule rapt wholy with the thought
Of ſuch diſtreſſe, did ſo attentiue weigh
Her preſent horror, whilſt as if forgot
The dull conſumed body ſenceleſſe lay,
And now as breathleſſe quite, quite dead is thought,
When loe his Sonne comes in, and takes away
The fatall Crowne from thence, and out he goes,
As if vnwilling longer time to loſe.

And

129

And whilſt that ſad confuſed ſoule doth caſt
Thoſe great accountes of terror and diſtreſſe,
Vpon this counſell it doth light at laſt,
How ſhe might make the charge of horror leſſe,
And finding no way to acquite thats paſt,
But onely this, to vſe ſome quicke redreſſe
Of acted wrong, with giuing vp againe
The Crowne to whom it ſeem'd to appertaine.

130

Which found, lightned with ſome ſmall ioy, ſhe hyes,
Rouſes her ſeruantes that dead ſleeping lay,
(The members of her houſe) to exerciſe
One feeble duetie more, during her ſtay:
And opening thoſe dimme windowes, he eſpies
The Crowne for which he lookt, was borne away:
And all-agrieu'd with the vnkind offence,
He cauſd him bring it backe, who tooke it thence.

131

To whom (excuſing his preſumpteous deed,
By the ſuppoſing him departed quite)
He ſayes: O Sonne, what needes thee make ſuch ſpeed
Vnto that care, where feare exceedes thy right,
And where his ſinne, whom thou ſhalt now ſucceed,
Shall ſtill vpbraide thy inheritance of might:
And if thou canſt liue, and liue great, from woe
Without this carefull trauaile: let it goe.

132

Nay father, ſince your fortune did attaine
So high a ſtand, I meane not to deſcend
(Replyes the Prince) as if what you did gaine,
I were of ſpirit vnable to defend:
Time will appeaſe them well, that now complaine,
And ratefie our intereſt in the end:
What wrong hath not continuance quite outworne?
Yeeres make that right, which neuer was ſo borne.

133

If ſo, God worke his pleaſure (ſayd the King)
And thou muſt needes contend with all thy might,
Such euidence of vertuous deedes to bring,
That well may proue our wrong to be our right:
And let the goodneſſe of the managing
Raze out the blot of foule attayning, quite:
That diſcontent may all aduauntage miſſe,
To wiſh it otherwiſe then now it is.

134

And ſince my death my purpoſe doth preuent,
Touching this ſacred warre I tooke in hand,
(An action wherewithall my ſoule had ment
T'appeaſe my God, and reconcile my land)
To thee is left to finiſh my intent:
Who to be ſafe, muſt neuer idly ſtand,
But ſome great actions entertaine thou ſtill,
To holde their mindes who elſe will practiſe ill.

135

Thou haſt not that aduantage by my raigne,
To ryot it (as they whom long deſcent
Hath purchaſd loue by cuſtome) but with paine
Thou muſt contend to buy the worldes content:
What their birth gaue them, thou haſt yet to gaine
By thine owne vertues, and good gouernment:
And that vnleſſe thy worth confirme the thing,
Thou canſt not be the father to a King.

136

Nor art thou borne in thoſe calme dayes, where reſt
Hath brought a ſleepe ſluggiſh ſecuritie:
But in tumultuous times, where mindes adreſt
To factions, are inurd to mutinie,
A miſchiefe not by force to be ſuppreſt,
Where rigor ſtill begets more enmitie,
Hatred must be beguilde with ſome new courſe,
Where States are strong, & Princes doubt their force.

This

137

This and much more affliction would haue ſayd
Out of th'experience of a troublous raigne,
For which his high deſires had dearely payde
Th'intereſt of an euer-toyling paine:
But that this all-ſubduing power here ſtaide
His faultring tongue, and paine r'inforc'd againe,
And cut off all the paſſages of breath,
To bring him quite vnder the ſtate of death.

138

In whoſe poſſeſſion I muſt leaue him now,
And now into the *Ocean* of new toyles,
Into the ſtormie Maine, where tempeſtes grow
Of greater ruines, and of greater ſpoyles,
Set foorth my courſe to haſten on my vow,
Ou'er all the troublous deepe of theſe turmoyles:
And if I may but liue t'attaine the ſhore
Of my deſired end, I wiſh no more.

139

Helpe on ô ſou'raigne *Muſe*, helpe on my courſe,
If theſe my toyles be gratefull in thine eyes,
Or but looke on, to cheare my feeble force,
That I faint not in this great enterprize:
And you great Worthyes you, that take remorſe
Of mine eſtate, and helpe my thoughtes to riſe,
Continue ſtill your grace, that I may giue
Ende to the worke, wherein your worth may liue.

The end of the third Booke.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE FOWRTH BOOKE.

Henry *the fifth cuts off his enemie*
The Earle of Cambridge, *that conſpir'd his death:*
Henrie *the ſixt marryed vnluckely,*
His and his countryes glory ruineth:
Suffolke *that made the match preferd too hie,*
Going to exile a Pirat murthereth:
What meanes the Duke of Yorke *obſerud to gaine*
The worlds goodwill, ſeeking the Crowne t'attaine.

1

CLoſe ſmothered lay the low depreſſed fire,
Whoſe after-iſſuing flames confounded all,
Whilſt thou victorious *Henrie* didſt conſpire *Henry 5.*
The wracke of *Fraunce*, that at thy feete did fall:
Whilſt ioyes of gotten ſpoyles, and new deſire
Of greater gaine, to greater deedes did call
Thy conquering troups, that could no thoughts retaine
But thoughtes of glorie all that working raigne.

2

What do I feele here now in paſſing by
Theſe bleſſed times that I am forſt to leaue?
What trembling ſad remorſe doth terrefie
M'amazed thoughtes with what I do conceiue?
What? doth my pen commit impietie,
To paſſe thoſe ſacred *Tropheis* without leaue?
And do I ſinne, not to ſalute your ghoſtes
Great Worthies, ſo renown'd in forraine coaſtes?

3

Who do I ſee out of the darke appeare,
Couered almoſt with cloudes as with the night,
That here preſentes him with a martiall cheere,
ſeeming of dreadfull, and yet louely ſight?
Whoſe eye giues courage, and whoſe brow hath feare,
Both repreſenting terror and delight,
And ſtayes my courſe, and off my purpoſe breakes,
And in obrayding wordes thus fiercely ſpeakes.

4

Vngratefull times that impiouſly neglect
That worth that neuer times againe ſhall ſhew,
What, merites all our toyle no more reſpect?
Or elſe standes idleneſſe aſham'd to know
Thoſe wondrous Actions that do ſo obiect
Blame to the wanton, ſinne vnto the ſlow?
Can *England* ſee the beſt that ſhe can boaſt
Lie thus vngrac'd, vndeckt, and almoſt loſt?

5

Why do you ſeeke for faigned *Palladines*
Out of the ſmoke of idle vanitie,
Who may giue glory to the true deſignes
Of *Bourchier, Talbot, Neuile, Willoughby?*
Why ſhould not you ſtriue to fill vp your lines
With wonders of your owne with veritie?
T'inflame their ofspring with the loue of good,
And glorious true examples of their blood.

6

What euerlaſting matter here is found,
Whence new immortall *Iliads* might proceed,
That thoſe whoſe happy graces do abound
In bleſſed accents, here may haue to feed
Good thoughts, on no imaginary ground
Of hungry ſhadowes which no profite breed:
Whence muſicke-like inſtant delight may grow,
But when men all do know, they nothing know.

And

7

And why doſt thou in lamentable verſe
Nothing but bloodſhed, treaſons, ſinne, and ſhame,
The worſt of times, th'extreame of ill's, rehearſe,
To raiſe olde ſtaynes, and to renew dead blame?
As if the mindes of th'euill, and peruerſe,
Were not farre ſooner trained from the ſame
By good example of faire vertuous actes,
Then by the ſhew of foule vngodly factes.

8

Would God our times had had ſome ſacred wight,
Whoſe wordes as happie as our ſwordes had bin,
To haue prepard for vs *Tropheis* aright,
Of vndecaying frames t'haue reſted in:
Triumphant Arkes of perdurable might,
O holy lines: that ſuch aduantage win
Vpon the Sieth of time in ſpight of yeares,
How bleſſed they that gaine what neuer weares.

9

For what is it to do, if what we do
Shall periſh neare as ſoone as it is donne?
What is that glorie we attaine vnto
With all our toyle, if loſt as ſoone as wonne?
A ſmall requitall for ſo great a doo
Is this poore preſent breath, a ſmoake ſoone gone:
Or theſe dombe ſtones erected for our ſake,
Which formles heapes few ſtormie chaunges make.

10

Tell great *ELIZA* ſince her dayes are grac'd
With thoſe bright ornamentes to vs denide,
That ſhe repaire what darkneſſe hath defac'd,
And get our ruyn'd deedes reedifide:
Shee in whoſe all-directing eye is plac'd
A powre, the higheſt powers of wit to guide:
Shee may commaund the worke, and ouerſee
The holy frame that might eternall bee.

For

11

For would ſhe be content that time ſhould make
A rauenous pray vpon her glorious raigne:
That darkneſſe and the night ſhould ouertake
So cleare a brightneſſe, ſhyning without ſtaine?
Ah no, ſhe foſters ſome no doubt that wake
For her eternitie, with pleaſing paine:
And if ſhe for her ſelfe prepare this good,
Let her not ſo neglect thoſe of her blood.

12

This that great Monarch *Henry* ſeemd to craue,
When (weighing what a holy motiue here
Vertue propoſd, and fit for him to haue,
Whom all times ought of duetie hold moſt deare)
I ſighd, and wiſhd that ſome would take t'ingraue
With curious hand ſo proud a worke to reare,
To grace the preſent, and to bleſſe times paſt,
That might for euer to our glory laſt,

13

So ſhould our well taught times haue learn'd alike
How faire ſhind Vertue, and how foule Vice ſtood,
When now my ſelfe haue driuen to miſlike
Thoſe deedes of worth I dare not vow for good:
I cannot mone who loſe, nor prayſe who ſeeke
By mightie Actions to aduaunce their blood:
I muſt ſay who wrought moſt, leaſt honor had,
How euer good the cauſe, the deedes were bad.

14

And onely tell the worſt of euery Raigne,
And not the intermedled good report;
I leaue what glory Vertue did attaine
At th'euermemorable Agincorte:
I leaue to tell what wit, what powre did gaine
Th'aſſieged *Roan*, *Caen*, *Dreux*, or in what ſort:
How Maieſtie with terror did aduaunce
Her conquering ſoote on all ſubdued *Fraunce*.

All

15

All this I paſſe, and that magnanimous King,
Mirror of vertue, miracle of worth,
Whoſe mightie Actions with wiſe managing,
Forſt prouder boſting climes to ſerue the *North*:
The beſt of all the beſt the earth can bring,
Skarſe equals him in what his raigne brought foorth,
Being of a minde as forward to aſpire
As fit to gouerne what he did deſire.

16

His comely body was a goodly ſeate,
Where vertue dwelt moſt faire as lodgd moſt pure:
A body ſtrong, where vſe of ſtrength did get
A ſtronger ſtate to do, and to endure:
Making his life th'example to beget
Like ſpirit in thoſe, he did to good in vre:
Moſt glorying to aduaunce true vertuous blood,
As if he greatnes ſought, but to do good.

17

Who as the chiefe, and all-directing head,
Did with his ſubiectes as his members liue,
And them to goodneſſe forced not, but lead,
Winning not much to haue, but much to giue:
Deeming the powre of his, his powre did ſpread,
As borne to bleſſe the worlde, and not to grieue:
Adornd with others ſpoyles, not ſubiectes ſtore,
No King exacting leſſe, none winning more.

18

Hee, after that corrupted fayth had bred
An ill inur'd obedience for commaund,
And languiſhing luxurioufnes had ſpred
Feeble vnaptneſſe ouer all the land,
Thoſe long vnordred troupes ſo marſhaled
Vnder ſuch formall diſcipline to ſtand,
That euen his ſoule ſeemd onely to direct
So great a body, ſuch exploytes t'effect.

He

19

He bringes abrode diſtracted diſcontent,
Diſperſt ill humors into actions hie,
And to vnite them all in one conſent,
Plac'd the faire marke of glorie in their eie,
That Malice had no leaſure to diſſent,
Nor Enuie time to practiſe treacherie:
The preſent actions do diuert the thought
Of madneſſe paſt, while mindes were ſo well wrought.

20

Here now were Pride, Oppreſſion, Vſurie,
The canker-eating miſchiefes of the State,
Call'd foorth to pray vpon the enemie,
Whilſt the home-burthned, better lightned ſate:
Eaſe was not ſuffered with a greedie eye
T'examine States, or priuate wealthes to rate:
The Courtes of Iuſtice. The ſilent Courtes warr'd not with buſie wordes,
Nor wreſted law gaue the contentious ſwordes.

21

Now nothing entertaines th'attentiue eare
But ſtratagems, aſſaultes, ſurpriſes, ſightes:
How to giue lawes to them that conquered were,
How to articulate with yeelding wightes:
The weake with mercie, and the proud with feare,
How to retaine, to giue departes their right,
Were now the Artes, and nothing elſe was thought
But how to win, and maintaine what was got.

22

And here were none that priuately poſſeſt
And held alone impriſoned maieſtie,
Proudly debarring entraunce from the reſt,
As if the pray were theirs by victorie:
Here no detractor woundes who merites beſt,
Nor ſhameles brow cheeres on impietie,
Vertue who all her toyle with zeale had ſpent,
Not here all vnrewarded, ſighing went.

But

23

But here the equally reſpecting eye
Of powre, looking alike on like deſarts,
Bleſſing the good, made others good thereby:
More mightie by the multitude of hartes:
The fielde of glorie vnto all doth lie
Open alike, honour to all impartes:
So that the onely faſhion in requeſt,
Was to be good, or good-like, as the reſt.

24

So much ô thou Example doſt effect,
Being farre a better maiſter then commaund,
That how to do, by doing doſt direct,
And teacheſt others action by thy hand.
Who followes not the courſe that Kinges elect?
When Princes worke, who then will idle ſtand?
And when that dooing good is onely thought
Worthy reward, who will be bad for nought?

25

And had not th'Earle of *Cambridge* with vaine ſpeed:
vntimely practizd for an others right,
With hope to aduaunce thoſe of his proper ſeed,
(On whom yet Rule ſeem'd deſtined to light)
The land had ſeene none of her owne to bleed,
During this raigne, nor no agreeued ſight:
None the leaſt blackneſſe interclouded had
So faire a day, nor any eye lookt ſad.

This Richard, ſonne to the D. of Yorke Earle of Cambridge maried Anne the daughter of Roger Mortimer Earle of March, deſcended from Lionel D. of Clarence the third ſonne to King Ed. 3 by whoſe right Richarde D. of Yorke ſonne to this E. of Cambridge, afterwardes claymed the Crowne.

26

But now when *Fraunce* perceiuing from a farre,
The gathering tempeſt growing on from hence
Readie to fall, threatning their ſtate to marre,
They labour all meanes to prouide defence:
And practiſing how to preuent this warre,
And ſhut out ſuch calamities from thence,
Do foſter here ſome diſcord lately growne,
To hold Ambition buſied with her owne.

Fin-

27

Finding thoſe humors which they ſaw were fit,
Soone to be wrought, and eaſie to be fed:
Swolne full with enuie that the Crowne ſhould ſit
There where it did, as if eſtabliſhed:
And whom it toucht in blood to grieue at it,
They with ſuch hopes and helpes ſollicited,
That this great Earle was drawne t'attempt the thing,
And practiſes how to depoſe the King.

28

For being of mightie meanes to do the deed,
And yet of mightier hopes, then meanes to do:
And yet of ſpirit that did his hopes exceed,
And then of blood as great to ad thereto:
All which, with what the gold of *Fraunce* could breed,
Being powers inough a'clyming minde to woo,
He ſo imployd, that many he had wonne,
Euen of the chiefe the King relide vppon.

29

The well-knowne right of the Earle of *March* alurd
A leaning loue, whoſe cauſe he did pretend:
Whereby he knew that ſo himſelfe procurd
The Crowne for his owne children in the end:
For the Earle being (as he was aſſurd)
Vnapt for iſſue, it muſt needes deſcend
On thoſe of his, being next of *Clarence* race,
As who by courſe of right ſhould hold the place.

30

At Southampton.

It was the time when as the forward Prince
Had all prepar'd for his great enterprize,
And ready ſtand his troupes to part from hence,
And all in ſtately forme and order lyes:
When open fame giues out intelligence
Of theſe bad complots of his enemies:
Or elſe this time of purpoſe choſen is,
Though knowne before, yet let run on till this.

That

31

That this might yeeld the more to aggrauate
Vpon ſo foule a deed ſo vilely ſought,
Now at this time t'attempt to ruinate
So glorious great deſignes ſo forward brought:
Whilſt carefull Vertue ſeekes t'aduaunce the State,
And for her euerlaſting honor ſought:
That though the cauſe ſeem'd right, and title ſtrong,
The time of dooing it, yet makes it wrong.

32

And ſtraight an vnlamented death he had,
And ſtraight were ioyfully the Anchors weighd,
And all flocke faſt aboord, with viſage glad,
As if the ſacrefize had now been payd:
For their good ſpeed: that made their ſtay ſo ſad,
Loathing the leaſt occaſion that delayd. (windes
And now new thoughtes, great hopes, calme ſeas, faire
Which preſent action intertaines their mindes.

33

No other croſſe ô *Henry* ſaw thy dayes
But this, that toucht thy now poſſeſſed hold:
Nor after long, till this mans ſonne aſſayes
To get of thine the right that he controwld:
For which contending long, his life he payes:
So that it fatall ſeemd the father ſhould
Thy winning ſeeke to ſtay, and then his ſonne
Should be the cauſe to looſe, when thou hadſt won.

Vntill Richard Duke of Yorke, ſonne to the E. of Cambridge, by Anne daughter to the Earle of March made his claime in 30. yeere of Hen. 6.

34

Yet now in this ſo happie a meane while,
And interlightning times, thy Vertues wrought,
That Diſcord had no leaſure to defile
So faire attempets with a tumultuous thought:
And euen thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe didſt ſo beguile
With ſuch attention vpon what was ſought,
That time affoordes not now with care or hate
Others to ſeeke, thee to ſecure thy State.

35

Or elſe how eaſie had it been for thee
All the pretendant race t'haue layd full low?
If thou proceeded hadſt with crueltie,
Not ſuffering any fatall branch to grow:
But vnſuſpitious magnanimitie
Shames ſuch effectes of feare, and force to ſhow:
Buſied in free, and open Actions ſtill
Being great for being good, hates to be ill.

36

Which how much were it to be ſtill, requir'd
In all of might, if all were like of minde:
But when that all depraued haue conſpird
To be vniuſt, what ſafetie ſhall they finde
(After the date of vertue is expird)
That do not practize in the ſelfe-ſame kinde,
And countermine againſt deceite with guile?
But yet what miſchiefe feeles the world the while?

37

And yet ſuch wronges are held meete to be don,
And often for the State thought requiſite,
As when the publicke good dependes thereon,
When moſt iniuſtice is eſteemd moſt right:
But yet what good with doing ill is won?
Who hath of blood made ſuch a benefite,
As hath not fear'd more after then before,
And made his peace the leſſe, his plague the more?

38

Farre otherwiſe dealt this vndaunted King,
That cheeriſhed the ofspring of his foes,
And his competitors to grace did bring,
And them his friendes for armes, and honors, choſe:
As if plaine courſes were the ſafeſt thing
Where vpright goodneſſe, ſure, and ſtedfaſt goes
Free from that ſubtile mask't impietie,
Which this depraued world calles pollicie.

Yet

39

Yet how hath Fate diſpos'd of all this good?
What haue theſe Vertues after times auailde?
In what ſteed hath hy-raiſed Valour ſtood,
When this continuing cauſe of greatnes failde?
Then when proud-growne, the irritated blood
Enduring not it ſelfe, it ſelfe aſſailde,
As though that *Proweſſe* had but learnt to ſpill
Much blood abrode, to cut her throat with skill.

40

How doth th'Eternall, in the courſe of thinges
Immixe the cauſes both of good and ill,
That thus the one effectes of th'other bringes,
As what ſeemes made to bliſſe, is borne to ſpill?
What, from the beſt of vertues glorie ſpringes,
That which the world with miſerie doth fill?
Is th'end of happineſſe but wretchedneſſe?
Hath ſinne his plague, and vertue no ſucceſſe?

41

Either that is not good, the world holdes good,
Or elſe is ſo confuſd with ill, that we
Abuſed with th'appearing likelihood,
Run to offend, whilſt we thinke good to be:
Or elſe the heauens made man, in furious blood
To torture man: And that no courſe is free
From miſchiefe long: And that faire dayes do breed
But ſtormes, to make more foule, times that ſucceed.

42

Who would haue thought that ſo great victories,
Such conqueſtes, riches, land, and kingdome gaind,
Could not but haue eſtabliſh't in ſuch wiſe
This powrefull ſtate, in ſtate to haue remaind?
Who would haue thought that miſchiefe could deuiſe
A way ſo ſoone to looſe what was attaind?
As greatnes were but ſhewd to grieue, not grace:
And to reduce vs into farre worſe caſe.

43

With what contagion *Fraunce* didst thou infect
The land by thee made proude, to disagree?
T'inrage them so their owne swordes to direct
Vpon themselues, that were made sharpe in thee?
Why didst thou teach them here at home t'erect
Trophees of their blood, which of thine should bee?
Or was the date of thine affliction out,
And so was ours by course to come about?

44

But that vntimely death of this great King,
Whose nine yeeres raigne so mighty wonders wrought,
To thee thy hopes, to vs despaire did bring.
Not long to keepe, and gouerne what was got:
For those that had th'affayres in managing,
Although their countries good they greatly sought,
Yet so ill accidentes vnfitly fell,
That their dessignes could hardly prosper well,

45

Hen 6. scarce one yeere olde whē he began his raigne, was committed to the charge of the two good Dukes, Bedford and Gloster, his vnckles.

An infant King doth in the State succeed,
Skarse one yeere old, left vnto others guide,
Whose carefull trust, though such as shewd in deed,
They weighd their charge more then the world beside:
And did with duetie, zeale, and loue proceed:
Yet for all what their trauaile could prouide,
Could not woo Fortune to remaine with vs,
When this her Minion was departed thus.

46

But by degrees first this, then that regaind,
The turning tyde beares backe with flowing chaunce
Vnto the Dolphin all we had attaind,
And filles the late low-running hopes of *Fraunce*,
When *Bedford* who our onely hold maintaind,
Death takes from vs, their fortune to aduaunce:
And then home-strife that on it selfe did fall,
Neglecting forrainge care, did soone loose all.

Nere

47

Neare three ſcore yeeres are paſt ſince *Bullinbrooke*
Did firſt attaine (God knowes how iuſt) the Crowne:
And now his race, for right poſſeſſors tooke
Were held of all, to hold nought but their owne:
When *Richard Duke* of *Yorke*, begins to looke
Into their right, and makes his title knowne:
Wakening vp ſleeping-wrong that lay as dead,
To witneſſe how his race was iniured.

48

His fathers end in him no feare could moue
T'attempt the like againſt the like of might,
Where long poſſeſſion now of feare, and loue,
Seem'd to preſcribe euen an innated right:
So that to proue his State, was to diſproue
Time, law, conſent, oth, and alleageance quight:
And no way, but the way of blood there was,
Through which, with all confuſion he muſt paſſe.

49

And how much better for him had it beene
T'indure a wrong with peace, then with ſuch toyle
T'obtaine a bloody right, ſince Right is ſinne
That is ill ſought, and purchaſed with ſpoyle?
What madnes, vnconſtrained to begin
To right his State, to put the State in broyle?
Iuſtice her ſelfe may euen do wrong in this,
No warre be'ing right, but that which needfull is.

50

And yet that oportunitie which led
Him to attempt, ſeemes likewiſe him t'excuſe:
A feeble ſpirited King that gouerned,
Who ill could vſe the Scepter he did vſe:
His enemies that his worth maliced,
Who both the land and him did much abuſe:
The peoples loue, and his apparant right,
May ſeeme ſufficient motiues to incite.

51

Beſides, the now ripe wrath (deferd till now)
Of that ſure and vnfayling *Iuſticer*,
That neuer ſuffers wrong ſo long to grow,
And to incorporate with right ſo farre
That it might come to ſeeme the ſame in ſhow,
T'incourage thoſe that euill minded are
By ſuch ſucceſſe, but that at laſt he will
Confound the branch whoſe root was planted ill.

52

Elſe might the ympious ſay with grudging ſpright,
Doth God permit the great to riot free,
And bleſſe the mightie though they do vnright,
As if he did vnto their wronges agree?
And onely plague the weake and wretched wight
For ſmalleſt faultes, euen in the high'ſt degree?
When he but vſing them others to ſcourge,
Likewiſe of them at length the world doth purge.

53

But could not yet for bloodſhed ſatisfie
The now well-ruling of th'ill-gotten Crowne?
Muſt euen the good receiue the penaltie
Of former ſinnes, that neuer were their owne?
And muſt a iuſt Kinges blood with miſerie
Pay for a bad, vniuſtly ouerthrowne?
Well, then we ſee due courſe muſt rightly goe,
And men t'eſcape from blood muſt keepe it ſo.

54

And ſure this King that now the Crowne poſſeſt
Henrie the ſixt was one, whoſe life was free
From that commaund of vice, whereto the reſt
Of many mightie ſouereignes ſubiectes bee:
And numbred might haue been among the beſt
Of other men, if not of that degree:
A right good man, but yet an euill King,
Vnfit for what he had in managing.

Humble

55

Humble of ſpirite, by nature patient:
No thought t'increaſe, or ſcarſe to keepe his owne:
Apter for pardoning, then for puniſhment,
Seeking his bountie, not his powre t'haue knowne:
Farre from reuenge, ſoone wonne, ſoone made content:
As fitter for a Cloyſter, then a Crowne:
Whoſe holy minde ſo much addicted is
On th'world to come, that he neglecteth this.

56

With ſuch a weake, good, feeble, godly King,
Hath *Richard Duke* of *Yorke* his cauſe to trie:
Who by th'experience of long managing,
The warres of *Fraunce* with ſupreame dignitie:
And by his owne great worth with furthering
The common good againſt the enemie,
Had wrought that zeale, and loue attend his might,
And made his ſpirite equall vnto his right.

57

For now the *Duke* of *Bedford* beeing dead,
He is ordaind the Regent to ſucceed
In *Fraunce* for fiue yeeres, where he trauayled
With readie hand, and with as carefull heed
To ſeeke to turne backe fortune that now fled,
And hold vp falling power, in time of need:
And got, and loſt, and reattaines againe,
That which againe was loſt, for all his paine.

58

His time expird, he ſhould for fiue yeeres more
Haue had his charge prolong'd: but *Sommerſet*
That ſtill had enuide his commaund before,
That place and honor for himſelfe did get:
Which ads that matter to th'alreadie ſtore
Of kindled hate, which ſuch a fire doth ſet
Vnto the touch of that confounding flame,
As both their bloodes could neuer quench the ſame.

Edmond Duke of Sommerſet a great enemie of the Duke of Yorke.

And

59

And now the weakneſſe of that feeble head,
That doth neglect all care, but his ſoules care:
So eaſie meanes of practiſe miniſtred
Vnto th'ambitious members to prepare
Their owne deſires, to what their humors led:
That all good actions coldly followed are,
And ſeurall-tending hopes do wholy bend
To other now, then to the publique end.

60

And to draw on more ſpeedie miſerie,
The King vnto a fatall match is led
With *Rayners* daughter, King of *Sicilie*,
Whom with vnlucky ſtarres he marryed:
For by the meanes of this affinitie,
Was loſt all that his father conquered:
Euen as in *Fraunce* had ſome *Erynnis* ſent
T'auenge their wronges done by the inſolent.

This Rayner was Duke of Anion, and only enioyed the title of the K. of Sicilia.

61

This marriage was the Duke of *Suffolks* deed,
With great rewardes won to effect the ſame:
Which made him that he tooke ſo little heed
Vnto his Countries good, or his owne ſhame:
Being a match could ſtand vs in no ſteed
For ſtrength, for wealth, for reputation, fame:
But cunningly contriued for their gaine,
To coſt vs more then *Anion*, *Mauns*, and *Maine*.

Which were deliuered vp to her father vpon the match.

62

And yet as if he had accompliſhed
Some mightie benefite vnto the land,
He got his trauailes to be regiſtred
In Parlament, for euermore to ſtand
A witnes to approue all what he did:
To th'end that if hereafter it were ſcand,
Authoritie might yet be on his ſide,
As doing nought but what was ratifide.

Ima-

63

Imagining th'allowance of that place
Would make that good, the which he knew was naught
And ſo would his negotiation grace
As none might thinke it was his priuat fault:
Wherein though wit dealt wary in this caſe,
Yet in the end it ſelfe it ouer raught,
Striuing to hide, he opened it the more,
His after care, ſhewd craft had gone before.

64

Deare didſt thou buy ô King, ſo faire a Wife?
So rare a ſpirit, ſo high a minde the while:
Whoſe portion was deſtruction, dowry ſtrife:
Whoſe bed was ſorrow, whoſe imbracing ſpoile:
Whoſe maintenance coſt thee, and thine their life,
And whoſe beſt comfort, neuer was but toyle:
What *Paris*, brought this booty of deſire,
To ſet our mightie *Ilium* here on fire?

65

I grieue that I am forſt to ſay thus much,
To blame her, that I yet muſt wonder at:
Whoſe ſo ſweete beautie, wit, and worth, were ſuch,
As euerlaſting admiration gat:
Yet doth my Countries zeale ſo nearely touch,
As it doth here my Muſe exaſperate,
Vnwilling that my pen ſhould euer giue
Staine to that ſex, by whom her fame doth liue.

66

For ſure thoſe vertues well deſerud a Crowne,
And had it not been ours, no doubt ſhe might
Haue matcht the worthieſt that the world hath knowne
And now ſate faire with fame, with glorie bright:
But comming in the way where ſinne was growne
So foule and thicke, it was her chaunce to light
Amidſt that groſſe infection of thoſe times,
And ſo came ſtaind with blacke diſgrace-full crimes.

And

67

And ſome the world muſt haue on whom to lay
The heauie burthen of reproach, and blame,
Againſt whoſe deedes th'afflicted may inuay
As th'onely Authors, whence deſtruction came:
When yet perhappes twas not in them to ſtay
The current of that ſtreame, nor helpe the ſame:
But liuing in the eye of Action ſo,
Not hindring it, are thought to draw on wo.

68

So much vnhappie doth the Mightie ſtand,
That ſtand on other then their owne defence,
When as deſtruction is ſo neare at hand,
That if by weakeneſſe, folly, negligence,
They do not comming miſerie withſtand,
They ſhall be thought th'authors of the offence,
And to call in that which they kept not out,
And curſt as thoſe, that brought thoſe plagues about.

69

And ſo remaine for euer regiſtred
In that eternall booke of infamie:
When yet how many other cauſes led
As well to that, as their iniquitie:
The worſt complots oft lie cloſe ſmothered,
And well ment deedes fall out vnluckily:
Whilſt the aggrieu'd ſtand not to waigh th'intent,
But euer iudge according to th'euent.

70

I ſay not this t'excuſe thy Sinne ô *Queene*,
Nor cleare their faultes that mightie Actors are:
I cannot but affirme thy pride hath been
A ſpeciall meanes this Common-wealth to marre:
And that thy wayward will was plainely ſeene
In vaine ambition to preſume too farre,
Humfrey Duke of Gloſter Protector. And that by thee the onely way was wrought
The Duke of *Gloſter* to his death was brought.

71

A man though ſeeming in thy thought to ſit
Betweene the light of thy deſires and thee,
Yet did his taking thence plainely permit
Others to looke to that they could not ſee
During his life, nor would aduenture it:
When his remoue quite made that paſſage free;
So by his fall thinking to ſtand alone,
Hardly could ſtand at all, when he was gone.

72

For this *Duke* as *Protector* many yeeres,
Had rul'd the land, during the Kinges young age:
And now the ſelfe ſame charge and title beares
As if he ſtill were in his pupillage:
Which, ſuch diſgrace vnto the Queene appeares
That all incenſd with an ambitious rage,
She doth conſpire to haue him made away,
As who the courſe of her maine will doth ſtay.

73

Thruſt thereinto not onely with her pride,
But by her fathers counſell and conſent,
That grieu'd likewiſe that any elſe beſide,
Should haue the honor of the gouernment:
And therefore he ſuch deepe aduice applide,
As forraine craft and cunning could inuent,
To circumuent an vnſuſpecting wight,
Before he ſhould diſcerne of their deſpight.

74

And many ready handes ſhe ſtraight doth find,
To ayde her deed, of ſuch as could not brooke
The length of one mans office in that kind,
That to himſelfe th'affaires all wholly tooke:
And ruling all, had neuer any minde
T'impart a part with others, that would looke
To haue likewiſe ſome honor in their handes,
And grieu'd at ſuch ingroſſing of commandes.

75

And had he not had ſuch a greedy loue
Of ſtill continuing of his charge too long,
Enuie had been vnable to reproue
His acted life, without ſhe did him wrong:
But hauing liu'd ſo many yeeres aboue,
He grieues now to deſcend to be leſſe ſtrong,
And kils that fame that vertue did beget,
Choſe to be held leſſe good, then ſeene leſſe great.

76

For could the mightie but giue boundes to pride.
And weigh backe fortune ere ſhe pull them downe,
Contented with inough, with honors ſatisfide,
Not ſtriuing how to make ſo much their owne,
As to leaue nothing for the reſt beſide,
Who ſeeme by their high ſpreading ouergrowne:
Whilſt they themſelues remaine in all mens ſight,
The odious marke of hatred and deſpight.

77

Then neuer ſhould ſo many tragedies
Burthen our knowledge with their bloody end:
Nor their diſgrac'd confounded families,
From ſo high pride to ſo low ſhame deſcend:
But planted on that ground where ſafetie lyes,
Their braunches ſhould to eternitie extend:
But euer thoſe that ouerlooke ſo much,
Muſt ouerſee themſelues; their ſtate is ſuch.

78

Seueere he was, and ſtrictly did obſerue
Due forme of Iuſtice towardes euery wight,
Vnmoueable, and neuer won to ſwarue
For any cauſe in what he thought was right:
Wherein although he did ſo well deſerue,
In the licentious yet it bred deſpight:
" So that euen Vertue ſeemes an Actor too,
" To ruine thoſe, Fortune prepares to vndoo.

Thoſe,

79

Thoſe, thus prouided whom the Queene well knew,
Hated his might, and glad to innouate
Vnto ſo great, and ſtrong a partie grew
As eaſie t'was to ouerthrow his ſtate:
And only hope of alteration drew
Manie to yeeld that had no cauſe to hate:
For euen with goodnes men grow diſcontent
Where ſtates are ripe to fall, and vertue ſpent.

80

And taking all the rule into her hand
(Vnder the ſhadow of that feeble King)
The Duke ſh'excludes from office and commaund,
And in the reach of enmitie doth bring,
From that reſpected height where he did ſtand,
Whilſt mallice ſcarce durſt mutter any thing:
When ſtraight the worſt of him comes all reueald,
Which former feare, or rigor kept conceald.

81

Now is he taxed that he rather ſought
His priuate profite, then the publique good:
And many thinges preſumptuouſly had wrought
Other then with our lawes, and cuſtomes ſtood:
As one that would into the land haue brought
The ciuile forme, in caſes touching blood,
And ſuch poore crimes that ſhew'd their ſpight was ſound,
But yet bewrayde, their matter wanted ground.

82

Yet ſeru'd they well the turne, and did effect
That which is eaſie wrought in ſuch a caſe,
Where what ſuborned *Iuſtice* ſhall obiect
Is to the purpoſe, and muſt paſſe with grace:
And what the wretched bring, of no effect,
Whoſe haynous faultes his matter muſt deface:
"For where powre hath decreed to finde th'offence.
"The cauſe is better ſtill, then the defence.

83

A Parlament at *Berry* ſummoned
Diſpatcht the deed, more ſpeedily then well:
For thither came the *Duke* without all dread,
Or ought imagining of what befell:
Whereas the matter is ſo followed,
That he conuented is, ere he could tell
He was in danger, or had done offence:
And preſently to priſon ſent from thence.

84

Which quicke, and ſodaine action gaue no time
For men to waigh the iuſtice of the deed,
Whilſt looking onely on the vrged crime,
Vnto the farther drift they take no heed:
For theſe occaſions taken in the prime
Of courſes new, that old diſlikes ſucceed,
Leaue not behind that feeling touch of wrong,
Sacietie makes paſſions ſtill leſſe ſtrong.

85

And yet they ſeem'd ſome mutenie to doubt,
For thus proceeding with a man of might,
Seeing he was moſt popular and ſtout,
And reſolute would ſtand vpon his right:
And therefore did they caſt this way about,
To haue him cloſely murdred out of ſight,
That ſo his trouble, and his death hereby,
Might come togither, and togither dye.

86

Reckning it better, ſince his end is ment,
And muſt be wrought, at once to rid it cleere,
And put it to the fortune of th'euent,
Then by long doing, to be long in feare:
When in ſuch courſes of high puniſhment,
The deed, and the attempt like daunger beare:
And oft, thinges done perhaps, do leſſe anoy,
Then may the doing, handled with delay.

87

And ſo they had it ſtraight accompliſhed,
For that day after his committing, hee
Is dead brought foorth, being found ſo in his bed,
Which was by ſodaine ſickneſſe ſayd to bee,
That had vpon his ſorrowes gathered,
As by apparant tokens men might ſee:
And thus ô *Sickneſſe*, thou art oft belide,
When death hath many wayes to come beſide.

88

Are theſe the deedes high forraine wittes inuent?
Is this that Wiſedome whereof they ſo boaſt?
Well, then I would it neuer had been ſpent
Heere amongſt vs, nor brought from out their coaſt:
Let their vile cunning in their limits pent,
Remaine amongſt themſelues, that like it moſt:
And let the *North* they count of colder blood.
Be held more groſſe, ſo it remaine more good.

89

Let them haue fairer citties, goodlier ſoyles,
And ſweeter fieldes for beautie to the eye,
So long as they haue theſe vngodly wyles,
Such deteſtable vile impietie:
And let vs want their Vines, their Fruites the whyles,
So that wee want not fayth and honeſtie:
We care not for thoſe pleaſures, ſo we may
Haue better hartes, and ſtronger handes then they.

90

Neptune keepe out from thy imbraced Ile,
This foule contagion of iniquitie:
Drowne all corruptions comming to defile
Our faire proceedinges, ordred formally:
Keepe vs meere *Engliſh*, let not craft beguile
Honor and Iuſtice with ſtrange ſubtiltie:
Let vs not thinke, that that our good can frame,
Which ruinde hath the Authors of the ſame.

91

But by this impious meanes that worthy man
Is brought vnto this lamentable end:
And now that current with maine fury ran
(The ſtop remou'd that did the courſe defend)
Vnto the full of miſchiefe that began
T' a vniuerſall ruine to extend:
That *Iſthmus* fayling, which the land did keepe
From the intire poſſeſſion of the Deepe.

92

And now the King alone all open lay,
No vnderprop of blood to ſtay him by,
None but himſelfe ſtandes weakely in the way
Twixt *Yorke* and the affected ſou'raignty:
Gone is that barre that would haue been the ſtay
T'haue kept him backe from mounting vp ſo hie.
But ſee in what a ſtate ſtand theſe men in,
That cannot liue without, nor with their kin?

93

The *Queene* hath yet by this her full deſire,
And now ſhe with her Minion *Suffolke* raignes:
Now ſhe hath all authoritie intire,
And all affayres vnto her ſelfe retaines:
And onely *Suffolke* is aduaunced hyre,
He is the man rewarded for his paines:
He that did her inſteed moſt chiefly ſtand,
And more aduaunc'd her, then he did the land.

94

Which when they ſaw, who better did expect,
Then they began their error to deſcry,
And well perceiue that onely the defect
Was in their iudgements, paſſion-drawne awry:
Found, formall rigor fitter to direct,
Then pride and inſolent inconſtancie:
Better ſeueritie that's right and iuſt,
Then impotent affections led with luſt.

And

95

And therevpon,in ſorrow thus complaine:
What wondrous inconuenience do they feele,
Where as ſuch imbecilitie doth raigne,
As ſo neglectes the care of Common-weale?
Where euer one or other doth obtaine
So high a grace thus abſolute to deale:
The whilſt th'aggreeued ſubiect ſuffers ſtill,
The pride of ſome predominating will?

96

And euer one remou'd,a worſe ſucceedes:
So that the beſt that we can hope is Warre,
Tumults,and ſtirres,that this diſliking breedes:
The Sword muſt mend,what Inſolence doth marre:
For what rebellions,and what bloody deedes
Haue euer followed,where ſuch courſes are?
What oft remoues,what death of Counſaylers,
What murder,what exile of officers?

97

Witneſſe the *Spencers*,*Gauesſtone*, and *Vere*,
The mighty Minions of our feebleſt Kinges:
Who euer Subiectes to their ſubiectes were,
And onely the procurers of theſe thinges:
When worthy Monarches that hold honour deare,
Maiſter themſelues, and theirs: which euer bringes
That vniuerſall reuerence,and reſpect:
For who waighes him,that doth himſelfe neglect?

98

And yet our caſe is like to be farre worſe
Hauing a King,though not ſo bent to ill,
Yet ſo neglecting good,that giuing force
By giuing leaue,doth all good order kill:
Suffring a violent Woman take her courſe,
To manage all according to her will:
Which how ſhe doth begin,her deedes expreſſe,
And what will be the end,our ſelues may geſſe.

99

Thus well they deem'd what after followed,
When now the ſhamefull loſſe of *Fraunce* much grieues
Which vnto *Suffolke* is attributed,
As who in all mens ſight moſt hatefull liues:
He with the enemie confedered,
Articles obiected againſt de la Poole Duke of Suffolke. Betrayes the State, and ſecret knowledge giues
Of all our ſtrength: that all which we did hold,
By his corruption is or loſt or ſold.

100

And as he deales abrode, ſo likewiſe here
He robs at home, the treaſurie no leſſer
Here, where he all authorities doth beare,
And makes a *Monopoly* of Offices:
He is inricht, h'is rayſd, and placed neare,
And onely he giues counſaile to oppreſſe:
Thus men obiect, whilſt many vp in armes,
Offer to be reuenged of theſe harmes.

101

The *Queene* perceiuing in what caſe ſhe ſtood,
To looſe her Minion, or ingage her State:
(After with long contention in her blood,
Loue and Ambition, did the cauſe debate)
Shee yeeldes to Pride, and rather thought it good,
To ſacrifice her Loue vnto their hate,
Then to aduenture elſe the loſſe of all,
Which by maintaining him was like to fall.

102

Yet ſeeking at the firſt to temporize,
She tries if that ſome ſhort impriſonment
would calme their heates when that would not ſuffize,
Then to exile him ſhe muſt needes conſent:
Hoping that time would ſalue it in ſuch-wiſe,
As yet at length they might become content,
And ſhe againe might haue him home at laſt,
When the firſt furie of this rage was paſt.

But

103

But as he to his iudged exile went,
Hard on the ſhore he comes incountered
By ſome, that ſo farre off his Honor ſent,
As put his backe-returne quite out of dread:
For there he had his rightfull puniſhment,
Though wrongly done: and there he loſt his head:
Part of his blood hath *Neptune*, part the Sand,
As who had miſchiefe wrought by ſea and land.

104

Whoſe death when ſwift-wing'd Fame at full conuaid
Vnto the trauaild *Queene* miſdoubting nought,
Deſpight and ſorrow ſuch affliction laid
Vpon her ſoule, as wondrous paſſions wrought:
O God (ſayth ſhe) and art thou thus betraid?
And haue my fauours thy deſtruction brought?
Is this their gaine, whom highnes fauoureth,
Who chiefe preferd, ſtand as preferd to death?

105

O fatall grace, without which men complaine,
And with it periſh, what preuailes that we
Thus beare the title of a Soueraigne,
And ſuffred not to be that which we bee?
Muſt our owne Subiectes limit and conſtraine
Our fauours where as they themſelues decree?
Muſt we our loue at their appoyntment place?
Do we commaund, and they direct our grace?

106

Will they our powre thus from our will deuide?
And haue we might, but muſt not vſe our might?
Poore Maieſtie that other men muſt guide,
Whoſe diſcontent can neuer looke aright:
For euermore we ſee thoſe that abide
Gracious in ours, are odious in their ſight,
Who would all-maiſtring maieſtie defeat
Of her beſt grace, that is to make men great.

Deare

107

Deare *Suffolke*, I beheld thy wofull cheere,
When thou perceiu'dſt no helpe, but to depart:
I ſaw that looke wherein did plaine appeare
The lamentable meſſage of thy hart,
That ſeemd to ſay: O *Queene*, and canſt thou beare
My ruine ſo? the cauſe whereof thou art:
Canſt thou indure to ſee them worke their will,
And not defend me from the hand of ill?

108

Haue I for thee aduentured ſo much,
Made ſhypwracke of my honor, fayth, and fame?
And doth my ſeruice giue no deeper touch
To thy hard hart, better to feele the ſame?
Or doſt thou feare, or is thy weakeneſſe ſuch,
As not of force to keepe me from this ſhame?
Or elſe now hauing ſeru'd thy turne of mee,
Art well content my ouerthrow to ſee?

109

As if my ſight did read vnto thy minde
The lecture of that ſhame thou wouldſt forget,
And therefore peraduenture glad to finde
So fit occaſion, doſt it forward ſet:
Or elſe thy ſelfe from dangerous toyle t'vnwind,
Downe on my necke doſt all the burthen let:
Since Kinges muſt haue ſome hated worſe then they,
On whom they may the waight of enuy lay.

110

No *Suffolke*, none of this, my ſoule is cleere
Farre from the thought of ſuch impietie:
Yet muſt I needes confeſſe, that too much feare,
Made me defende thee leſſe couragiouſly:
Seeing more Princes euer ruind were
By their immoderate fauouring priuately,
Then by ſeueritie in generall,
For beſt h'is lik't, that is alike to all.

Thus

111

Thus in her paſſion loe ſhe vttered,
When as farre greater tumultes now burſt out,
Which cloſe and cunningly were practized
By ſuch as ſought great hopes to bring about:
For vp in armes in *Kent* were gathered
A mightie inſolent rebellious rout,
Vnder a dangerous head: who to deter
The State the more, himſelfe nam'd *Mortimer*.

Iacke Cades rebellion in Kent, who named himſelfe Mortimer.

112

The *Duke* of *Yorke* that did not idle ſtand,
But ſeekes to worke on all aduantages,
Had likewiſe in this courſe a ſecret hand,
And hartned on their chiefe accomplices,
To try how here the people of the land
Would (if occaſion ſeru'd) b'in readines
To ayde that line, if one ſhould come indeed
To moue his right, and in due courſe proceed.

113

Knowing himſelfe to be the onely one,
That muſt attempt the thing, if any ſhould:
And therefore lets the Rebell now run on
With that falſe name, t'effect the beſt he could,
To make a way for him to worke vpon,
Who but on certaine ground aduenture would:
For if the Traitor ſpead, the gaine were his;
If not, yet he ſtandes ſafe, and blameles is.

114

T'attempt with others dangers, not his owne,
He countes it wiſedome, if it could be wrought:
And t'haue the humor of the people knowne;
Was now that which was chiefly to be ſought:
For with the beſt he knew himſelfe was growne
In ſuch account, as made him take no thought,
Hauing obſeru'd in thoſe he meant to proue,
Their wit, their wealth, their cariage, and their loue.

With

115

With whom and with his owne alliances
He firſt begins to open in ſome wiſe
The right he had, yet with ſuch doubtfulnes,
As rather ſorrow, then his drift deſcries:
Complaining of his Countries wretchednes,
In what a miſerable caſe it lies:
And how much it importes them to prouide
For their defence, againſt this womans pride.

116

Then with the diſcontented he doth deale,
In ſounding theirs, not vttering his intent,
As being ſure not ſo much to reueale,
Whereby they might be made againe content:
But when they grieued for the Common-weale,
He doth perſwade them to be patient,
And to indure, there was no other courſe:
Yet ſo perſwades, as makes their malice worſe.

117

And then with ſuch as with the time did run,
He doth in moſt vpright opinion ſtand,
As one that neuer croſt what they begun,
But ſeem'd to like what ſtill they tooke in hand:
Seeking all cauſes of offence to ſhun,
Prayſes the rule, and blames th'vnrulie land:
Workes ſo with giftes, and kindly offices,
That euen of them he ſerues his turne no leſſe,

118

Then as for thoſe that were his followers,
Being all choyce men for vertues or deſartes,
He ſo with grace, and benefites prefers,
That he becomes the monarch of their hartes.
He drawes the learned for his Counſaylers,
And cheriſhes all men of rareſt partes:
To whom good done, doth an impreſſion ſtrike
Of ioy and loue, in all that are alike.

And

119

And now by meanes of th'intermitted warre,
Many moſt valiant men impou'riſhed,
Onely by him fed and relieued are,
Onely reſpected, grac'd, and honoured:
Which let him in, vnto their hartes ſo farre,
As they by him were wholly to be led:
He onely treades the ſure and perfect path
To greatneſſe, who loue and opinion hath.

120

And to haue one ſome certaine Prouince his,
As the maine body that muſt worke the feate,
Yorkeſhire he choſe, the place wherein he is
By title, liuinges, and poſſeſſions great:
No Country he preferres ſo much as this,
Here hath his bountie her abiding ſeat,
Here is his Iuſtice and releuing hand,
Ready to all that in deſtreſſe do ſtand.

121

What with his tenants, ſeruants, followers, friendes,
And their alliances, and amities,
All that *Shire* vniuerſally attends
His hand held vp to any enterprize:
And thus farre Vertue with her power extendes,
The reſt touching th'euent, in Fortune lies:
With which accomplements ſo mightie growne,
Forward he tendes with hope t'attaine a Crowne.

The end of the fourth Booke.

THE FIFT BOOKE OF THE CIVILL WARRES betweene the two Houſes of *Lancaſter* and *Yorke*.

¶ THE ARGVMENT.

The bad ſucceſſe of Cades *rebellion,*
Yorkes *open practiſe and conſpiracie,*
His comming in, and his ſubmiſſion:
Th'effect of Printing and Artillerie,
Burdeux *reuolts, craues our protection,*
Talbot *defending ours, dyes glorioufly.*
The French warres end, and Yorke *begins againe,*
And at S. Albones Sommerſet *is ſlaine.*

1

THE furious trayne of that tumultuous rout,
Whom cloſe ſubayding power and good ſucceſſe,
Had made vnwiſely proude, and fondly ſtout,
Thruſt headlong on, oppreſsion to oppreſſe:
And now to fulneſſe growne, boldly giue out,
That they the publique wronges meant to redreſſe:
Formleſſe themſelues, reforming doe pretende,
As if Confuſion could Diſorder mende.

2

Iaske Cade. And on they march with their falſe-named head,
Of baſe and vulgar birth, though noble fayn'd:
Who puft with vaine deſires, to London led
His raſh abuſed troupes, with ſhadowes train'd.
When as the King thereof aſſertained,
Suppoſing ſome ſmall power would haue reſtrain'd
Diſordred rage, ſendes with a ſimple crew
Sir *Humfry Stafford*, whom they ouerthrew.

3

Which ſo increaſt th'opinion of their might,
That much it gaue to do, and much it wrought,
Confirm'd their rage, drew on the vulgar wight,
Calld foorth the timerous, freſh partakers brought:
For many, though moſt glad their wronges to right,
Yet durſt not venture their eſtates for nought:
But ſee'ing the cauſe had ſuch aduantage got,
Occaſion makes them ſtirre, that els would not.

4

So much he erres, that ſcornes, or els neglectes
The ſmall beginninges of aryſing broyles;
And cenſures others, not his owne defectes,
And with a ſelfe-conceite himſelfe beguiles:
Thinking ſmall force will compaſſe great effectes,
And ſpares at firſt to buy more coſtly toyles:
When true obſeruing prouidence in warre,
Still makes her foes, farre ſtronger then they are.

5

Yet this good fortune all their fortune mard,
Which fooles by helping euer doth ſuppreſſe:
For wareleſſe inſolence whilſt vndebard
Of bounding awe, runnes on to ſuch exceſſe,
That following luſt, and ſpoyle, and blood, ſo hard,
Sees not how they procure their owne diſtreſſe:
The better, lothing courſes ſo impure,
Rather will like their woundes, then ſuch a cure.

For

6

For whilſt this wilde vnrained multitude
(Led with an vnfore-ſeeing greedy minde
Of an imagin'd good, that did delude
Their ignorance, in their deſires made blinde,)
Ranſacke the Cittie, and with handes imbrude,
Run to all out-rage in th'extreameſt kinde,
Heaping vp wrath and horror more and more,
Adding freſh guilt, to miſchiefes done before.

7

And ſeeing yet all this draw to no end,
But to their owne, no promiſd ayde t'appeare,
No ſuch partakers as they did attend,
Nor ſuch ſucceſſes as imagin'd were:
Good men reſolu'd the preſent to defend,
Iuſtice againſt them with a brow ſeuere:
Themſelues fear'd of themſelues, tyr'd with exceſſe,
Found, miſchiefe was no fit way to redreſſe.

8

Like when a greedy Pyrat hard in chaze
Purſuing of a rich ſuppoſed prize,
Workes for the windes, plyes ſayles, beares vp a pace,
Out-runnes the cloudes, ſcoures after her that flyes:
Pride in his hart, and wealth before his face,
Keepes his hands wrought, and fixed keepes his eyes
So long, till that ingag'd within ſome ſtraight,
He falles amid his foes, layd doſe in wayt:

9

Where all too late, diſcouering round about
Danger and death, the purchaſe of his haſt:
And no backe flying, no way to get out,
But there to periſh, or to yeeld diſgrac't:
Curſing his error, yet in th'error ſtout:
He toyles for life, now charges, now is chac't:
Then quai'es, and then freſh courage takes againe,
Striuing t'vnwind himſelfe, but all in vaine.

10

So ſtandes this rout in deſperat comberment,
Enuirond round with horror, blood, and ſhame:
Croſt of their courſe, diſpayring of th'euent
When pardon, that ſmooth bayt of baſeneſſe came:
Pardon (the ſnare to catch the impotent)
Beeing once pronounc'd, they ſtraight imbrace the ſame
And as huge ſnowy Mountaines melt with heat,
So they diſſolu'd with hope, and home they get:

11

Anno Reg. 29. Leauing their Captaine to diſcharge alone,
The ſhot of blood conſumed in their heate:
Too ſmall a ſacrifice for miſchiefes done,
Was one mans breath, which thouſands did defeate:
Vnrighteous Death, why art thou but all one
Vnto the ſmall offender and the great?
Why art thou not more then thou art, to thoſe
That thouſands ſpoyle, and thouſands liues do loſe?

12

This Rebellion was thought to be feſtred by ſome friend of the Duke of Yorke, who at this time was in Ireland, ſent thither to appeaſe a Rebellion: which he effected in ſuch ſort, as got him and his linage exceeding loue & liking with that people euer after: But now returning home, & pretending great iniuries to be offered him both while he was in the K. ſeruice, & likewiſe vppon his landing in North-Wales.

This furie paſſing with ſo quicke an end,
Diſcloſd not thoſe that on th'aduantage lay,
Who ſeeing the courſe to ſuch diſorder tend,
Withdrew their foote, aſham'd to take that way:
Or els preuented whilſt they did attend
Some mightier force, or for occaſion ſtay:
But what they meant, ill fortune muſt not tell,
Miſchiefe be'ing oft made good by ſpeeding well.

13

Put by from this, the Duke of *Yorke* diſsignes
Another courſe to bring his hopes about:
And with thoſe friendes affinitie combines
In ſureſt bondes, his thoughtes he poureth out,
And cloſely feeles, and cloſely vndermines
The fayth of whom he had both hope and doubt:
Meaning in more apparant open courſe
To try his right, his fortune, and his force.

Loue

14

Loue and aliance had moſt firmely ioynd
Vnto his part, that mighty familie,
The faire diſtended ſtocke of *Neuiles* kind,
Great by their many iſſued progenie:
But greater by their worth, that clearely ſhind
And gaue faire light to their nobilitie:
A mightie partie for a mightie cauſe
By their vnited amitie hee drawes.

The D. of Yorke combines himſelfe with Richard Neuile E. of Salisbury ſeconde ſonne to Ralph E. of Weſtmerland whoſe daughter he had married, and with Richard Neuile the ſonne, E. of Warwicke.

15

For as the ſpreading members of proud *Po*,
That thouſand-branched *Po*, whoſe limmes embrace
Thy fertile and delicious body ſo
Sweete *Lombardie*, and beatifies thy face:
Such ſeemd this powreful ſtocke, from whence did gro
So many great diſcents, ſpreading their race,
That euery corner of the Land became,
Enricht with ſome great *Heroes* of that name.

16

But greateſt in renowne doth *Warwicke* ſit,
That great King-maker *Warwicke*, ſo farre growne
In grace with Fortune, that he gouerns it,
And Monarchs makes, and made, againe puts downe,
What reuolutions his firſt mouing wit
Heere brought about, are more then too well knowne
That fatall kindle-fire of thoſe hot dayes,
Whoſe worth I may, whoſe worke I cannot prayſe.

17

With him, with *Richard* Earle of *Salisburie*,
Courtny and *Brooke*, his moſt aſſured friendes,
Hee intimates his minde, and openly
The preſent bad proceedinges diſcommendes:
Lamentes the State, the peoples miſerie,
And that which ſuch a pittier ſeldome mendes,
Oppreſſion, that ſharpe two edged ſword
That others woundes, and woundes likewiſe his Lord.

The E. of Deuonſhire and the L. Cobham.

18

My Lords(ſayth he)how things are carried heere,
In this corrupted State,you plainely ſee,
What burthen our abuſed ſhoulders beare,
Charg'd with the waight of imbecilitie:
And in what bace accompt all we appeare,
That ſtand without their grace that all muſt be:
And who they be,and how their courſe ſucceedes,
Our ſhame reportes,and time bewrayes their deedes.

19

Anjou and *Maine*, (the maime that foule appeares,
Th'eternall ſcarre of our diſmembred Land)
Guion,all loſt,that did three hundred yeeres
Remaine ſubiected vnder our commaund:
From whence,mee thinks,there ſounds vnto our eares
The voyce of thoſe deare ghoſtes,whoſe liuing hand
Got it with ſweat,and kept it with their blood,
To doe vs,thankles vs,their of-ſpring good:

20

And ſeeme to cry; What? can you thus behold
Their hatefull feete vpon our graues ſhould tread?
Your Fathers graues,who glorioufly did hold
That which your ſhame hath left recouered?
Redeeme our Tombes,O ſpirits too too cold:
Pull backe theſe Towres our Armes haue honored:
Theſe Towres are yours,theſe Fortes we built for you,
Theſe walles do beare our names,and are your due.

21

Thus well they may vbrayd our rechleſnes,
Whilſt we,as if at league with infamie,
Ryot away for nought, whole Prouinces:
Giue vp as nothing worth all *Normandie*,
Traffique ſtrong Holdes,ſell Fortreſſes
So long,that nought is leſt but miſerie:
Poore *Callice*, and theſe water-walles about,
That baſely pownde vs in, from breaking out.

And

22

And which is worſe, I feare we ſhall in th'end,
Throwne from the glory of inuading Warre,
Be forſt our proper limmits to defend,
Where euer men are not the ſame they are
Where hope of conqueſt, doth their ſpirits extend
Beyond the vſuall powres of valor farre:
For more is he that ventureth for more,
Then who fights but for what, he had before.

23

Put to your handes therefore to reskew now
Th'indangered State (deare Lords) from this diſgrace,
And let vs in our honor, labour how
To bring this ſcorned Land in better caſe:
No doubt but God our action will allow
That knowes my right, and how they rule the place,
Whoſe weakneſſe calls vp our vnwillingneſſe,
As opening euen the doore to our redreſſe.

24

Though I proteſt it is not for a Crowne
My ſoule is moou'd, (yet if it be my right,
I haue no reaſon to refuſe mine owne)
But onely theſe indignities to right.
And what if God, whoſe iudgements are vnknowne,
Hath mee ordaynd the man, that by my might
My Country ſhall be bleſt, if ſo it be:
By helping me, you raiſe your ſelues with me.

25

In thoſe whom zeale and amitie had bred
A fore-impreſſion of the right he had,
Theſe ſtirring wordes ſo much incouraged,
That with deſire of innouation mad,
They ſeemd to runne before, not to be led,
And to his fire doe quicker fuell ad:
For where ſuch humors are prepard before,
The opening them makes them abound the more.

Then

26

Then counſell take they, fitting their deſire:
(For nought that fits not their deſire is waighd)
The Duke is ſtraight aduiſed to retire
Into the boundes of *Wales* to leauie ayde:
Which vnder ſmooth pretence he doth require,
T'amoue ſuch perſons as the ſtate betrayde,
And to redreſſe th'oppreſsion of the land,
The charme which weakenes ſeldome doth withſtand.

27

Anno Reg 30. The firſt Sulleuation of the D. of Yorke.

Ten thouſand ſtraight caught with this bait of breath,
Are towardes greater lookt-for forces led,
Whoſe power the King by all meanes trauayleth
In their aryſing to haue ruined:
But their preuenting head ſo compaſſeth,
That all ambuſhmentes warily are fled,
Refuſing ought to hazard by the way,
Keeping his greatneſſe for a greater day.

28

And to the Cittie ſtraight directes his courſe,
(The Cittie, ſeate of Kings, and Kings chiefe grace)
Where finding of his entertainment worſe
By farre, then he expected in that place:
Much diſappoynted, drawes from thence his force,
And towards better truſt marches apace:
And downe in *Kent* (fatall for diſcontents)
Neare to thy bankes faire *Thames*, doth pitch his tents.

29

The vſe of Gunnes and great Ordinance began about this time.

And there intrencht, plants his Artillerie,
Artillarie th'infernall inſtrument,
New brought from hell, to ſcourge mortalitie
With hideous roaring, and aſtoniſhment:
Engine of horror, fram'd to terrifie
And teare the Earth, and ſtrongeſt Towres to rent:
Torment of Thunder, made to mocke the skies,
As more of power in our calamities.

If

30

If the firſt fire ſubtile *Promethius* brought
Stolne out of heauen, did ſo afflict mankind,
That euer ſince plagu'd with a curious thought
Of ſtirring ſearch, could neuer quiet find:
What hath he done who now by ſtealth hath got
Lightning and thunder, both in wondrous kind?
What plague deſerues ſo proude an enterprize?
Tell Muſe, and how it came, and in what wiſe?

31

It was the time when faire *Europa* ſate
With many goodly Diadems addreſt,
And all her partes in floriſhing eſtate
Lay beautifull in order at their reſt:
No ſwelling member vnproportionate
Growne out of forme, ſought to diſturbe the reſt:
The leſſe, ſubſiſting by the greaters might,
The greater, by the leſſer kept vpright.

32

No noyſe of tumult euer wak'd them all,
Onely perhaps ſome priuat iarre within
For tytles or for confines might befall,
Which ended ſoone, made better loue begin:
But no eruption did in generall
Breake downe their reſt with vniuerſall ſin:
No publique ſhock diſioynted this faire frame,
Till *Nemiſis* from out the Orient came.

33

Fierce *Nemiſis*, mother of fate and change,
Sword-bearer of th'eternall prouidence.
That had ſo long with ſuch afflictions ſtrange
Confounded *Aſias* proud magnificence,
And brought foule impious Barbariſme to range
On all the glorie of her excellence:
Turnes her ſterne looke at laſt vnto the Weſt,
As greeu'd to ſee on earth ſuch happy reſt.

And

34

And for *Pandora* calleth presently,
(*Pandora*, *Ioues* faire gift, that first deceiu'd
Poore *Epimetheus* imbecilitie,
That thought he had a wondrous boone receiu'd,
By meanes whereof, curious mortalitie
Was of all former quiet quite bereau'd,)
To whom being come, deckt with all qualities,
The wrathfull Goddesse breakes out in this wise.

35

Dooſt thou not ſee in what ſecure eſtate
Thoſe floriſhing fayre Weſterne partes remaine,
As if they had made couenant with Fate,
To be exempted free from others paine:
At one with their deſires, friendes with Debate:
In peace with Pride, content with their owne gaine,
Their bounds containe their minds, their minds applide
To haue their bounds with plentie beautifide:

36

Deuotion (mother of Obedience,)
Beares ſuch a hand on their credulititie,
That it abates the ſpirit of eminence,
And buſies them with humble pietie:
For ſee what workes, what infinite expence,
What monumentes of zeale they edifie,
As if they would, if that no ſtop were found,
Fill all with Temples, make all holy ground.

37

But we muſt coole this all-beleeuing zeale,
That hath enioyd ſo faire a turne ſo long:
And other reuolutions muſt reueale,
Other deſires, other deſignes among:
Diſlike of this, firſt by degrees ſhall ſteale
Vpon the ſoules of men perſwaded wrong,
And th'abus'd power that ſuch a power hath got,
Shall giue herſelfe the ſword to cut her throat.

Goe

38

Goe thou therefore with all thy ſtyrring traine
Of ſwelling ſciences, (the giftes of griefe)
Goe looſe the linkes of that ſoule-binding chaine,
Inlarge this vninquiſitiue beleefe,
Call vp mens ſpirits, whom darkneſſe doth detaine,
Enter their hartes, and Knowledge make the theefe
To open all the doores to let in light,
That all, may all thinges ſee, but what is right.

39

Opinion Arme againſt opinion growne,
Make new-borne contradiction ſtill ſo riſe,
As if *Thebes*-founder *Cadmus* tongues had ſowne
In ſtead of teeth, for greater mutinies.
Bring like defended fayth againſt fayth knowne,
Weary the ſoule with contrarieties:
Till all Religion become retrograde,
And that faire tyre, the maske of ſinne be made.

40

And better to effect a ſpeedy end,
Let there be found two fatall inſtruments,
The one to publiſh, th'other to defend
Impious contention, and proud diſcontentes:
Make that inſtamped Characters may ſend
Abroad to thouſandes, thouſand mens intents:
And in a moment may diſpatch much more,
Then could a world of Pennes performe before.

41

Whereby all quarrels, tytles, ſecrecies,
May vnto all be preſently made knowne:
Factions prepard, parties allur'd to riſe,
Sedition vnder faire pretentions ſowne:
Whereby the vulgar may become ſo wiſe,
That with a ſelfe preſumption ouer-growne,
Hee may of deepeſt miſteries debate,
Controule his betters, cenſure actes of ſtate.

42

And then,when this diſperſed miſchiefe ſhall
Haue brought confuſion in each miſterie,
Calld vp contempt of all ſtates generall,
Ripened the humor of impietie,
Then haue they th'other Engin,where-with-all
They may torment their ſelfe-wrought miſerie,
And ſcourge each other,in the ſtrangeſt wiſe
As tyme or Tyrants neuer could deuiſe.

43

For by this ſtratagem they ſhall confound
All th'ancient forme and diſcipline of Warre:
Alter their Campes,alter their fightes, their ground,
Daunt mightie ſpirits,proweſſe,and manhood marre:
For baſeſt cowardes from a farre ſhall wound
The moſt couragious,forſt to fight a farre:
Valor wrapt vp in ſmoake,as in the night,
Shall periſh witout withneſſe,without ſight.

44

But firſt,before this generall diſeaſe
Breake foorth into ſo great extreamitie,
Prepare it by degrees: firſt kill this eaſe,
Spoyle this proportion,marre this harmonie:
Make greater States vpon the leſſer ſeaze,
Ioyne many kingdomes to one ſouereigntie,
Rayſe a few great,that may with greater power
Slaughter each other,and mankind deuoure.

45

And firſt begin with factions,to deuide
The fayreſt land,that from her thruſtes the reſt,
As if ſhe car'd not for the world beſide:
A world within her ſelfe,with wonders bleſt:
Raiſe ſuch a ſtrife as time ſhall not decide,
Till the deare blood of moſt of all her beſt
Be poured foorth,and all her people toſt
With vnkind tumultes,and almoſt all loſt.

Let

46

Let her be made the fable Stage whereon
Shall firſt be acted bloody Tragedies:
That all the neighbour States gazing thereon,
May make their profite by her miſeries.
And thoſe whom ſhe before had march'd vpon,
(Hauing by this both time and meane to riſe)
Made martiall by her Armes, ſhall grow ſo great,
As ſaue their owne, no force ſhall them defeat.

47

That when their power vnable to ſuſtaine
And beare it ſelfe, vpon it ſelfe ſhall fall,
Shee may (recouered of her woundes againe)
Sit and behold their partes as tragicall:
For there muſt come a time that ſhall obtaine
Truce for diſtreſſe, when make-peace *Hymen* ſhall
Bring the conioyned aduers powers to bed,
And ſet the Crowne made one, vpon one head.

48

Out of which bleſſed vnion ſhall ariſe
A ſacred branch, with grace and glory bleſt,
Whoſe vertue ſhall her Land ſo patronize,
As all our power ſhall not her dayes moleſt:
For ſhee, faire ſhee, the Minion of the skies,
Shall purchaſe of the highe'ſt to hers ſuch reſt,
(Standing betweene the wrath of heauen and them)
As no diſtreſſe ſhall touch her Diadem.

49

Though thou ſhalt ſeeke by all the meanes thou may
And arme impietie, and hell and all,
Stirre vp her owne, make others to aſſay,
Bring fayth diſguiſd, the power of *Pluto* call,
Call all thy craftes to practiſe her decay,
And yet ſhall this take no effect at all:
For ſhe'e ſecure (as intimate with fate)
Shall ſit and ſcorne, thoſe baſe diſſignes of hate.

50

And from the Rockes of ſafetie ſhall diſcrie,
The wondrous wrackes that wrath layes ruined,
All round about her, blood and miſerie,
Powers betraid, Princes ſlaine, Kinges maſſacred,
States all-confuſd, brought to calamitie,
And all the face of Kingdomes altered.
Yet ſhe the ſame inuiolable ſtandes,
Deere to her owne, wonder to other Landes.

51

But let not her defence diſcourage thee,
For neuer none but ſhee, ſhall haue this grace,
From all diſturbes to be ſo long kept free,
And with ſuch glory to diſchage that place:
And therefore, if by ſuch a power thou be
Stopt of thy courſe, reckon it no diſgrace;
Sith ſhee alone (being priueledg'd from hie)
Hath this large patent of eternitie.

52

This charge the Goddeſſe gaue, when ready ſtraight
The ſubtill meſſenger accompayned
With all her crew of crafts that on her waight,
Haſtes to effect what ſhe was counſayled:
And out ſhe pours of her immenſe conceit,
Vpon ſuch ſearching ſpirits as trauayled
In penetrating hidden ſecrecies,
Who ſoone theſe meanes of miſery deuiſe.

53

And boldly breaking with rebellious minde
Into their mothers cloſe-lockt Treaſurie,
They Mineralls combuſtible doe finde,
Which in ſtopt concaues placed cunningly
They fire, and fire impriſoned againſt kinde,
Teares out a way, thruſtes out his enemie,
Barking with ſuch a horror, as if wroth
With man, that wrongs himſelfe and nature both.

And

54

And this beginning had this curſed frame,
Which *Yorke* hath now planted againſt his King,
Preſuming by his powre, and by the ſame,
His purpoſe vnto good effect to bring:
When diuers of the graueſt Counſell came,
Sent from the King, to vnderſtand what thing
Had thruſt him into theſe proceedinges bad,
And what he ſought, and what intent he had.

55

Who with words mildly-ſharpe, gently-ſeuere,
Wrought on thoſe woundes that muſt be toucht with heed,
Applying rather ſalues of hope then feare,
Leaſt coraſiues ſhould deſperat miſchiefes breed.
And what my Lord (ſayd they) ſhould moue you here,
In this vnſeemely manner to proceed,
Whoſe worth being ſuch, as all the Land admires,
Hath fairer wayes then theſe, to your deſires?

56

Will you whoſe meanes, whoſe many friendes, whoſe grace,
Can worke the world in peace vnto your will,
Take ſuch a courſe, as ſhall your blood deface,
And make (by handling bad) a good cauſe ill?
How many hartes hazard you in this caſe,
That in all quiet plots would ayde you ſtill,
Hauing in Court a Partie farre more ſtrong,
(Then you conceiue) preſt to redreſſe your wrong?

57

Fie, fie, forſake this hatefull courſe, my Lord,
Downe with theſe armes, that wil but wound your cauſe
What Peace may do, hazard not with the Sword:
Fly from the force that from your force with-drawes,
And yeeld, and we will mediat ſuch accord
As ſhall diſpence with rigor and the lawes:
And interpoſe this ſolemne fayth of our
Betwixt your fault, and the offended power.

58

And finding the Kentish men not to answere his expectation, and the kniges forces farre more then his.

Which ingins of protestes, and proffers kinde,
Vrg'd out of seeming griefe, and shewes of loue,
So shooke the whole foundation of his minde,
As it did all his resolution moue:
And present seem'd vnto their course inclind,
So that the King would *Sommerset* remoue:
The man whose most intollerable pride,
Trode downe his worth, and all good mens beside.

Edmond D. of Sommerset of the house of Lancaster, descended from Iohn of Gante.

59

Which they there vow'd should presently be done:
For what will not peace-louers willing graunt,
Where dangerous euentes depend thereon,
And men vnfurnisht, and the State in want?
And if with wordes the conquest will be won,
The cost is small: and who holds breath so scant
As then to spare, tho' against his dignitie,
Better discend, then end, in Maiestie.

60

And here-vpon the Duke dissolues his force,
Submits him to the King, on publique vow:
The rather to, presuming on this course
For that his sonne the Earle of *March* was now
With mightier powers abroad, which would inforce
His peace, which els the King would not allow.
For seeing not all of him in him he hath,
His death would but giue life to greater wrath.

61

Yet comming to the King, in former place,
His foe, the Duke of *Sommerset* he findes,
Whom openly reproching to his face,
Hee charg'd with treason in the highest kindes.
The Duke returnes like speeches of disgrace,
And fierie wordes bewrayd their flaming mindes:
But yet the tryall was for them deferd
Till fitter time allow'd it to be heard.

At

62

At Weſtminſter a Counſell gathered
Deliberates what courſe the cauſe ſhould end
Of the apprehended Duke of *Yorke*, whoſe head
Doth now on others doubtfull breath depend:
Law fiercely vrgd his death, and found him dead,
Friends faylde to ſpeake where they could not defend:
Onely the King himſelfe for mercie ſtood,
As prodigall of life, niggard of blood.

63

And as if angrie with the Lawes of death,
And why ſhould you, ſayd he, vrge thinges ſo far?
You, that invr'd with mercinarie breath,
And hyred tongue, ſo peremtorie are?
Brauing on him whom ſorrow proſtrateth,
As if you did with poore affliction warre,
And pray on frayltie, folly hath betrayd,
Bringing the lawes to wound, neuer to ayd.

64

Diſpence ſometime with ſterne ſeueritie,
Make not the Lawes ſtill traps to apprehend,
Win grace vpon the bad with clemencie,
Mercie may mend, whom malice made offend:
Death giues no thankes, but checkes authoritie,
And life doth onely Maieſtie commend.
Reuenge dyes not, Rigor begets new wrath,
And blood hath neuer glory, Mercy hath.

65

And for my part (and my part ſhould be chiefe)
I am moſt willing to reſtore his ſtate:
And rather had I win him with reliefe,
Then looſe him with deſpight, and get more hate:
Pittie drawes loue, bloodſhed is natures griefe,
Compaſſion, followes the vnfortunate:
And looſing him, in him I looſe my power,
We rule who liue, the dead are none of our.

66

And ſhould our rigor leſſen then the ſame
Which we with greater glory ſhould retaine?
No, let him liue, his life muſt giue vs fame,
The child of mercie, newly borne againe:
As often burials, is Phiſitions ſhame;
So many deaths, argues a Kinges hard raigne.
Why ſhould we ſay, the Law muſt haue her vigor?
The Law kills him, but quits not vs of rigor.

67

You, to get more preferment by your wit,
Others to gaine the ſpoyles of miſerie,
Labour with all your powre to follow it,
Shewing vs feares, to draw on crueltie.
You vrge th'offence, not tell vs what is fit,
Abuſing wrong-informed Maieſtie:
As if our powre, were onely but to ſlay,
And that to ſaue, were a moſt dangerous way.

68

Thus out of Pittie ſpake that holy King,
Whom milde affections led to hope the beſt.
When *Sommerſet* began to vrge the thing
With wordes of hotter temper, thus expreſt:
Deare ſoueraigne Lord, the cauſe in managing
Is more then yours, t'importes the publique reſt:
We all haue part, it touches all our good,
And life's ill ſpard, that's ſpar'd to coſt more blood.

69

Compaſſion here, is crueltie my Lord;
Pittie will cut our throates for ſauing ſo.
What benefite ſhall we haue by the ſword,
If miſchiefe ſhall eſcape to draw on mo?
Why ſhould we giue, what Law cannot afford
To be accеſſaries to our proper wo?
Wiſedome muſt iudge twixt men apt to amend
And mindes incurable, borne to offend.

It

70

It is no priuat cauſe (I do proteſt)
That moues me thus to proſecute his deede:
Would God his blood and mine had well releaſt
The dangers that his pride is like to breede:
Although at me, he ſeemes to haue addreſt
His ſpight; tis not his end he hath decreed:
I am not he alone, hee doth purſue,
But thorow me, he meanes to ſhoote at you.

71

" For this courſe euer they deliberate,
" Which do aſpire to reach the gouernment,
" To take aduantage of the peoples hate,
" Which euer hate thoſe that are eminent:
" For who can manage great affayres of ſtate,
" And all a wayward multitude content?
" And then theſe people-minions they muſt fall
" To worke out vs, to worke themſelues int'all.

72

But note my Lord firſt who is in your hand,
Then, how he hath offended, what's his end:
It is the man whoſe race would ſeeme to ſtand
Before your right, and doth a right pretend:
Who (Traytor like) hath raiſd a mightie band,
With cullour your proceedinges to amend:
Which if it ſhould haue hapned to ſucceed,
You had not now ſate to adiudge his deed.

73

If oftentimes the perſon, not th'offence,
Haue been ſufficient cauſe of death to ſome,
Where publique ſafetie puts in euidence
Of miſchiefe, likely by their life to come;
Shall hee, whoſe fortune and his inſolence
Haue both deſeru'd to die, eſcape that doome?
When you ſhall ſaue your Land, your Crowne therby,
And ſince you cannot liue vnleſſe he die.

Thus

74

Thus ſpake th'agreeued Duke, that grauely ſaw
Th'incompatible powers of Princes mindes;
And what affliction his eſcape might draw
Vnto the State, and people of all kindes:
And yet the humble yeelding and the aw
Which *Yorke* there ſhew'd, ſo good opinion findes,
That, with the rumor of his Sonnes great ſtrength
Suffred to go to his Caſtle at Wigmore. And French affayres, he there came quit at length.

75

For euen the feare t'exaſperat the heat
Of th'Earle of *March*, whoſe forward youth and might
Well followd, ſeem'd a proud reuenge to threat,
If any ſhame ſhould on his Father light:
And then deſire in *Gaſcoyne* to reget
The glory loſt, which home-broyles hinder might,
Aduantaged the Duke, and ſau'd his head,
Which queſtionleſſe had els been hazarded.

76

For now had *Burdeux* offered vpon ayd,
Preſent reuolt, if we would ſend with ſpeed
Which faire aduantage to haue then delayd
Vpon ſuch hopes, had been a ſhamefull deed:
And therefore this, all other courſes ſtayd,
And outwardly theſe inward hates agreed:
Giuing an interpauſe to pride and ſpight,
Which breath'd but to breake out with greater might.

77

Whilſt dreadfull *Talbot* terror late of Fraunce,
(Againſt the *Genius* of our fortune) ſtroue,
The downe-throwne glory of our State t'adaunce:
where *Fraunce* far more then *Fraüce* he now doth proue:
For friendes, opinion, and ſucceeding chaunce,
Which wrought the weake to yeeld, the ſtrong to loue,
Were not the ſame, as he had found before
In happier times, when leſſe would haue done more.

For

78

For both the *Britayne* and *Burgonian* now,
Came altred with our lucke, and won with theirs
Thoſe bridges and the gates that did allow
So eaſie paſſage vnto our affayres.
Iudging it ſafer to endeuour how
To linke with ſtrength, then leane vnto diſpaires,
And who wants friendes, to backe what he begins,
In Landes far off, gets not, although he wins.

The Dukes of Britany & Burgundie.

79

Which too well prou'd this fatall enterprize
The laſt that loſt vs all we had to loſe:
Where, though aduantag'd by ſome mutenies,
And pettie Lords, that in our cauſe aroſe,
Yet thoſe great faylde; whoſe ready quicke ſupplies
Euer at hand, cheerd vs, and quaild our foes:
Succours from far, come ſeldome to our minde,
For who holds league with *Neptune*, & the winde?

80

Yet worthy *Talbot*, thou didſt ſo imploy
The broken remnants of diſcattered power,
That they might ſee it was our deſtiny,
Not want of ſpirit that loſt vs what was our:
Thy dying hand ſold them the victory
With ſo deare woundes as made the conqueſt ſowre:
So much it coſt to ſpoyle who were vndon,
And ſuch a doe to win, when they had won.

81

For as a fierce couragious Maſtiue fares,
That hauing once ſure faſtned on his foe,
Lyes tugging on that hold, neuer forbeares
What force ſoeuer force him to forgo:
The more he feeles his woundes, the more he dares,
As if his death were ſweete in dying ſo:
So held his hold this Lord, whilſt he held breath,
And ſcarce but with much blood lets goe in death.

For

82

For though he ſaw prepard againſt his ſide
Both vnlike fortune, and vnequall force,
Borne with the ſwelling current of their pride
Downe the maine ſtreame of a moſt happy courſe:
Yet ſtandes he ſtiffe vndaſht, vnterrifide,
His minde the ſame, although his fortune worſe:
Vertue in greateſt dangers being beſt ſhowne,
And though oppreſt, yet neuer ouerthrowne.

83

For reskuing of beſieg'd *Chatillion*,
Where hauing firſt conſtraind the French to fly,
And following hard on their confuſion,
Comes loe incountred with a ſtrong ſupply
Of freſh-ariuing powers, that backe thruſt on
Thoſe flying troupes, another chaunce to try:
Who double Arm'd, with ſhame, and furie, ſtraine
To wreake their foyle, and win their fame againe.

84

Which ſeeing, th'vndaunted *Talbot* with more might
Of ſpirit to will, then hands of power to do:
Preparing t'entertaine a glorious fight,
Cheares vp his weeried Souldiers thereunto:
Courage, ſayth he, thoſe brauing troupes in ſight
Are but the ſame that now you did vndo.
And what if there be come ſome more then they?
They come to bring more glory to the day.

85

Which day, muſt either thruſt vs out of all,
Or all, with greater glorie backe reſtore.
This day your valiant worth aduenture ſhall
For what our Land ſhall neuer fight for, more:
If now we faile, with vs is like to fall
All that renowne which we haue got before:
This is the laſt, if we diſcharge the ſame,
The fame ſhall laſt to our eternall fame.

Neuer

86

Neuer had worthy men for any fact
A more faire glorious Theater then we:
Whereon true magnanimitie might act
Braue deedes,which better witneſſed could be:
For loe,from yonder Turrets yet vnſackt,
Your valiant fellowes ſtand your worth to ſee,
T'auouch your valour, if you liue to gaine,
And if we die,that we dide not in vaine.

87

And euen our foes,whoſe proud and powreful might
Would ſeeme to ſwallow vp our dignitie,
Shall not keepe backe the glory of our right
Which their confounded blood ſhall teſtifie:
For in their woundes our goared ſwords ſhall write
The monumentes of our eternitie:
For vile is honor, and a title vaine,
The which true worth,and danger do not gaine.

88

For they ſhall ſee when we in careleſſe ſort
Shall throw our ſelues on their deſpiſed ſpeares,
Tis not diſpaire that doth vs ſo tranſport,
But euen true Fortitude, that nothing feares:
Sith we may well retire vs,in ſome ſort,
But ſhame on him that ſuch a foule thought beares:
For be they more,let Fortune take their part,
We'ill tugge her to, and ſcratch her, ere we part.

89

This ſayd,a freſh infus'd deſire of fame,
Enters their warmed blood,with ſuch a will,
That they deem'd long,they were not at the ſame:
And tho they march'd,they thought they yet ſtood ſtill,
And that their lingring foes too ſlowly came
To ioyne with them,ſpending much time but ill:
Such force had wordes,fierce humors vp to call,
Sent from the mouth of ſuch a Generall.

Who

90

Who weighing yet his force and their deſire,
The Lord Liſle. Turnes him about in priuate to his Sonne,
A worthy Sonne, and worthy ſuch a Sire,
Tells him the doubtfull ground they ſtood vpon,
Aduiſing him in ſecret to retire:
Seeing his youth but euen now begun,
Would make it vnto him at all no ſtaine,
His death ſmall fame, his flight no ſhame could gaine.

91

To whom th'agreeued Sonne as if diſgrac'd,
Ah Father, haue you then ſelected me,
To be the man, which you would haue diſplac'd
Out of the roule of immortalitie?
What haue I done this day that hath defac'd
My worth, that my hands worke diſpiſd ſhould be?
God ſhield I ſhould beare home a Cowards name,
I haue liu'd enough, if I can die with fame,

92

At which the Father toucht with ſorrowing-ioy,
Turnd him about, ſhaking his head, and ſayes:
O my deare Sonne, worthy a better day,
To enter thy firſt youth in hard aſſayes.
And now had Wrath impatient of delay,
Begun the fight, and farther ſpeeches ſtayes:
Furie thruſtes on, ſtriuing whoſe ſword ſhould be
Firſt warmed in the wounds of th'enemie,

93

Hotly theſe ſmall, but mightie minded Bandes,
(As if ambitious now of death) doe ſtraine
Againſt innumerable armed handes,
And glorioufly a wondrous fight maintaine:
Ruſhing on all what euer ſtrength withſtandes,
Whetting their wrath on blood and on diſdaine:
And ſo far thruſt, that hard 'twere to diſcry
Whether they more deſire to kill, or dye.

Franke

94

Franke of their owne, greedy of others blood,
No ſtroke they giue but woundes, no wound but kills:
Neare to their hate, cloſe to their worke they ſtood,
Hit where they would, their hand obeyes their wills,
Scorning the blow, from far that doth no good,
Loathing the cracke, vnleſſe ſome blood it ſpills:
No wounds could let out life that wrath held in,
Till others wounds reueng'd, did firſt begin.

95

So much true reſolution wrought in thoſe
That had made couenant with death before,
That their ſmall number ſcorning ſo great foes,
Made *Fraunce* moſt happie that there were no more,
Sith theſe made doubtfull how Fate would diſpoſe
That weary day, or vnto whom reſtore
The glory of a Conqueſt dearely bought,
Which ſcarce the Conqueror could thinke well got.

95

For as with equall rage, and equall might,
Two aduers windes combat with billowes proud,
And neither yeeld: Seas, skyes maintaine like fight,
Waue againſt waue oppoſd, and clowd to clowd.
So warre both ſides with obſtinate deſpight,
With like reueuge, and neither partie bowd:
Fronting each other with confounding blowes,
No wound, one ſword, vnto to the other owes.

97

Whilſt *Talbot*, whoſe freſh ſpirit hauing got
A meruailous aduantage of his yeeres,
Carries his vnfelt age as if forgot,
Whirling about where any need appeares:
His hand, his eye, his wits all preſent, wrought
The function of the glorious part he beares:
Now vrging here, now cheering there he flyes,
Vnlocks the thickeſt troupes where moſt force lyes.

98

In midſt of wrath, of wounds, of blood, and death,
There is he moſt, where as he may do beſt:
And there the cloſeſt rankes he ſeuereth,
Driues backe the ſtouteſt powres that forward preſt:
There makes his ſword his way, there laboreth
Th'infatigable hands that neuer reſt,
Scorning vnto his mortall woundes to yeeld,
Till death became beſt maiſter of the field.

99

The death of Iohn L. Talbot E. of Shrewesbury, who had ſerued in the warres of Fraunce moſt valiantly for the ſpace of 30. yeeres.

Then like a ſturdie Oke that hauing long
Againſt the warres of fierceſt windes made head,
Wherewith ſome forſt tempeſtuous rage, more ſtrong,
His downe-borne top comes ouer-maiſtered,
All the neere bordering Trees he ſtood among,
Cruſht with his waightie fall, lie ruined:
So lay his ſpoyles, all round about him ſlaine,
T'adorne his death, that could not die in vaine.

100

The death of the L. Liſle, Sonne to this worthy E. of Shrewesbury.

On th'other part, his moſt all-daring ſonne,
(Although the inexperience of his yeeres
Made him leſſe skild in what was to be done,
Yet did it thruſt him on beyond all feares)
Flying into the maine Batallion,
Neare to the King, amidſt the chiefeſt Peeres,
With thouſand wounds, became at length opprest,
As if he ſcornd to die, but with the best.

101

Who thus both hauing gaind a glorious end,
Soone ended that great day, that ſet ſo red,
As all the purple plaines that wide extend,
A ſad tempeſtious ſeaſon witneſſed:
So much a doe had toyling *Fraunce* to rend
From vs, the right ſo long inherited:
And ſo hard went we from what we poſſeſt,
As with it, went the blood we loued best.

Which

102

Which blood not loſt,but faſt layd vp with heed
In euerlaſting fame,is there held deere,
To ſeale the memorie of this dayes deed,
Th'eternall euidence of what we were:
To which our Fathers,wee, and who ſucceed,
Doe owe a ſigh,for that it toucht vs neere:
Who muſt not ſinne ſo much as to neglect
The holy thought of ſuch a deere reſpect.

103

Yet happy haples day,bleſt-ill-loſt breath,
Both for our better fortune,and your owne:
For what foule woũds,what ſpoyle,what ſhamful death
Had by this forward reſolution growne,
If at *S. Albons*, *Wakefield*, *Barnet-heath*,
It ſhould vnto your infamie been ſhowne?
Bleſt you,that did not teach how great a fault
Euen Vertue is,in actions that are naught.

104

Yet would this ſad dayes loſſe, had now been all
That this day loſt: then ſhould we not much playne:
If hereby we had come but there to fall,
And that day ended,ended had our paine:
Then ſmall the loſſe of *Fraunce*, of *Guien* ſmall,
Nothing the ſhame to be turnd home againe,
Compard with other ſhames. But now *Fraunce* loſt,
Sheds vs more blood then all her winning coſt.

105

For looſing warre abroad, at home loſt peace,
Be'ing with our vnſupporting ſelues cloſe pent.
And no diſſignes for pride,that did increaſe,
But our owne throats, and our owne puniſhment.
The working ſpirit ceaſt not,tho worke did ceaſe,
Hauing fit time to practiſe diſcontent.
And ſtirre vp ſuch as could not long lie ſtill,
Who not imployd to good,muſt needes do ill.

106

And now the griefe of our receiued ſhame,
Gaue fit occaſion for ambitious care,
To draw the chiefe reproch of all the ſame
On ſuch as naturally hated are,
Seeing them apt to beare the greateſt blame.
That offices of greateſt enuie beare.
And that in vulgar eares delight it breedes,
To haue the hated, authors of miſdeedes.

107

And therefore eaſily great *Sommerſet*,
Whom enuie long had ſingled out before
With all the vollie of diſgraces met,
As the maine marke Fortune had plac'd therefore:
On whoſe hard-wrought opinion ſpight did whet
The edge of wrath, to make it pierce the more.
Griefe being glad t'haue gotten now on whom
To lay the fault of what, muſt light on ſome.

108

Whereon th'againe out-breaking *Yorke* beginnes
To builde new models of his olde deſire,
Se'ing the faire bootie Fortune for him winnes
Vpon the ground of this inkindled ire.
Taking th'aduantages of others ſinnes
To ayde his owne, and helpe him to aſpire:
And doubting peace, ſhould better ſcanne deedes paſt,
Hee thinkes not ſafe, to haue his ſword out laſt.

109

Eſpecially, ſince euery man now preſt
To innouation, doe with rancor ſwell,
A ſtirring humor generally poſſeſt
Thoſe peace-ſpilt times, weary of beeing well:
The weake with wronges, the happy tyr'd with reſt,
And many mad: for what, they could not tell.
The world cuē great with change, thoght it went wrong
To ſtay beyond the bearing-time, ſo long.

And

110

And therefore now theſe Lordes confederd,
Being much increaſd in number and in ſpight,
So ſhap'd their courſe, that drawing to a head,
Began to grow to be of fearefull might:
Th'abuſed world ſo haſtie gathered,
Some for reuenge, ſome for wealth, ſome for delight:
That *Yorke* from ſmall-beginning troupes, ſoone drawes
A world of men, to venture in his cauſe.

111

Like as proude *Seuerne* from a priuat head,
With humbe ſtreames at firſt, doth gently glide,
Till other Riuers haue contributed
The ſpringing riches of their ſtore beſide,
Wherewith at length high ſwelling, ſhee doth ſpread
Her broad diſtended waters layde ſo wide,
That comming to the Sea, ſhee ſeemes from farre,
Not to haue tribute brought, but rather warre.

112

Euen ſo is *Yorke* now growne, and now is bent
T'incounter vvith the beſt, and for the beſt:
Whoſe neere approch the King haſtes to preuent,
Seeking t'haue had his povver, farre off ſupprest,
Fearing the Cittie, least ſome inſolent
And mutinous, ſhould harten on the rest
To take his part. But h'is ſo forward ſet,
That at *S. Albones* both the Armies met.

The firſt Battle at S. Albones the 23. of May Anno Reg. 33.

113

Whether their haste farre fewer hands did bring,
Then els their better leyſure would haue done:
And yet too many for ſo foule a thing,
Since vvho did best, hath but diſhonor vvon:
For vvhilst ſome offer peace ſent from the King,
Warwickes too forward hand hath Warre begon:
A vvarre, that doth the face of vvarre deforme,
Which still is foule, but foulest vvanting forme.

114

Neuer did valiant Leaders ſo well knowne
For braue performed actions done before,
Blemiſh the reputation of renowne
In any weake effected ſeruice more,
To bring ſuch powres into ſo ſtraight a Towne,
As to ſome Citty-tumult or vprore:
Which ſlaughter, and no battaile might be thought,
Where that ſide vſd their ſwordes, and this their throat.

115

Edmond D. of Sommerſet ſlaine, who left behind him 3. ſonnes, Henry, Edm. & Iohn. Here was alſo ſlaine the E. of Northum. and the L. Clifford.

But this on *Warwicks* wrath muſt needes be layd,
And vpon *Sommerſets* deſire t'obtaine
The day with peace, for which he longer ſtaid
Then wiſedome would, or then was for his gaine:
Whoſe force in narrow ſtreetes once ouer-laid,
Neuer recouerd head but fowlly ſlaine
Himſelfe and all the greateſt Leaders are,
The King himſelfe is taken priſoner.

116

Anno Reg. 34.

A priſoner, though not to th'outward eye,
For that he muſt ſeeme grac'd with his loſt day,
All thinges being done for his commoditie,
Againſt ſuch men as did the State betray:
For with ſuch apt deceiuing clemencie
And ſeeming order, *Yorke* did ſo allay
That touch of wrong, as made him make great ſtealth
In weaker mindes, with ſhew of Common-wealth.

117

Richard E. of Salisburie made Lord Chancelor & the E of Warwicke Gouernor of Calice.

Long-lookt-for powre thus got into his hand,
The former face of Court ſtraight altered:
All the ſupreameſt charges of commaund,
To his partakers were contributed:
Himſelfe is made Protector of the Land.
A title found, which onely couered
All-working powre vnder another ſtile,
Which th'only greateſt-part doth act the while.

The

118

The King held onely but an emptie name
Left with his life, whereof the proofe was ſuch,
As ſharpeſt pride could not tranſpers the ſame,
Nor all-deſiring greedineſſe durſt touch:
Impietie had not inlarged ſhame
As yet ſo wide, as to attempt ſo much:
Miſchiefe was not full ripe for ſuch foule deedes,
Left for th'vnbounded malice that ſucceedes.

The end of the fift Booke.

THE SIXT BOOKE OF THE CIVILL WARRES betweene the two Houſes of *Lancaſter* and *Yorke*.

¶ THE ARGVMENT.

The King's repriud; Yorke, and his ſide retyres,
And making head againe, is put to flight:
Returnes into the land, his right requires:
Hauing regaind the King, confirmes his right:
And whilſt his raſh improuidence aſpires,
Is ſlaine at Wakefield *by* Q. Marg'rets *might:*
Who at S. Albones *backe her Lord regaines,*
Is forc't from thence, and March *the Crowne attaines.*

1

VNnaturall Authoritie thus gaynd,
Knew not at firſt, or durſt not to proceed
With an out-breaking courſe, but ſtood reſtraynd
Within the compaſſe of reſpectiue heed:
Diſtruſt of friendes, and powre of foes, detaynd,
That mounting will, from making too much ſpeed:
For though he held the powre he long'd to win,
Yet had he not the key to let him in.

2

The Queene abroad, with a reuenging hand,
Armd with her owne diſgrace, and others ſpight,
Gathring th'oppreſſed partie of the land,
Helde ouer him the threatning ſword of might,
That forc'd him in the tearmes of awe, to ſtand,
Who els had burſt vp right, to come t'his right:
And kept him ſo confus'd, that he knew not
To make vſe of the meanes, which he had got.

3

For whether by not daring to retaine
The perſon of the King, or by neglect
Of garding him, whom he held weake, or vaine:
Or that the Queene with cunning doth effect
A practiſe that recouers him againe,
(As one that with beſt care could him protect:)
But h'is conuayd to *Couentry* to thoſe
Who well knew how of Maieſtie diſpoſe.

4

For though this feeble King had blunted thus
The edge of powre, with ſo dull clemencie,
And left him nothing els was gracious,
But euen the title of his Souraigntie,
Yet is that title ſtill ſo precious,
As it makes golden, leaden Maieſtie:
And where, or how ſoeuer it doth fit,
Is ſure t'haue the world t'attend on it.

5

Whether it be that Forme, and Eminence,
Adornd with Pompe and State, begets this awe:
Or whether an in-bred obedience
To Right and Powre, doth our affections draw:
Or whether ſacred Kinges worke reuerence,
And make that Nature now, which was firſt Law:
Or what it is, the Head will draw the Partes,
And with our bodyes Kings muſt haue our hartes.

For

6

For loe, no ſooner was his perſon ioynd
With this diſtracted body of his friendes,
But ſtraight the Duke, and all that faction find,
They loſt the onely Engin for their endes:
Authoritie with Maieſtie combind
Standes now bent vpon them, and powrefull ſendes,
Sommons for them t'appeare, who lately held
That powre themſelues, and could not be compeld.

7

Wherewith confus'd, as whether not prepar'd
For all euentes, or ſe'ing the times not fit:
Or mens affections fayling in regard:
Or their owne forces not of powre as yet:
They all retyre them home, and neither dar'd
T'appeare, or to ſtand out to anſwere it:
This vnforethought-on accident, confoundes
All their diſsignes, and fruſtrates all their groundes.

8

As vſually it fares with thoſe that plot
Theſe machines of Ambition, and high pride:
That in their chiefeſt counſels ouerſhot
For all thing ſaue what ſerues the turne, prouide,
Whilſt that which moſt importes, reſtes moſt forgot,
Or waighd not, or contem'd, or vndiſcryde,
That ſomething may be euer left vndone,
Where courſes ſhalbe croſt, and men vndone.

9

Yorke into *Wales*, *Warwicke* to *Calice* hies,
Some to the *North*, others to other partes,
As if they ran both from their dignities,
And alſo from themſelus, and their owne hartes:
(The minde decayde in publique ieoperdies,
To th'ill at hand onely it ſelfe conuartes)
That none would thinke ſe'ing *Yorkes* hopes ſo neare dry
That they would euer ſwell againe to hye.

The D. of Yorke flyes to Wigmore in Wales: The E. of Salyſbury into the North.

10

Rodon the Riuer by Wainſteed.

So humble *Rodon*, *Wainſteedes* ſweete delight,
That waters *Mountioyes* ſolitarie reſt,
Being checkt with Sommers heate, ſhrinkes out of ſight
Downe in his narrow bed, as quite ſuppreſt,
That lately Swolne with forrayne-ayding might,
Ran boundleſſe ouer all, and all poſſeſt:
And now ſo feeble growne, hath left no more
Then ſcarſe ſuſtaynes his variable ſtore.

11

So now ſeem'd *Yorke*; and yet for all remaynes
The ſpring that feedes that hope (which leaues men laſt)
Whom no affliction ſo entire reſtraynes,
But that it may remount as in times paſt:
Though he had loſt his State, his powre, his paynes,
Yet held his loue, his friendes, his tytle faſt:
The whole frame of that fortune could not fayle,
As that which hunge by more then by one nayle.

12

Els might we thinke what errour had it'bin
Theſe partes thus ſeured, not t'haue quite diſtry'de,
But that they ſaw it not the way to win,
Some more dependances there were beſyde:
Which Age and Fate, keepes vs from looking in,
That their true Counſells come not right diſcryde,
Which our preſumptuous wittes muſt not condem,
They, being not ignorant, but we, of them.

13

For heere, we looke vpon another Crowne,
An other image of Nobilitie,
Which ciuile Diſcord had not yet brought downe
Vnto a lower range of dignitie:
Vpon a Powre as yet not ouer-flowne
With th'Ocean of all-winning Sou'raintie:
Theſe Lords, who thus t'wards kings abus'd their ſwords
Taught Kinges to come, how to be more then Lords.

Which

14

Which wel this Queene obſerud: and therfore ſought
To draw them in, and ruine them with Peace,
Whom Force ſhe ſaw, more dangerous had wrought,
And did their powre and malice but increaſe:
And therefore to the Cittie hauing got,
Summons a Parlament all iarres to ceaſe:
Where come theſe Lordes at length: but yet ſo ſtrong,
As if to do, rather then ſuffer wrong.

15

Here *Scottish* border broyles, and feares of *Fraunce*, *Anno Reg. 36.*
Vrgd with the preſent times neceſſitie,
Brought foorth a ſuttle-ſhadowed countenaunce
Of quiet Peace, reſembling Amitie:
Wrapt in a ſtrong and curious Ordinaunce,
Of many Articles, bound ſolemnlie,
As if thoſe *Gordian* knottes could be ſo tide,
As no impatient Sword could them deuide:

16

Eſpecially whereas the ſelfe ſame endes
Concur not in a poynt of like reſpect,
But that each partie couartly intendes
Thereby their owne deſiguments to effect:
Which Peace, with more indangering wounds offends,
Then Warre can do, that ſtandes vpon ſuſpect,
And neuer can be tyde with other chaine,
Then mutuall vtilitie and gaine.

17

As well by this concluded Act is ſeene,
Which had no powre to hold in mindes, out bent:
But quickly was diſſolud and canceld cleene,
Either by *Warwickes* fortune, or intent:
How euer vrg'd, the Seruants of the Queene *The Earle of Warwicke is ſet vppon by the Queenes ſeruants.*
Aſſaulted his, as he from Counſell went,
Where his owne perſon egerly purſude,
Hardly (by Boate) eſcap'd the multitude.

18

Which deed moſt heynous made and vrged as his,
The Queene, who ſoone th'aduantage apprehendes,
Thought forthwith t'haue committed him on this:
But he preuentes, flyes Northward to his frindes,
Shewes them his danger, and what hope there is
In her that all their ouerthrowes intendes:
And that theſe driftes th'effectes of this Peace are,
Which giues more deadly wounding blowes then war.

19

Strooke with his heate, began the others fire,
Kindled with daunger and diſdaine, t'inflame:
Which hauing well prepard to his deſire,
He leaues the farther growing of the ſame,
And vnto *Calice*, to his ſtrong retire
With ſpeede betakes him, to preuent the fame,
Of his impos'd offence, leaſt in diſgrace
He might be diſpoſſeſſed of that place.

20

Yorke ſtraight aduiſd the Earle of *Salsbury*,
T'addreſſe him to the King: and thereupon,
As by way of complaint, to ſignifie
Th'iniurious act committed on his Sonne,
And there to vrge the breach of th'Amitie,
To be by theſe ſiniſter plots begun:
But he ſo ſtrongly goes, as men might geſſe,
He purpos'd not to craue, but make redreſſe.

21

The Lord Audly ſlaine at Blore heath by the E. of Saliſbury.

Whom the Lord *Audly* (haſting to reſtraine,
Sent with ten thouſand men well furniſhed)
Encountred on *Blore-heath*; where he is ſlaine,
And all his powre and force diſcomfited:
Which chaunce, ſo opened and let out againe
The hopes of *Yorke*, whom Peace had fettered,
That he reſolues, what euer ſhould befall,
To ſet vp's reſt, to venter now for all.

Furie

72

Furie vntide and broken out of bandes,
Runnes headlong preſently to either head,
Faction and Warre, that neuer wanted handes:
For Blood and Miſchiefe, was ſoone furniſhed:
Affection findes a ſide, and out it ſtandes,
Not by the cauſe, but by her intreſt led:
And many vrging Warre, moſt forward are,
Not that t'is iuſt, but only that tis Warre.

23

Whereby the Duke is growne t'a mighty head
In *Shropſhire*, with his Welſh and Northren ayde:
Whither came *Warwicke*, hauing ordered
His charge at *Calice*, and with him conuayde,
Many braue Leaders, that aduentured
Their fortunes on the ſide that he had layde:
Whereof as chiefe *Trollop* and *Blunt* excell'd:
But th'one betrayd their cauſe: *Blunt* faythfull held.

Sir Andrew Trollop fled to th' King.

24

The King prouok'd theſe miſchiefes to preuent,
Follow'd with *Sommerſet* and *Exceſter*,
Strongly appoynted, all his forces bent,
Their malice to correct or to deter:
And neare them came, a reuerent Prelat ſent
To proffer pardon, if they would refer
Their cauſe to peace, as being a cleaner courſe
Vnto their endes, then this foule barbarous force.

John Blunt remaynde with the Lords.

The B. of Salisburie.

25

For what a Warre (ſayd he) is heere begun,
Where euen the victorie is held accurſt:
And who ſo winnes, it wilbe ſo ill won,
That though he haue the beſt, he ſpeedes the worſt:
For here your making, is to be vndon,
Seeking to winne the State, you loſe it firſt:
Both ſides being one, the blood conſumd all one,
To make it yours, you worke to haue it none.

Leaue

26

Leaue then with this, though this b'a too great ſtaine
T'attempt this ſinne, to be ſo neare a fall:
The doubtfull Dye of warre caſt at the maine,
Is ſuch, as one bad Chaunce may loſe you all:
A certaine ſinne, ſeekes an vncertaine gaine:
Which got, your ſelues euen wayle and pittie ſhall:
No way but Peace, leades out from blood and feares,
To free your ſelues, the land, and vs, from teares.

27

Whereto, the diſcontented part replyes:
That they hereto by others wronges inforſt,
Had no way els but theſe extreamities,
And worſt meanes of redreſſe t'auoyd the worſt:
For ſince that Peace did but their ſpoyles deuiſe,
And held them out from grace, as men diuorſt
From th'honors that their fortunes did afford:
Better die with the ſword, then by the ſword.

28

For if pactes, vowes, or oathes, could haue done ought,
There had inough been done, but to no end
But to their ruine, who had euer ſought
T'auoyd theſe broyles, as grieuing to contend,
Smothring diſgraces, drawing to partes remote,
As exild men, where now they were to attend
His Grace with all reſpect, and reuerence,
Not with the ſword of malice, but defence.

29

Whereby they ſhewed that wordes were not to win:
But yet the Pardon workes s'effectually,
That to the King, that very night came in
Sir Andrew Trollop with ſome company,
Contented to redeeme his ſinne with ſin,
Diſloyaltie with infidelitie:
And by this meanes became diſcouered quite
All th'orders of th'intended next dayes fight:

Which

30

Which ſo much wrought vpon their wakened feares,
That preſently their Campe brake vp, ere day,
And euery man with all his ſpeed prepares,
According to their courſe, to ſhift their way.
Yorke with his youngeſt Sonne tow'ards *Ireland* beares,
Warwicke to *Calice*, where his ſaftie lay,
To that ſure harbor of conſpiracie,
Enuies retreit, rebellions nurcerie.

31

Which fatall place, ſeemes that with either hand
Sh'is made t'offend: for *Fraunce* th'afflictes with th'one,
And with the other, did infeſt this land,
As if ordayned to do good to none:
But as a gate to both our ills did ſtand,
To let out plagues on vs, and int'her owne:
A part without vs that ſmall good hath bin,
But to keepe leſſe intire, the whole within.

32

And there, as in their all, and beſt ſupport,
Is *Warwicke* got, with *March* and *Salsbury*,
When all the Gates of *England*, euery Port
And Shore cloſe ſhut, debarres their r'entry,
Lockt out from all, and all left in that ſort,
As no meanes ſeemes can ayde their miſery.
This wound giuen without blow, weakens them more,
Then all their loſſe of blood had done before.

33

For now vpon them standes imperiouſly
Fortune and Powre, with all the States grace on,
And brandes them with the markes of Infamie,
Treaſon, Conſpiracie, Rebellion:
Degrades, depriues them of abilitie,
B'Attayndor and by confiscation:
And ſets a hidious face vpon their crimes,
Which would haue terrified more tymerous times.

34

But here could do no good: for why, this Age
Being in a course of motion, could not rest,
Vntill the reuolution of their rage
Came to that poynt whereto it was addrest.
Misfortune, crosses, ruine, could not swage
That heate of hope, or of reuenge, at least,
The world once set a worke, cannot soone cease,
Nor euer is the same, it is in peace.

34

Other occasions, other intre'sts heere,
The acting spirits vp and awake do keepe:
Fayth, friendship, honour is more sure, more deere,
And more it selfe, then when it is a sleepe:
Worth will stand out, and doth no shadowes feare,
Disgrace receiues impressions far more deepe,
When Ease rather then stirre, or breake her rest,
Lyes still, beares all, content to be oppress.

36

Yorke and his side could not, while life remaynd,
Though thus dispersst, but worke and interdeale:
Nor any sword at home could keepe restraynd
Th'out-breaking powres of this innated zeale:
This humor had so large a passage gayn'd
On th'inward body of the Common-weale,
That 'twas impossible to stop by force,
This current of affections violent course.

37

Yet they at home all their best meanes brought forth
Disordred broyles t'appease or to preuent:
Plac'd in th'auoyded roomes men of great worth,
Great *Sommerset* with powre to *Calice* sent,
Northumberland and *Clifford* to the North,
Whereof they onely had the gouernment,
Defend all landinges, barre all passages
Striue to redresse the publique grieuances.

And

38

And to this end ſummons a Parlament,
Wherein, when as the godly King would not
Vnto th'attayndor of the Lordes conſent,
The Queene in griefe, and in her paſſions hot,
Breakes out in ſpeach louingly violent:
And what (ſayth ſhee) my Lord, haue you forgot
To rule and be a King? Why will you thus
Be milde to them, and cruell vnto vs?

The Parlaments at Couentry.

39

What good haue you procurd by clemencie,
But giuen to wilde preſumption much more head?
And now what cure, what other remedie
Can to our deſp'rat woundes be miniſtred?
Men are not good but for neceſſitie,
Nor orderly are euer borne, but bred:
Famine and pouertie, makes men induſtrious,
But Law muſt make them good, and feare obſequious.

40

My Lord: Hee gouerns well, that's well obayd,
And I ſee temp'rat rigor ſafely ſitts:
For as to him, who *Cotis* once obrayd,
And calld his rigor madneſſe, raging fitts:
Content thee thou vnskilfull man, he ſayd,
My madneſſe keepes my Subiectes in their witts:
And to this courſe you ſee y'are forſt to fall,
Or els you muſt in th'end, vndo vs all.

Cotis a Tyran of Thrace.

41

Looke but (my Lord) on this deare part of you,
This branch ſprong frō your blood, your owne aſpect:
Looke on this Child, and thinke what ſhall enſue
To this faire hope of ours, by your neglect:
Though you reſpect not vs, wrong not his due,
That muſt his right left you from you expect
The right of the renowmed *Lancaſter*
His fathers fathers, and great grand-fathers.

42

Then turnes t'her ſonne: O ſonne! doſt thou not ſee?
He is not mou'd, nor toucht, nor weighes our teares:
What ſhall I do? What hope is left for mee,
When he wantes will to helpe, and thou want'ſt yeares?
Could yet theſe handes of thine but partners bee
In theſe my labors, to keepe out our feares,
How well were I? that now alone muſt toyle,
And turne and toſſe, and yet b'vndone the whyle.

43

I know if thou couldſt helpe, thy mother thus
Should not beyond her ſtrength endure ſo much:
Nor theſe proude Rebels that would ruine vs,
Scape with their haynous treaſons, without touch:
I know thou wouldſt conceiue how dangerous
Mercie were vnto thoſe, whoſe hopes are ſuch,
And not preſerue, whom Law hath ouerthrowne,
Sauing their liuelyhood, to looſe our owne.

44

But ſince thou canſt not, nor I able am,
Thou muſt no more expect of me, deare Sonne,
Nor yet in time to come thy mother blame,
If thou by others weakneſſe be vndonne.
The world with me muſt teſtifie the ſame,
That I haue done my beſt, what could be done:
And haue not fayld with hazard of my life,
The duetie of a mother and a wife.

45

But well, I ſee which way the world will goe:
An let it goe: and ſo turns her about,
Full with ſtout griefe, and with diſdainefull woe:
Which now, her wordes ſhut vp, her lookes let out,
The caſt of her ſide-bended eye did ſhoe
Both ſorrow and reproofe, ſe'ing ſo great doubt,
And no powre to redreſſe, but ſtand and vex,
Impriſoned in the fetters of her ſex.

Yet

46

Yet ſo much wrought theſe moouing argumentes,
Drawne from that blood, Nature ought ſtand vpon,
As his all-vpward bended zeale relentes,
Lookes ſomewhat downe t'a ſelfe tuition:
And ſo to their Attayndors he conſentes,
As that himſelfe, on their ſubmiſſion,
Might by his Prineely powre, in his owne name,
Without a Parlament, reuoke the ſame.

At this Parlament at Couentrie in the yeere. 1459. in the. 38. of Hen. 6. is Ric D. of Yorke, with his ſonne Ed. and all his poſteritie attainted to the ninth degree.

47

Whilſt *Sommerſet* with maine endeuour lay
To get his giuen but vngot gouernment,
The ſtoute *Caliſians* bent another way,
Fiercely repell him, fruſtrates his intent:
Yet takes he *Guines*, landing at *Whitſandbay*;
Whereas the ſwordes he brought, would not conſent
To wound his foes, the fight no rancor hath,
Malice was friendes, and Warre was without wrath.

48

Though hee their hands, yet *Warwicke* had their hartes,
To whom, both men and ſhipping they betrayde,
Whilſt *Englands* (though debarred) ſhore impartes
To him her other-where-intended ayde:
For the Lord *Riuers* paſſing to thoſe partes
T'haue freſh ſupplies, vnto the Duke conuayd
At *Sandwich*, with his Sonne accompayned,
Staying for winde, was taken in his bed.

The L. Riuers and his ſonne Sir Anthonie Wooduill, taken by Iohn Dunham.

49

Whoſe ſhipping and prouiſions *Warwicke* takes
For *Ireland*, with his Chieftaine to conferre,
And within thirtie dayes this voyage makes,
And backe returnes, ere knowne to haue been there:
So that the heauens, the ſea, the winde pertakes
With him, as if they of his faction were;
Or that his ſpirit and valoure were combinde,
With deſtinie, t'effect what he deſignde.

The E. of Warwicke ſayled into Ireland to conferre with the Duke of Yorke.

50

Which working though without, and on the ſhore,
Reach'd yet vnto the center of the land,
Search'd all thoſe humors that were bred before,
Shakes the whole frame whereon the State did ſtand:
Affection, pittie, fortune, feare, being more
Farre off and abſent, then they are at hand.
Pittie becomes a traytor with th'oppreſt,
And many haue been rays'd, by being ſuppreſt.

51

For they had left, although themſelues were gone,
Opinion and their memorie behind:
Which ſo preuayles, that nought could here be done,
But ſtraight was knowne as ſoone as once deſignd:
Court, Counſell-chamber, Closet, all were won
To be reuealers of the Princes mind:
So falſe is Faction, and ſo ſmooth a lyer,
As that it neuer had a ſide entyre.

52

Whereby th'exil'd had leaſure to preuent,
And circumuent what euer was deuizd:
Which made that *Faulconbridg* towards *Sandwich* bent,
That Fortreſſe and the Gouernour ſurprizd:
Who preſently from thence to *Calice* ſent,
Had his vnguilty blood there ſacrifizd,
And *Faulconbridg* returning backe, relates
Th'affection here and zeale of all eſtates.

The L. Faulconbridg ſent to Sandwich, tooke the towne and Sir Simon Monfort Gouernor thereof.

53

Drawne with which newes, and with a ſpirit that dar'd
T'attempt on any liklihood of ſupport:
They take th'aduantage of ſo great regard,
Their landing here ſecur'd them in ſuch ſort,
By *Faulconbridg*, the fatall bridge prepar'd
To be the way of blood, and to tranſport
Returning fury to make greater woundes
Then euer England ſaw within her boundes.

And

54

And but with fifteene hundred men do land
Vpon a land with many millions ſtoor'd,
So much did high-preſuming couradge ſtand
On th'ayde home diſobedience would afford:
Nor were their hopes deceiud, for ſuch a hand
Had innouation ready for the ſword,
As ere they neare vnto the Cittie drew,
Their powre beyond all former greatneſſe grew.

55

Muſe, what ſhall we imagine was the cauſe
Fury runnes out thus vniuerſally?
What Virtues, what affection is it, drawes
Sydes of ſuch powre to this Nobilitie?
Was it their eminence who waighd no lawes?
Or the as-yet vnſtrayn'd vp Sou'raignetie,
Which had this diſproportion in the partes
Of might to draw, diuert, and gouerne hartes?

56

Or did th'opinion of a powre wrong plac'd,
Cauſe this infectious ſickneſſe of the State,
That men rather then wealth, or life, imbrac'd
Deſtruction, ruine, bloodſhed, and debate?
Or had their Virtues, and their Worth imbas'd
The touch of Maieſtie to this low rate?
Then Virtu'and Worth, you proue contagious,
And Honour out of ſquare, growes dangerous.

57

Where *Perianders* leuell'd eares of Corne
Yeeld Princes ſafetie, and the peoples reſt,
Whilſt next to Kinges are plac'd (Kings to adorne)
Theſe (as the Minions who are fauored beſt)
Religion, Law, Statutes, Cuſtomes borne
Of high diſcent, that neuer do infeſt
The land with falſe ſuggeſtions, titles, claymes,
Nor ſeeke for Crownes, whereat Ambition aymes.

But

58

But now against this disproportion bendes
The feeble King all his best industrie:
The K sendes the L Skales, the L Lovel, the E of Kendal, to London
From Coventry, *Skales*, *Lovell*, *Kendall*, sendes,
To hold the Citie in fidelitie:
The Citie which before for others endes,
Was wrought to leaue the part of Maiestie:
And where the Kinges commaund was of no powre,
Yet worke these Lordes so, that they tooke the Towre.

59

And from thence labour to bring in againe
The out-let will of disobedience,
Send terror, threates, intreaties: but in vaine
Warwicke, and *March*, are with all reuerence
And ioy receiued. This place, this loue did gaine
The best part of a Crowne: for whose defence,
The E. of Salisbury left to keepe the citie.
And holding still, stayes *Salsbury*,
Whilst *March* and *Warwicke* other fortunes try.

60

Leading their new got troupes against their King,
Who had t'a womans care resignd his heed:
The Battle of Northampton.
And neare *Northampton* both imbattalling,
Made now the very hart of *England* bleed:
Where, what strange resolutions both sides bring,
And with what deadly rancor they proceed,
Witnesse the blood there shed, and fowlly shed,
That cannot but with sighes be registred.

61

The D. of Bucking. the E. of Shrewes. the L. Egremont, Iohn Vcont Bewmont, Sir William Lucy slayne.
There *Buckingham*, *Talbot*, and *Egremont*,
Bewmont, and *Lucy*, partes of *Lancaster:*
Partes most important, and of chiefe account,
In this vnhappy day, extinguished are.
There, the Lord *Gray*, (whose fayth did not amount
Vnto the trust committed to his care)
Betrayes his King, borne to be strangely tost,
And late againe attain'd, againe is lost.

Againe

62

Againe is loſt this outſide of a King,
Ordaind for others vſes,not his owne:
Who to the part that had him,could but bring
Onely a feeble body and a Crowne:
Which yet was that they held the only thing,
And both ſides labord for ſo much,to crowne
Their cauſe with the apparencie of might,
From whom,& by whom,they muſt make their right.

The King is conuaide to London,the Towre yeelded vp to the Lords & the L. Skales who kept it is murthered.

63

Whilſt he himſelfe(as if he nought eſteem'd
The higheſt Crowne on earth)continues one,
Weake to the world, which his Religion deem'd
Like to the breath of mans vaine,and ſoone gone:
Whilſt the ſtoute Queene,by ſpeedy flight redeem'd
The ſafetie of her ſelfe,and of her Sonne:
And with her,*Sommerſet* to *Durham* fled,
Her powres ſuppreſt,her hart vnuanquiſhed.

64

So much for abſent *Yorke*, is acted here,
Stay'ng ſtill for *Engliſh* hopes on th'*Iriſh* coaſt:
Which when vnlookt-for,they related were,
Ambition fayles not,to be here in poaſt,
And comes with greater glory to appeare:
Which ſeemes to be made more,by be'ing long loſt,
And to the Parlament with ſtate is led,
Which his aſſociates had fore-ſommoned.

65

And come into the Chamber of the Peeres,
He ſets him downe in the Chayre of Eſtate:
Where ſuch an vnexpected face appeares
Of an amazed Court,that gazing ſate
With a dombe ſilence,as it ſeemes it feares
The thing it went about t'effectuate,
As if the place,the cauſe,the conſcience gaue,
Barres to the wordes their forced courſe ſhould haue.

66

Tis ſtrange thoſe times, which brought ſuch hands for (blood,
Did not breed tongues to make good any ſide:
And that no proſtituted conſcience ſtood,
Any iniuſtice, to haue iuſtifide,
(As men of the forelorne hope, onely good,
In deſperateſt actions to b'imployde)
And that none in th'aſſembly there was found,
That would t'ambitious deskant giue a ground.

67

That euen himſelfe forſt of neceſſitie,
Muſt be the Orator of his owne cauſe:
For hauing viewd them all, and could eſpie
None proff'ring once to ſpeake, all in a pauſe,
On this friend lookes with an inuiting eye,
And then on that, as yf he woo'd applauſe,
Holding the cloth of State ſtill in his hand,
The ſigne which he would haue them vnderſtand.

68

But ſe'ing none moue, with an imperiall port,
Gathring his ſpirites, he ryſes from his ſeat,
doth with ſuch powre of wordes, his cauſe ſupport,
As ſeemes all others cauſes to defeat.
And ſure who workes his greatneſſe in that ſort,
Muſt haue more powres, then he that is borne great:
Such reuolutions are not wrought, but when
Thoſe ſpirits worke, which muſt be more then men.

69

He argues firſt his right, ſo long with-held
By th'vſurpation of the *Lancaſters*;
The right of a direct line, alwayes held,
The ſacred courſe of blood, our Anceſtors,
Our Lawes, our reuerent Cuſtomes haue vpheld
With holy handes, whence when diſorder erres,
What horrors, what confuſion, do we ſee,
Till it b'againe reduc'd where it ſhould bee?

And

70

And how it proſpers with this wretched land,
Witneſſe the vniuerſall miſerie
Wherein as if accurſt, the Realme doth ſtand
Depriu'd of ſtate, wealth, honor, dignitie;
The Church oppreſt, the Laytie vnder the hand
Of violence, extortion, robberie:
No face of order, no reſpect of Lawes,
And thus complaynes of what himſelfe is cauſe.

71

Accuſing others inſolence, that they
S'impayred the Reuenues of the Crowne,
That euen the King was forſt onely to pray
Vpon his Subiectes poore, and wretched growne:
And that they now ſought *Ireland* to betray,
And *Calice* to the *French*, which he had knowne
By th'intercepted notes of their owne hand,
Who were the onely Traytors of the land.

72

And yet procur'd th'Attayndors moſt vniuſt,
Of others guiltleſſe and vnſpotted blood,
Who euermore had labourd in their truſt
And faythfull ſeruice, for their Countries good:
And yet with extreame violence were thruſt
Quite out of all, ſpoyld of their liuelyhood,
Expoſd to all the miſeries of life,
Which they indur'd t'auoyd, bloodſhed, and ſtriſe.

73

But ſince (ſayth he) their malice hath no end,
But t'end vs all, and to vndo the land:
For which the hatefull *French* gladly attend,
And at this inſtant, haue their ſwordes in hand:
And that the God of heauen doth ſeeme to bend
vnto our cauſe, whereto the beſt men ſtand:
And that this blood of mine, ſo long time fought,
Seemes as reſeru'd to be for ſomething wrought:

74

It reſtes within your iudgmentes to vpright,
Or els to ruine vtterly the land:
For thus be ſure, I muſt purſue my right
Whilſt I haue breath, or I and mine can ſtand:
Thinke whether this poore State, being in this plight,
Stands not in need of ſome vprayſing hand?
And whether tis not time we ſhould haue reſt,
And haue confuſion, and our woundes redreſt?

75

This ſayd, he turnes aſide, and out he goes
Leaues them to counſell what was to be done:
Where though the moſt part gathred, were of thoſe
Who ſure would make no oppoſition:
Yet ſome more temprate, offred to propoſe
Matter worthy conſideration:
Who though they knew his right, was ſuch, in ſight,
Yet ſeem'd not now t'haue the right face of Right.

76

Since for the ſpace of threeſcore yeeres, the Crowne
Had been in act poſſeſt, in three diſcentes,
Confirmd by all the Nobles of renowne,
Peoples aſſent, oathes, Parlamentes,
So many Actes of ſtate, both of our owne,
And of all other forayne Gouernmentes:
That wrongue by order, may grow right by this,
Since Right, th'obſeruer but of order is.

77

And then conſidring firſt how *Bullingbrooke*,
Landing in *Yorkeſhire* but with three ſcore men,
By the conſent of all the Kingdome, tooke
The Crowne vpon him, held for lawfull then,
His vnckle *Yorke* and all the Peeres betooke
Themſelues to him, as to their Soueraigne:
The others wronges, and his propinquitie,
Seemd then to make no diſtance in their eie.

Nor

77

Nor was without example in thoſe dayes,
Wherein as in all Ages, States do take
The ſide of publique Peace, to counterpoyſe
The waight of wrong, which time, may rightfull make:
No elderhood *Rufus* and *Henry* ſtayes,
The imperiall Crowne of England t'vndertake:
And *Iohn* before his nephew *Arthur* ſpeedes,
Whom though depriu'd, *Henry* his ſonne ſucceedes,

W. Rufus and Hen. 1. preferd before their elder brother.

79

Edward the third enters vnto the State
Vpon his fathers depriuation:
All which, though ſeeming wronges, yet rightly ſate
In th'after body of ſucceſſion:
And if they could ſo worke to accomodate
All thinges to each mans ſatisfaction,
They wiſht the crowne might where it ſtood, remaine,
Farther confuſed miſchiefes to reſtraine.

Hen 3. ſucceeds in the kingdome after the depriuation of his father, and the election of Lewes.

80

Thus th'auncient Fathers of the Law aduiſe,
Graue Baron *Thorpe* and learned *Forteſcue*;
Who though they could not faſhion otherwiſe,
Thoſe ſtrong-bent humors, which a way-ward grew,
Yet ſeemd to quallifie th'extremities,
And to that godly King ſome reuerence drew,
That they at length, during his life agreed
He ſhould be King, and *Yorke* ſhould him ſucceed:

81

Which ſolemnly enacted was beſide,
Proclaym'd with ioyfull acclamations,
And intermutually there ratifide
By oathes, vowes, proteſtations,
Buylt with all ſtrength of forme, as to abide
All whatſoeuer oppoſitions,
And might haue ſeem'd ſure and autenticall,
Had all this body of the State been all.

82

But *Trent*, thou kept'ſt a part, *Thams* had not all,
The *North* deuided honor, with the *South*,
And lik powre held like greatnes ſeuerall,
Where other right, ſpake with another mouth,
Another Heire, another Prince they call,
Whom naturall ſucceſſion follow doth:
The branch of Kings, the true ſonne of the Crowne,
T'whoſe Child, no father can but loue his owne.

83

The King as husband to the Crowne, doth by
The wiues infeofment hold, and onely here
Inioyes the ſame for life by curteſie,
Without powre to diſpoſe it other where
After his life: but as th'authoritie,
Order and cuſtome of ſucceſſion beare:
And therefore *Henries* Act, cannot vndo
The right of him, whom it belonges vnto.

84

And the vnnaturall intruſion
Of that attainted blood out of all courſe,
Onely effected with confuſion,
Muſt be reduc'd to other tearmes of force:
Theſe inſolencies may not thus go on,
The ſword whereto they onely had recourſe
Muſt cut this knot ſo intricately tyde,
Whoſe vaine contriued ends are plaine diſcryde.

85

Thus they giue out, and out the ſword in hand
Is drawne for blood, to iuſtifie the ſame:
And by a ſide with many'a worthy man'd
Great *Sommerſet*, *Exceſter*, *Buckingham*,
Clifford, *Courtney*, and *Northumberland*;
Lordes of as mightie ſpirites, as of name,
Who all againſt *Yorkes* forced courſes bend,
Who though h'had done, he had not made an end.

86

But to another worke is forc'd to go,
The laſt turmoyle lab'ring Ambition had,
Where Pride and ouer-weening led him ſo,
(For fortunes paſt) as made the iſſue ſad:
For, whether ſafer counſell would or no,
His yet vnfurniſht troupes he deſprat led
From *Sandall* Caſtle vnto *Wakefielde* Greene,
Againſt far mightier forces of the Queene.

87

Where round incloſd by Ambuſhments fore-layd,
Hard-working for his life: but all in vaine,
With number and confuſion ouer-layd,
Himſelfe, and valiant *Salsbury*, are ſlaine:
With whom, the moſt and deareſt blood decayd,
Of his couragious and aduenturous trayne:
So ſhort a life had thoſe long hopes of his,
Borne not to weare the Crowne he wrought for thus.

The Battle of Wakefielde, where the D. of Yorke is ſlaine: the E. of Salsburie taken and beheaded at Yorke: the E. of Rutland, youngeſt ſon to the D. of Yorke murthered after the Battle.

88

But in the ryſe of his out-ſpringing luſt,
Now in the laſt of hope, had this foule fall:
Now that his working powres ſo far had thruſt,
That his deſires had but this ſtep to all,
When ſo neare home, he ſeemd paſt all diſtruſt,
This vnexpected wracke doth him befall:
This ſucceſſor th'inheritor forgoes;
The play-game made of Fortune, and his foes.

89

Whoſe young ſonne *Rutland*, made the ſacrifiſe
For others ſinnes, ere he knew how to ſinne:
Brought only but to ſee this exerciſe
Of blood and woundes, ends ere he did beginne:
Whoſe teares, whoſe mone, whoſe lamentable cryes,
Could neither mercie nor compaſſion winne:
The branch of ſuch a tree, though tender now,
Was not thought fit ſhould any longer grow.

Which

90

Which turning Chaunce t'a long vngraced ſide,
Bringes backe their almoſt quayled hopes againe,
And thruſtes them on, to vſe the preſent tide
And ſlo of this occaſion, to regaine
Th'inthralled Monarch, and to vndiſcide
The late concluded Act they held ſo vaine,
And mooues their Armies new refreſht with ſpoyle,
For more confuſion, and for more turmoyle.

91

The 2. Battle at S. Albones

Victoriouſly proceeding vn-withſtood,
Till at *S. Albones Warwicke* forſt a ſtand:
Whereas (to make his owne vndooing good)
The King is brought againſt himſelfe to hands
His Powre and Crowne is ſet againſt his blood,
Forſt on the ſide, not of himſelfe to ſtand
Deuided King, in what a caſe thou art?
To haue thy hand thus bent againſt thy hart.

92

And here this famous fatall place againe,
Is made the ſtage of Blood, againe theſe ſtreetes
Imbrud with ſlaughter, cou'red with the ſlaine,
Witneſſe what deſprat wrath with rancor meetes.
But Fortune now is in an other vaine,
Another ſide her tendring fauour greetes:
The King againe recouered by the Queene.
The King heere lately loſt, is now heere won,
Still ſure t'vndoe the ſide that he was on.

93

The E. of Warwicke with the D. of Norffoke, put to flight, and Sir Iohn Gr y ſlaine on the Queenes ſide

Warwicke with other Genius then his owne,
Had heere to doe, which made him ſee the face
Of lad misfortune, in the ſelfe ſame Towne
Where proſprous winning lately gaue him grace:
And *Marg'ret* heere, this martiall Amazon,
Was with the ſpirit of her ſelfe in place:
Whoſe labors, Fortune euen to pittie, ſtir
And being a woman, could but giue it her.

The

94

The reputation and incouragement
Of *Wakefield* glory, wakened them to this;
And this ſeemes now eu'n th'accompliſhment
Of all their trauell, all their combrances:
For what can more diſturbe this Gouernement
When *Yorkes* extinct, *Warwicke* conquered is,
Directing *Salsbury* without a head,
What reſts it now, that all's not finiſhed?

95

Thus, for the ſicke, preſeruing Nature, ſtriues
Againſt corruption, and the loathſome graue,
When out of Deaths colde hands ſhe backe repriues
Th'almoſt confounded ſpirites, ſhe faine would ſaue:
And them cheeres vp, illightens, and reuiues,
Making faint ſickeneſſe, words of health, to haue,
With lookes of life, as if the worſt were paſt,
When ſtrait comes diſſolution and his laſt.

96

And ſo it fares with this reuiued Queene,
Whoſe Victories ſo fortunately wonne,
Haue, but as onelie lightning motions beene,
Before the ruine that inſude thereon:
For now another ſpringing powre is ſeene,
Whereto, as to the new ariſing Sunne,
All turne their faces, leauing thoſe low rayes
Of ſetting Fortune, which no climer weyes.

97

Now is yong *March* more than a Duke of *Yorke*,
(For youth, loue, grace and courage makes him more)
All which for Fortunes fauour now do worke,
Who graces freſheſt Actors euermore,
Making the firſt attempt the chiefeſt worke
Of any mans deſignes, that ſtriues therefore,
The after ſeaſons are not ſo well bleſt,
For thoſe firſt ſpirites make the firſt actions beſt.

98

Now, like the *Libian* Lion, when with paine
The weary Hunter had pursu'd his pray
From Rockes to Brakes, from Thickets to the Plaine,
And at the poynt thereon his hands to lay,
Hard-by his hopes, his eie vpon his gaine,
Out rushing from his denne rapts all away:
So comes yong *March* their hopes to disappoint,
Who now were growne so neere vnto the point.

99

The loue of these important southerne partes,
Of *Essex*, *Surry*, *Middlesex* and *Kent*,
The Queene had wholly lost, as they, whose harts
Grew ill affected to her gouernement,
Vpon th'vnciuile and presumptuous parts,
Playd by the Northerne troupes, growne insolent,
Whom though she could not gouerne otherwise,
Yet th'ill that's wrought for her, vpon her lies.

100

So wretched is this execrable warre,
This ciuile Sword, wherein, though all we see
Be foule, and all things miserable are,
Yet most of all is eu'n the victorie;
Which is, not onely the extreame ruiner
Of others, but her owne calamitie;
Where who obtaines, cannot what he would, do;
Their powre hath part that holpe him thereunto.

101

Which causd that she not long her conquest ioy'd,
Nor long imbrac'd her Lords redemption,
Who now with passion wholly ouerioy'd,
Triumphes t'haue lost the day, to be so wonne,
Blessing their care, praising their faithfull ayde;
Embracing now his wife, and now his sonne,
Whom there with many others else he knights,
Who for him, held against him fiercest fights.

102

Thus he that lately of another ſide,
Was brought of force to be of their intent,
Recarried with the current of the tide,
Is backe return'd t'his proper element:
Th'vnvoluntary bonds ſeeme as vntide;
For forc'd t'offend h'is almoſt innocent:
N'agreement, that neceſsity conſtraines,
Longer than the neceſsitie, remaines.

103

The Citty, whoſe goodwill they moſt deſire,
Yet thereto durſt not to commit their ſtate,
Sends them not thoſe prouiſions they require,
Which ſeem'd reſtrained by the peoples hate;
Yet *Marches* helpe farre off, and neere this fire,
To winne them time, forc'd them to mediate
A reconcilement, which well intertain'd,
Was fairely now growne on, and neerely gain'd.

104

When with a thouſand tongs ſwift-wing'd Fame comes,
And tells of *Marches* gallant Victories,
Who, what withſtands, ſubdues, all ouercomes,
Making his way through fierceſt enemies,
As hauing now to caſt in greater ſommes
The reckning of his hopes, that mainely riſe,
His fathers death, giues more life vnto wrath,
And this laſt valour, greateſt courage hath.

105

And now as for his laſt, his lab'ring worth
Workes on the coaſt which on faire *Seuerne* lies,
Whither, when *Yorke* ſet forward for the North,
Hee's ſent to leuie other freſh ſupplies:
But hearing now what *Wakefield* had brought forth,
Imploring ayde againſt theſe iniuries,
Obtaines from *Gloſter*, *Worſter*, *Shrewsbury*,
Important powres to worke his remedy;

106

Iasper earle of Pembrok. and Iames Butler earle of Ormond and Wilshire

Which he against *Pembrooke*, and *Ormond* bends,
Whom *Margaret* now vpon her victory
With all speed possible from *Wakefield* sendes
With hope to haue surpris'd him suddainly
Wherin though she all meanes, all wit extends,
To th'vtmost reach of wary pollicie,
Yet nothing her avayles, no plots succeed
T'avert those mischiefes which the heauens decreed.

107

The battell of Mortimers Crosse, where Owen Teuther Father to the earle of Pembrooke, who had married King Henries mother was taken and beheaded.

For neere the Crosse christened by his owne name,
He crosst those mighty forces of his foes,
And with a spirit, borne for eternall fame,
Their eger-fighting armie ouerthrowes:
Making all cleere behind from whence he came,
Bearing downe wholy what before him rose;
Like to an all-confounding torrent seemes,
Whereinto runne *Warwicks* dispierced streames.

108

With th'inundation of which greatnes, he
Hauing no bounds of powre to keepe him backe,
Marcht to the Cittie; at whose entrance free,
No signes of ioy, nor no applaudings lacke:
Whose neere approach, when this sad Queene did see,
T'auoyde these rockes of her neere threatning wracke,
With her grieu'd troupes vnto the North departs,
Leauing to Youth and Fortune these south parts.

109

Glory with admiration entring thus,
Opened that easie doore to his intent,
As now there needes not long time to discusse
The right he had vnto the gouernement;
Nor *Henries* dealing most iniurious,
Against his othe, and th'Act of Parlement:
For heere the speediest way he takes t'accord
Diffrence in law, that pleades it with the Sword.

Gathred

110

Gath'red to ſee his muſtred Companies,
Stoode all the flocking troopes of *London* ſtreets,
When *Faulconbridge* with gentle feeling tries
How ſtrong the pulſe of their affection beates;
And reckning vp the grieuous miſeries
And deſolation which the country threats,
Askt them whom they would haue to be their King,
To leade thoſe troopes, and State in forme to bring.

111

Whereto, with ſuch an vniuerſall ſhowt,
The earle of *March* all generally cries,
As the rebounding Eccho all throughout,
From Towre to Towre reuerberated, flies
To th'eares of thoſe great Lords, who ſate about
The conſultation for this enterpriſe,
VVhoſe care is ſau'd, which moſt they ſtoode vpon,
For what they counſell how to doe, is done.

112

Nothing, but now to crowne this choſen King
Remaines, (which muſt not long remaine) to do,
The preſent heate doth ſtrait diſpatch the thing,
VVith all thoſe ſolemne rites that long thereto:
So that what *Yorke* with all his trauelling,
Force and intruſion could not get vnto,
Is now thus freely layde vpon his ſonne,
Borne to make faire, what fowly was begunne.

113

In whom appeare all Maieſties beſt partes
Both pers'nage, bloud, vertue, powre and wit,
Which in the throne and kingdome of mens hartes,
Onely makes princes gloriouſly to ſit,
And which, now to recure the broken parts,
Of a diſ-ioynted Rule, were onely fitte,
To whom my verſe now vowes of honor brings,
This is my ſide, my Muſe muſt hold with kings.

114

But had this end attaind, here made an end
Of foule deſtruction, and had ſtayd the bloud
Which *Saxton*, *Exham*, *Tewksbury* did ſpend
With deſp'rate hands, and deeper woundes withſtood:
And that none other Crowne, brought to contend
With this of thine, had made thine ſeeme leſſe good;
How had this long-afflicted land beene bleſt,
Our ſighes had ended, and my Muſe had ceaſt.

115

Which now but in the midd'ſt of her long way
Stands trembling at the horrors that ſucceed,
Weary with blood and ſlaughter, faine would ſtay
Her farther courſe vnwilling to proceed,
And faine would ſee that glorious holy day
Of vnion, which this diſcord hath agreed,
And knowes not yet what to reſolue vpon,
Whether to leaue off heere, or elſe go on.

FINIS.

MVSOPHILVS:

Containing,

A generall Defence of Learning.

To the right worthy and iudicious *fauourer of Virtue, master Fulke Greuill.*

I Doe not here vpon this humʼrous Stage,
Bring my transformed verſe, apparelled
With others paſsions, or with others rage;
With loues, with wounds, with factions furniſhed:
But here preſent thee, onely modelled
In this poore frame, the forme of mine owne heart:
Where, to reuiue my ſelfe, my Muſe is led
With motions of her owne, tʼact her owne part,
Striuing, to make her now contemned Arte,
As faire tʼher ſelfe as poſsibly ſhe can;
Leſt, ſeeming of no force, of no deſert,
She might repent the courſe that ſhe began;
And, with theſe times of diſſolution, fall
From goodnes, virtue, glorie, fame and all.

MVSOPHILVS.

Containing

A generall Defence of all Learning.

Philocosmus.

FOnd man *Musophilus*, that thus dost spend,
In an vngainefull Arte thy deerest dayes,
Tyring thy wits, and toyling, to no end,
But to attaine that ydle smoake of Praise:
Now when this busie world cannot attend
Th'vntimely musicke of neglected layes.
Other delights then these, other desires
This wiser profit-seeking Age requires.

Musophilus.

FRiend *Philocosmus*, I confesse indeede,
I loue this sacred Arte thou sett'st so light,
And though it neuer stand my life in steed,
It is enough, it giues my selfe delight,
The whiles my vnafflicted minde doth feede
On no vnholy thoughts for benefit.

Be it, that my vnſeaſonable Song
Come out of time, that fault is in the Time,
And I muſt not do Virtue ſo much wrong,
As loue her aught the worſe for others crime:
And yet I find ſome bleſſed ſpirits among,
That cheriſh me, and like, and grace my Rime.
Againe, that I do more in Soule eſteeme,
Then all the gaine of duſt the world doth craue:
And, if I may attaine, but to redeeme
My name from Diſſolution, and the Graue,
I ſhall haue done enough, and better deeme
T'haue liu'd to be, then to haue dide to haue.
Short-breath'd Mortalitie would yet extend
That ſpanne of life ſo far forth as it may,
And rob her fate, ſeeke to beguile her end
Of ſome few lingring dayes of after ſtay,
That all this little All, might not deſcend
Into the darke a vniuerſall pray.
And giue our Labors yet this poore delight,
That when our dayes do end, they are not done:
And though we die, wee ſhall not periſh quite,
But liue two liues, where other haue but one.

Philocoſmus.

SEely deſires of ſelfe-abuſing man,
Striuing to gaine th'inheritance of Aire,
That hauing done the vttermoſt he can,
Leaues yet, perhaps, but beggarie to his heire:
All that great purchaſe of the breath he wan,
Feedes not his race, or makes his houſe more faire.

And

And what art thou the better, thus to leaue
A multitude of words to ſmall effect,
Which other times may ſcorne, and ſo deceaue
Thy promis'd name, of what thou doſt expect?
Beſides, ſome viperous Criticke may bereaue
Th'opinion of thy woorth for ſome defect,
And get more reputation of his wit,
By, but controlling of ſome word or ſence,
Then thou ſhalt Honour, for contriuing it,
With all thy trauell, care, and diligence,
Being Learning now inough, to contradict,
And cenſure others, with bold inſolence.
Beſides, ſo many ſo confuſedly ſing,
Whoſe diuerſe diſcordes haue the muſicke mar'd,
And in contempt that myſterie doth bring,
That he muſt ſing alowd that will be heard:
And the receiu'd opinion of the thing,
For ſome vnhallowed ſtrings that vildely iar'd,
Hath ſo vnſeaſon'd now the eares of men,
That, who doth touch the tenour of that vaine,
Is held but vaine, and his vnreckned pen
The title but of Leuitie doth gaine.
A poore light gaine, to recompence their toyle,
That thought to get Eternitie the while.
And therefore, leaue the left and out-worne courſe
Of vnregarded wayes, and labour how
To fit the times with what is moſt in force,
Be new with mens affections that are new:
Striue not to run an ydle counter-courſe,
Out from the ſcent of humours, men allow.
For, not diſcreetly to compoſe our partes
Vnto the frame of men (which we muſt be)

Is to put off our ſelues, and make our Artes
Rebels to Nature and Societie,
Whereby we come to bury our deſarts,
In th'obſcure graue of Singularitie.

Muſophilus.

DO not profane the worke of doing well,
Seduced man, that canſt not looke ſo hie
From out that miſt of earth, as thou canſt tell
The wayes of Right, which Virtue doth deſcry,
That ouer-lookes the baſe, contemptibly,
And low-layd follies of Mortalitie:
Nor mete out Truth and right-deſeruing Praiſe,
By that wrong meaſure of Confuſion,
The vulgar foote, that neuer takes his wayes
By Reaſon, but by Imitation,
Rowling on with the reſt, and neuer weighs
The courſe which he ſhould go, but what is gone.
Wel were it with Mankinde, if, what the moſt
Did like, were beſt, but Ignorance will liue
By others ſquare, as by example loſt:
And man to man muſt th'hand of Errour giue,
That none can fall alone, at their owne coſt,
And al, becauſe men iudge not, but beleene. (bounds,
For what poore bounds haue they, whom but th'earth
What is their end whereto their care attaines,
When the thing got, relieues not, but confounds,
Hauing but trauell to ſucceed their paines?
What ioy hath he of liuing, that propounds
Affliction but his end, and Griefe his gaines?

Gath'ring,

Gath'ring, incroching, wreſting, ioyning to,
Deſtroying, building, decking, furniſhing,
Repayring, altring, and ſo much adoe,
To his ſoules toile, and bodies trauelling:
And all this dooth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordaines to haue th'inheriting.
And his faire houſe rais'd hie in Enuies eie,
Whoſe pillars rear'd (perhaps) on bloud and wrong,
The ſpoyles and pillage of Iniquitie,
Who can aſſure it to continue long?
If Rage ſpar'd not the walles of Pietie,
Shall the profaneſt piles of ſinne keepe ſtrong?
How many prowd aſpiring Pallaces
Haue we knowne, made the prey of Wrath and Pride,
Leuell'd with th'earth, left to Forgetfulnes,
Whilſt titlers their pretended rights decide,
Or ciuil tumults, or an orderleſſe
Order, pretending change of ſome ſtrong ſide?
Then where is that prowde Title of thy name,
Written in yce of melting vanitie?
Where is thine heire left to poſſeſſe the ſame?
Perhaps, not ſo well as in Beggarie.
Something may riſe to be beyond the ſhame
Of vile and vnregarded Pouerty.
Which I confeſſe, although I often ſtriue
To clothe in the beſt habite of my skill,
In all the faireſt colours I can giue:
Yet for all that, me thinkes ſhe lookes but ill,
I cannot brooke that face, which dead-aliue
Shewes a quicke body, but a buryed will.
Yet oft we ſee, the barres of this reſtraint
Holds goodnes in, which looſe wealth would let flie,

And fruitleſſe riches barrainer than want,
Brings foorth ſmall worth from ydle Libertie:
Which when Diſorders ſhal againe make ſcant,
It muſt refetch her ſtate from Pouertie.
But yet in all this interchange of all,
Virtue we ſee, with her faire grace, ſtands faſt:
For what hie Races hath there come to fall,
With low diſgrace, quite vaniſhed and paſt,
Since Chaucer liu'd, who yet liues, and yet ſhall,
Though (which I grieue to ſay) but in his laſt.
Yet what a time hath he wreſted from Time,
And won vpon the mighty waſte of dayes,
Vnto th'immortall honor of our clime,
That by his meanes came firſt adorn'd with Bayes,
Vnto the ſacred Relickes of whoſe rime,
We yet are bound in zeale to offer praiſe:
And, could our lines, begotten in this age,
Obtayne but ſuch a bleſſed hand of yeares,
And ſcape the fury of that threatning rage,
Which in confuſed clowdes ghaſtly appeares,
Who would not ſtraine, his trauels to ingage,
When ſuch true glory ſhould ſucceede his cares:
But whereas he came planted in the Spring,
And had the Sunne, before him, of Reſpect:
We, ſet in th'Autumne, in the withering
And ſullen ſeaſon of a cold defect,
Muſt taſte thoſe ſowre diſtaſtes the times do bring
Vpon the fulneſſe of a cloyd Neglect,
Although the ſtronger conſtitutions ſhall
Weare out th'infection of diſtempred dayes,
And come with glory to out-liue this fall,
Recou'ring of another ſpring of Praiſe,

Cleer'd

Cleer'd from th'oppreſsing humors, wherewithall
The ydle Multitude ſurcharge their laies.
Whenas (perhaps) the words thou ſcorneſt now
May liue, the ſpeaking picture of the Minde,
The extract of the Soule, that laboured, how
To leaue the Image of herſelfe behinde,
Wherein Poſteritie, that loue to know
The iuſt proportion of our Spirites, may finde.
For theſe Lines are the veines, the arteries,
And vndecaying life-ſtrings of thoſe harts
That ſtil ſhall pant, and ſtill ſhall exercize
The motion, ſpirit, and Nature both imparts,
And ſhall, with thoſe aliue ſo ſympathize,
As, nouriſht with their powers, inioy their parts.
O bleſſed Letters, that combine in one,
All Ages paſt, and make one liue with all:
By you, we do conferre with who are gone,
And the dead-liuing vnto Councell call:
By you, th'vnborne ſhall haue communion
Of what we feele, and what doth vs befall.
Soule of the World, Knowledge, without thee,
What hath the Earth, that truely glorious is?
Why ſhould our Pride make ſuch a ſtir to be,
To be forgot? What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight?
And let th'vnnaturall and wayward Race,
Borne of one wombe with vs, but to our ſhame,
That neuer read t'obſerue, but to diſgrace,
Raiſe all the tempeſt of their powre, to blame
That puffe of Folly neuer can deface,
The worke a happy *Genius* tooke to frame.

Yet

Yet why ſhould ciuill Learning ſeeke to wound
And mangle her owne members with deſpight?
Prodigious wits, that ſtudy to confound
The life of wit, to ſeeme to know aright,
As if themſelues had ſo fortunately found
Some ſtand from off the earth beyond our ſight,
Whence, ouerlooking all, as from aboue,
Their grace is not to worke, but to repreue.
But how came they plac'd in ſo high degree
Aboue the reach and compaſſe of the reſt?
Who hath admitted them onely to be
Free-denizons of skill, to iudge the beſt?
From whom the world as yet could neuer ſee
The warrant of their wit ſoundly expreſt.
T'acquaint our times with that perfection
Of high conceipt, which onely they poſſeſſe,
That we might haue things exquiſitely done,
Meaſur'd with al their ſtrict obſeruances:
Such would (I know) ſcorne a Tranſlation,
Or bring but others labours to the Preſſe:
Yet, oft theſe monſter-breeding mountaines will
Bring forth Mice of great expected skill.
Preſumption euer fulleſt of defects,
Failes in the doing to performe her part:
And I haue knowne prowd words, and poore effects,
Of ſuch indeede as do condemne this Arte:
But let them reſt, it euer hath beene knowne,
They others virtues ſcorn, that doubt their owne.
And for the diuers diſagreeing cordes
Of interiangling Ignorance, that fill
The dainty eares, and leaue no rowme for wordes,
The worthier mindes neglect, or pardon will:

Know-

Knowing the beſt he hath, he frankly foords,
And ſcornes to be a niggard of his skill.
And that the rather, ſince this ſhort-liu'd race,
Being fatally the ſonnes but of one day,
That now with all their powre plie it apace,
To hold out with the greateſt might they may,
Againſt Confuſion, that hath all in chace,
To make of all, a vniuerſall pray.
For now great Nature hath laid downe at laſt
That mighty birth, wherewith ſo long ſhe went,
And ouer-went the times of ages paſt,
Here to lie in, vpon our ſoft content,
Where fruitfull ſhe, hath multiplied ſo faſt,
That all ſhe hath, on theſe times ſeem'd t'haue ſpent.
All that which might haue many ages grac'd,
Is borne in one, to make one cloyd with all,
Where Plenty hath impreſt a deepe diſtaſt,
Of beſt and worſt, and all in generall:
That Goodnes ſeemes Goodnes to haue defac't,
And Virtue hath to Virtue giu'n the fall.
For Emulation, that prowd nurſe of Wit,
Scorning to ſtay below, or come behinde,
Labors, vpon that narrow top to ſit
Of ſole Perfection, in the higheſt kinde:
Enuy and Wonder looking after it,
Thruſt likewiſe, on the ſelfeſame bliſſe to finde:
And ſo, long ſtriuing, till they can no more,
Do ſtuffe the place, or others hopes ſhut out,
Who, doubting to ouertake thoſe gone before,
Giue vp their care, and caſt no more about:
And ſo, in ſcorne, leaue all as fore poſſeſt,
And will be none, where they may not be beſt.
Eu'n like ſome empty Creeke, that long hath laine,

Left,or neglected of the Riuer by,
Whoſe ſearching ſides, pleas'd with a wandring vain,
Finding ſome little way that cloſe did lie,
Steale in at firſt, then other ſtreames againe
Second the firſt, then more then all ſupply,
Till all the mighty maine hath borne,at laſt,
The glory of his chiefeſt powre that way,
Plying this new-found pleaſant roome ſo faſt,
Till all be full,and all be at a ſtay:
And then about,and backe againe doth caſt,
Leauing that full to fall another way:
So fares this hum'rous world,that euermore
Rapt with the current of a preſent courſe,
Runs into that which lay contemnd before:
Then glutted,leaues the ſame, and falles t'a worſe:
Now Zeale holdes all, no life but to adore,
Then cold in ſpirit, and Faith is of no force.
Strait,all that holy was,vnhallowed lies,
The ſcattred carkaſſes of ruin'd vowes:
Then Truth is falſe, and now hath Blindneſſe eies,
Then Zeale truſts all,now ſcarcely what it knowes:
That euermore, to fooliſh,or to wiſe,
It fatall is to be ſeduc'd with ſhowes.
Sacred Religion, mother of Forme and Feare,
How gorgeouſly ſometimes doſt thou ſit deckt?
What pompous veſtures do we make thee weare?
What ſtately piles we prodigall erect?
How ſweete perfum'd thou art,how ſhining cleare?
How ſolempnly obſeru'd,with what reſpect?
Another time,all plaine,and quite threed-bare,
Thou muſt haue all within,and nought without,
Sit poorely without light,diſrob'd,no care
Of outward grace,to amuze the poore deuour,

Powre-

Powreleſſe, vnfollowed, ſcarcely men can ſpare
Thee neceſſary rites to ſet thee out.
Either Trueth, Goodnes, Virtue are not ſtill
The ſelfeſame which they are, and alwayes one,
But alter to the proiect of our will,
Or we, our actions make them waite vpon,
Putting them in the liuery of our skill,
And caſt them off againe when we haue done.
You mighty Lords, that with reſpected grace
Do at the ſterne of faire example ſtand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand,
Keepe a right courſe, beare vp from all diſgrace,
Obſerue the point of glory to our land:
Hold vp diſgraced Knowledge from the ground,
Keepe Virtue in requeſt, giue Worth her due,
Let not Neglect with barbarous meanes confound
So faire a good, to bring in night anew.
Be not, O be not acceſſary found
Vnto her death, that muſt giue life to you.
Where will you haue your vertuous name ſafe laide?
In gorgeous Tombes, in ſacred Cels ſecure?
Do you not ſee thoſe proſtrate heapes betraide
Your fathers bones, and could not keepe them ſure?
And will you truſt deceitfull ſtones faire laide,
And thinke they will be to your honor truer?
No, no, vnſparing Time wil prowdly ſend
A warrant vnto Wrath, that with one frowne
Will all theſe mock'ries of vaine-glory rend,
And make them as before, vngrac'd, vnknowne,
Poore ydle honors that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keepe their owne.
And whereto ſerue that wondrous *Trophee* now,
That on the goodly Plaine neare *Wilton* ſtands?

That huge dombe heape, that cannot tell vs how,
Nor what, nor whence it is, nor with whoſe hands,
Nor for whoſe glory, it was ſet to ſhew
How much our pride mockes that of other lands?
Whereon, whenas the gazing paſſenger
Hath greedy lookt with admiration,
And faine would know his birth, and what he were,
How there erected, and how long agone:
Enquires, and askes his fellow traueller,
What he hath heard, and his opinion:
And he knowes nothing. Then he turnes againe,
And lookes, and ſighs, and then admires afreſh,
And in himſelfe with ſorrow doth complaine
The miſerie of darke Forgetfulneſſe:
Angry with Time, that nothing ſhould remaine,
Our greateſt wonders wonder to expreſſe.
Then Ignorance, with fabulous diſcourſe,
Robbing faire Arte and Cunning of their right,
Tells, how thoſe Stones, were by the Diuels force,
From *Affrike* brought to *Ireland* in a night,
And thence, to *Britannie*, by Magicke courſe,
From Giants hand redeem'd by *Merlins* ſleight.
And then neare *Ambri* plac'd, in memorie
Of all thoſe noble Britons murthred there,
By *Hengiſt* and his Saxon treacherie,
Comming to parlee in peace at vnaware.
With this olde Legend then Credulitie
Holdes her content, and cloſes vp her care:
But is Antiquitie ſo great a liar?
Or, do her yonger ſonnes her age abuſe,
Seeing after-commers ſtill, ſo apt t'admire
The graue authoritie that ſhe doth vſe,
That Reuerence and Reſpect dares not require
Proofe of her deedes, or once her words refuſe?

Yet

Yet wrong they did vs, to preſume ſo far,
Vpon our eaſie credite and delight:
For, once found falſe, they ſtrait became to mar
Our faith, and their owne reputation quite,
That now her truths hardly beleeued are:
And though ſh'auouch the right, ſhe ſcarce hath right.
And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That ſtands corrupted ſo with Times deſpight,
And giu'ſt falſe euidence, againſt their fame
That ſet thee there, to teſtifie their right,
And arte become a traitour to their name
That truſted thee with all the beſt they might,
Thou ſhalt ſtand ſtill belide, and ſlaundered,
The onely gazing ſtocke of Ignorance,
And by thy guile, the wiſe admoniſhed,
Shall neuer more deſire ſuch heapes t'aduance,
Nor truſt their liuing glory with the dead
That cannot ſpeake, but leaue their fame to Chance:
Conſidering in how ſmall a rowme do lie,
And yet lie ſafe, as freſh as if aliue,
All thoſe great Woorthies of antiquitie,
Which long foreliu'd thee, and ſhall long ſuruiue,
Who ſtronger tombes found for Eternitie,
Then could the powres of all the earth contriue.
Where they remaine theſe trifles to obraid
Out of the reach of Spoyle, and way of Rage,
Though Time with all his power of yeares hath laide
Long batterie, back'd with vndermining Age,
Yet they make head, onely with their owne aide
And warre, with his all-conquering forces, wage.
Pleading the Heau'ns preſcription to be free,
And t'haue a grant, t'indure as long as he.

Philocosmus.

BEholde how euery man, drawne with delight
Of what he doth, flatters him in his way,
Striuing to make his course seeme onely right,
Doth his owne rest, and his owne thoughts betray:
Imagination bringing brauely dight,
Her pleasing Images in best aray,
With flattering glasses that must shew him faire;
And others foule: his skill and wit best, *his*
Others seduc'd, deceiu'd, and wrong in their:
His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest,
Not seeing how these Minions in the aire
Present a face of things falsely exprest,
And that the glimmering of these errours showne,
Are but a light, to let him see his owne.
Alas poore Fame, in what a narrow roome,
As an incaged Parrot, art thou pent
Here amongst vs, where, euen as good be dombe
As speake, and to be heard with no attent?
How can you promise of the time to come,
Whenas the present are so negligent?
Is this the walke of all your wide renowne,
This little Point, this scarce discerned Ile,
Thrust from the world, with whome our speech vn-
Made neuer any traffike of our Stile. (knowne
And in this All, where all this care is showne,
T'inchant your fame to last so long a while?
And for that happier tongues haue wonne so much,
Thinke you to make your barbarous language such?
Poore narrow limites for so mighty paines,
That cannot promise any forraine vent:
And yet, if here, to all your wondrous vaines

Were

Were generally knowne, it might content:
But loe, how many reades not, or diſdaines
The labors of the chiefe and excellent?
How many thouſands neuer heard the name
Of *Sidney*, or of *Spencer*, or their Bookes?
And yet braue fellowes, and preſume of Fame,
And ſeeme to beare downe all the world with lookes?
What then ſhall they expect of meaner frame,
On whoſe indeuours few or none ſcarce lookes?
Do you not ſee theſe Pamphlets, Libels, and Rymes,
Theſe ſtrange confuſed tumults of the minde,
Are growne to be the ſickeneſſe of theſe times,
The great diſeaſe inflicted on mankinde?
Your Virtues by your Follies, made your crimes,
Haue iſſue with your indiſcretion ioyn'd.
Schooles, Artes, Profeſsions, all in ſo great ſtore,
Paſſe the proportion of the preſent ſtate,
Where, being as great a number as before,
And fewer roomes them to accommodate:
It cannot be but they muſt throng the more,
And kicke, and thruſt, and ſhoulder with Debate.
For when the greater wittes cannot attaine
Th'expected good, which they account their right,
And yet perceiue others to reape that gaine
Of farre inferiour vertues in their ſight:
They preſent, with the ſharpe of Enuie, ſtraine
To wound them with reproches and deſpight:
And for theſe cannot haue as well as they, (way.
They ſcorne their faith ſhoulde deigne to looke that
Hence, diſcontented Sects and Schiſmes ariſe,
Hence interwounding Controuerſies ſpring,
That feede the Simple, and offend the Wiſe,
Who know the conſequence of cauilling
Diſgrace, that theſe to others do deuiſe:

Contempt and Scorne on all in th'end doth bring,
Like ſcolding wiues, reckning each others fault,
Make ſtanders by imagine both are naught.
For when to theſe rare dainties, Time admits
All commers, all Complexions, all that will,
Where none ſhould be let in, but choiſeſt wits,
Whoſe milde diſcretion could comport with skill,
For when the place their humor neither fits,
Nor they the place, who can expect but ill?
For being vnapt for what they tooke in hand,
And for aught elſe whereto they ſhalb'addreſt,
They eu'n become th'incombrance of the land,
As out of ranke, diſordring all the reſt:
This grace of theirs, to ſeeme to vnderſtand,
Marres all their grace, to do, without their reſt.
Men find, that Action is another thing,
Then what they in diſcourſing papers reade:
The worlds affaires require in managing,
More Artes than thoſe wherein you Clearks proceed,
Whilſt timorous Knowledge ſtands conſidering,
Audacious Ignorance hath done the deede.
For who knowes moſt, the more he knowes to doubt,
The leaſt Diſcourſe is commonly moſt ſtowt.
This ſweete inchaunting Knowledge turnes you cleene
Out from the fields of naturall delight,
And makes you hide, vnwilling to be ſeene
In th'open concourſe of a publike ſight:
This skill, wherewith you haue ſo cunning beene,
Vnſinewes all your powres, vnmans you quite.
Publike Societie, and commerce of men
Require another grace, another port:
This Eloquence, theſe Rymes, theſe Phraſes then,
Begot in ſhades, do ſerue vs in no ſort,
Th'vnmateriall ſwellings of your Pen

Touch

Touch not the ſpirit that Action doth import:
A manly ſtile, fitted to manly eares
Beſt grees with wit, not that which goes ſo gay,
And commonly the gawdy liu'rie weares
Of nice Corruptions, which the times do ſway,
And waites on th'humor of his pulſe that beares
His paſsions ſet to ſuch a pleaſing kay:
Such dainties ſerue, onely for ſtomackes weake,
For men do ſowleſt, when they fineſt ſpeake.
Yet doe I not diſlike, that in ſome wiſe
Be ſung, the great heroicall deſerts,
Of braue renowned ſpirites, whoſe exerciſe
Of worthy deeds, may call vp others hearts,
And ſerue a modell for poſterities,
To faſhion them fit for like glorious parts:
But ſo, that all our ſpirites may tend hereto,
To make it, not our grace, to ſay, but do.

Muſophilus.

MVch thou haſt ſaid, and willingly I heare,
As one that am not ſo poſſeſt with Loue
Of what I do, but that I rather beare
An eare to learne, then a tongue to diſproue:
I know men muſt, as carried in their ſpheare,
According to their proper motions, moue.
And that courſe likes them beſt which they are on,
Yet Truth hath certaine bounds, but Falſhoode none.
I do confeſſe our limites are but ſmall,
Compar'd with all the whole vaſt earth beſide,
All which, againe rated to that great All,
Is likewiſe as a poynt, ſcarcely deſcride:
So that in theſe reſpects, we may this call,
A poynt but of a poynt, where we abide.

But

But if we ſhall deſcend from that hie ſtand
Of ouer-looking Contemplation,
And caſt our thoughts, but to, and not beyond
This ſpatious circuit which we treade vpon,
We then may eſtimate our mightie land,
A world, within a world ſtanding alone.
Where, if our Fame confind cannot get out,
What, ſhall we imagine it is pen'd,
That hath ſo great a world to walke about,
Whoſe bounds, with her reports haue both one end?
Why ſhall we not rather eſteeme her ſtout,
That farther then her owne ſcorne to extend?
Where being ſo large a rowme, both to do well,
And eke to heare th'applauſe of things well done,
That farther, if men ſhall our virtues tell,
We haue more mouthes, but not more merit won,
It doth not greater make that which is laudable,
The flame is bigger blowne, the fire all one.
And for the few that onely lend their eare,
That few, is all the world, which with a few
Doth euer liue, and moue, and worke, and ſtirre.
This is the heart doth feele, and onely know
The reſt of all, that onely bodies beare,
Rowle vp and downe, and fill vp but the row.
And ſerue as others members, not their owne,
The inſtruments of thoſe that do direct.
Then what diſgrace is this, not to be knowne
To thoſe know not to giue themſelues reſpect?
And though they ſwel with pomp of folly blowne,
They liue vngrac'd, and die but in Neglect.
And for my part, if onely one allow
The care my labouring ſpirits take in this,
He is to me a Theater large enow,
And his applauſe onely ſufficient is:

All

All my reſpect is bent but to his brow,
That is my All, and all I am, is his.
And if ſome worthy ſpirites be pleaſed too,
It ſhall more comfort breed, but not more will.
But what if none? It cannot yet vndoo
The loue I beare vnto this holy skill:
This is the thing that I was borne to doo,
This is my Scene, this part muſt I fulfill.
Let thoſe that know not breath, eſteeme of winde,
And ſet t'a vulgar ayre their ſeruile ſong,
Rating their goodneſſe by the praiſe they find,
Making their worth on others fits belong,
As Virtue were the hireling of the minde,
And could not liue if Fame had ne'r a tong.
Hath that all-knowing powre that holdes within Virtue.
The goodly proſpectiue of all this frame,
(Where, whatſoeuer is, or what hath bin,
Reflects a certaine Image of the ſame)
No inward pleaſures to delight her in,
But ſhe muſt gad to ſeeke an almes of Fame?
Muſt ſhe, like to a wanton Curtezan,
Open her breaſts for ſhew, to winne her praiſe,
And blaze her faire bright beauty vnto man,
As if ſhe were enamourd of his wayes,
And knew not Weakenes, nor could rightly ſcanne
To what defects his hum'rous breath obayes?
She that can tell, how prowd Ambition
Is but a beggar, and hath nought at all,
But what is giu'n of meere Deuotion:
For which, how much it ſweats, how much it's thrall?
What toyle it takes, and yet, when all is done,
Th'endes in expectation neuer fall.
Shall ſhe ioyne hands with ſuch a ſeruile mate,
And proſtrate her faire body, to commit

Folly

Folly with earth, and to defile that ſtate
Of cleerenes, for ſo groſſe a benefit?
Hauing Reward dwelling within her gate,
And Glory of her owne to furniſh it:
Her ſelfe, a recompence ſufficient
Vnto her ſelfe, to giue her owne content.
Iſt not enough, that ſhe hath raiſd ſo hie,
Thoſe that be hers, that they may ſit and ſee
The earth below them, and this All to lie
Vnder their view, taking the true degree
Of the iuſt height of ſwolne Mortalitie,
Right as it is, not as it ſeemes to be?
And vndeceiued with the Paralax
Of a miſtaking eie of paſſion, know
By theſe mask'd outſides what the inward lackes,
Meas'ring man by himſelfe, not by his ſhow,
Wondring not at their rich and golden backes,
That haue poore mindes, and little elſe to ſhew:
Nor taking that for them, which wel they ſee
Is not of them, but rather is their loade:
The lies of Fortune, wherewithall men be
Deemed within, when they be all abroade: (knee,
Whoſe ground, whoſe graſſe, whoſe earth haue cap &
Which they ſuppoſe, is on themſelues beſtow'd.
And thinke like *Iſis* Aſſe, all Honors are
Giuen vnto them alone, the which are done
Vnto the painted Idoll which they beare,
That onely makes them to be gazed on:
For take away their packe, and ſhew them bare,
And ſee what beaſt this Honour rides vpon.
Hath Knowledge lent to hers the priuy kay,
To let them in vnto the hieſt Stage
Of Cauſes, Secrets, Councels, to ſuruay
The wits of men, their harts, their colds, their rage,

That

That build, deſtroy, praiſe, hate, ſay and gaineſay,
Beleeue, and vnbeleeue, all in one age.
And ſhal we truſt goodneſſe as it proceedes
From that vnconſtant mouth, which with one breath
Will make it bad againe, vnleſſe it feedes
The preſent humour that it fauoreth?
Shall we eſteeme and reckon how it heedes
Our works, that his owne vowes vnhalloweth?
Then whereto ſerues it to haue bin inlarg'd
With this free manumiſsion of the mind,
If for all that, we ſtil continue charg'd
With thoſe diſcou'red errors which we finde?
As if our knowledge onely were diſcharg'd,
Yet we our ſelues ſtaid in a ſeruile kinde.
That Virtue muſt be out of countenance,
If this groſſe ſpirit, or that weake ſhallow braine,
Or this nice wit, or that diſtemperance,
Neglect, diſtaſte, vncomprehend, diſdaine:
When ſuch ſicke eies, can neuer caſt a glance,
But through the colours of their proper ſtaine.
Though, I muſt needes confeſſe, the ſmall reſpect,
That theſe great-ſeeming beſt of men do giue,
(Whoſe brow begets th'inferior ſorts neglect,)
Might moue the weake irreſolute to grieue:
But ſtronger, ſee how iuſtly this defect
Hath ouertooke the times wherein we liue:
That Learning needs muſt run the common fate
Of all things elſe, thruſt on by her owne weight,
Comporting not herſelfe in her eſtate
Vnder this burthen of a ſelfe conceit:
Our owne diſſentious hands opening the gate
Vnto Contempt, that on our quarrels waite,
Diſcou'red haue our inward gouernement,
And let in Hard opinion to Diſgrace

The generall, for ſome weake impotent
That beare out their diſeaſe with a ſtolne face,
Who (ſillie ſoules) the more wit they haue ſpent,
The leſſe they ſhew'd, not bettring their bad caſe.
And ſee how ſoone this rowling world can take
Aduantage for her diſſolution,
Faine to get looſe from this withholding ſtake
Of ciuill Science and Diſcretion:
How glad it would run wilde, that it might make
One formeleſſe forme of one confuſion?
Like tyrant *Ottomans* blindfolded ſtate,
Which muſt know nothing more, but to obay:
For this, ſeekes greedy Ignorance t'abate
Our number, order, liuing, forme, and ſway:
For this, it practiſes to diſsipate
Th'vnſheltred troupes, till all be made away.
For, ſince our fathers ſinnes pulld firſt to ground
The pale of their diſſeuered dignitie,
And ouerthrew that holy reuerent bound
That parted Learning and the Laiety,
And laid all flat in common, to confound
The honour and reſpect of Pietie:
It did ſo much invile the eſtimate,
Of th'opened and invulgar'd myſteries,
Which now reduc'd vnto the baſeſt rate,
Muſt waite vpon the *Norman* ſubtleties,
Who (being mounted vp into their ſtate)
Do beſt with wrangling rudeneſſe ſympathize.
And yet though now ſet quite behinde the traine
Of vulgar ſway (and light of powre weigh'd light)
Yet would this giddy innouation faine
Downe with it lower, to abaſe it quite:
And thoſe poore remnants that do yet remaine
The ſpoiled markes of their diuided right:

They

They wholy would deface, to leaue no face
Of reuerent Diſtinction and Degree,
As if they weigh'd no diffrence in this caſe,
Betwixt Religions age and infancie:
Where th'one muſt creepe, th'other ſtand with grace,
Leſt turn'd to a child it ouerturned be.
Though to pull backe th'on-running ſtate of things,
(Gath'ring corruption, as it gathers dayes)
Vnto the forme of their firſt orderings,
Is the beſt meanes that Diſſolution ſtayes,
And to go forward, backward, right, men brings,
T'obſerue the line from whence they took their ways.
Yet being once gone wide, and the right way
Not leuell to the times condition:
To alter courſe, may bring men more aſtray:
And leauing what was knowne to light on none,
Since eu'ry change the reuerence doth decay,
Of that which alway ſhould continue one.
For this is that cloſe kept *Palladium*,
Which once remou'd, brings ruine euermore:
This ſtir'd, makes men fore-ſetled, to become
Curious, to know what was beleeu'd before:
Whilſt Faith diſputes that vſed to be dombe,
And more men ſtriue to talke, then to adore.
For neuer head-ſtrong Reformation will
Reſt, till to th'extreame oppoſite it runne,
And ouer-run the meane diſtruſted ſtill,
As being too neare of kinne, to that men ſhunne:
For good, and bad, and all, muſt be one ill,
When once there is another trueth begunne.
So hard it is an euen hand to beare,
In temp'ring with ſuch maladies as theſe,
Leſt that our forward paſsions launce too neare,
And make the cure proue worſe than the diſeaſe:

For with the worſt we will not ſpare the beſt,
Becauſe it growes with that, which doth diſpleaſe:
And faults are eaſier lookt in, then redreſt:
Men running with ſuch eager violence,
At the firſt view of errors freſh in queſt,
As they, to rid an inconuenience,
Sticke not to raiſe a miſchiefe in the ſteed,
Which after mockes their weake improuidence:
And therfore do make not your own ſides bleed
To pricke at others: you that would amend
By pulling downe, and thinke you can proceede,
By going backe vnto the farther end,
Let ſtand that little Couert left behinde,
Whereon your ſuccours and reſpects depend.
And bring not downe the prizes of the minde,
With vnder-rating of your ſelues ſo baſe:
You that the mighties doores do crooching find,
To ſell your ſelues to buy a little grace,
Or waite whole months to out-bid Symonie,
For that, which being got, is not your place:
For if it were, what needed you to buy
What was your due, your thirſting ſhews your ſhift,
And little worth that ſeekes iniuriouſly
A worthier from his lawfull roome to lift?
We cannot ſay, that you were then preferr'd,
But that your money was, or ſome worſe gift.
O ſcattring gath'rers, that without regard
Of times to come, will to be made, vndo:
As if you were the laſt of men, prepar'd
To bury in your graues all other to.
Dare you prophane that holy portion
Which neuer ſacreligious hands durſt do?
Did forme-eſtabliſhing Deuotion,
To maintaine a reſpectiue reuerence

Extend her bountifull prouiſion,
With ſuch a charitable prouidence,
For your deforming hands to diſsipate,
And make Gods due, your impious expence?
No maruell then though th'ouerpeſtred ſtate
Want roome for goodneſſe, if our little hold
Be leſſned vnto ſuch a narrow rate,
That Reuerence cannot ſit, fit as it ſhould:
And yet what neede we thus for roomes complaine,
That ſhal not want voyde roome if this courſe hold?
And more than will be fill'd, for who will ſtraine
To get an empty title, to betray
His hopes, and trauell for an honour vaine,
And gaine a Port, without ſupport or ſtay?
What neede hath Enuy to maligne their ſtate,
That will themſelues, ſo kind, giue it away?
This makes indeede our number paſſe the rate
Of our prouiſions; which, if dealt aright,
Would yeeld ſufficient roome t'accommodate,
More then we haue in places requiſite.
The ill diſpoſing onely doth vs ſet
In diſaray, and out of order quite.
Whiles other gifts then of the minde ſhall get
Vnder our colours, that which is our dues,
And to our trauels, neither benefite,
Nor grace, nor honor, nor reſpect accrewes:
The ſicknes of the States ſoule, Learning, then
The bodies great diſtemprature inſues.
For if that Learnings roomes to learned men
Were as their heretage diſtributed,
All this diſordred thruſt would ceaſe: for when
The fit were call'd, th'vnworthy fruſtrated,
Theſe would b'aſham'd to ſeek, thoſe to b'vnſought,
And ſtay'ng their turn, were ſure they ſhould be ſped.

Then would our drooping Academies, brought
Againe in heart, regaine that reuerend hand
Of loſt opinion, and no more be thought,
Th'vnneceſſary furniſh of the land,
Nor diſincourag'd with their ſmall eſteeme,
Confus'd, irreſolute, and wauering ſtand:
Caring not to become profound, but ſeeme
Contented with a ſuperficiall skill,
Which for a ſleight reward enough they deeme,
When th'one ſucceedes as well as th'other will:
Seeing ſhorter wayes leade ſooner to their end,
And others longer trauells thriue ſo ill.
Then would they only labour to extend
Their now vnſearching ſpirits beyond theſe bounds
Of others powres, wherein they muſt be pend,
As if there were beſides, no other grounds:
And ſet their bolde *Plus vltra* farre without
The Pillers of thoſe Axioms Age propounds:
Diſcou'ring daily more and more about,
In that immenſe and boundleſſe Ocean
Of Natures riches, neuer yet found out,
Nor fore-clos'd, with the wit of any man.
So farre beyond the ordinarie courſe,
That other vninduſtrious Ages ran,
That theſe more curious times, they might diuorce
From the opinion they are linckt vnto
Of our diſable and vnactiue force,
To ſhew true knowledge can both ſpeake and do:
Arm'd for the ſharpe, which in theſe dayes they finde,
With all prouiſions that belong thereto:
That their Experience may not come behinde
The times conceipt, but leading in their place,
May make men ſee the weapons of the minde
Are States beſt ſtrengths, and Kingdomes chiefeſt grace,

And

And roomes of charge, charg'd full with woorth and
Makes Maieſtie appeare with her ful face, (praiſe,
Shining with all her beames, with al her raies,
Vnſcanted of her parts, vnſhadowed
In any darkened point: which ſtill bewrayes
The wane of Powre, when powr's vnfurniſhed,
And hath not all thoſe entire complements
Wherewith the State ſhould for her ſtate be ſped.
And though the fortune of ſome age conſents
Vnto a thouſand errours groſſely wrought,
Which, flouriſht ouer with their faire euents,
Haue paſſt for currant, and good courſes thought:
The leaſt whereof, in other times againe
Moſt dang'rous inconueniences haue brought,
Whilſt to the times, not to mens wits pertaine,
The good ſucceſſes of ill manag'd deedes:
Though th'ignorant deceiu'd with colours vaine,
Miſſe of the cauſes whence this lucke proceedes.
Forraine Defects giuing home-faults the way,
Make eu'n that weakeneſſe ſometimes well ſucceedes.
I grant, that ſome vnlettered practique may
(Leauing beyond the *Alpes*, Faith and Reſpect
To God and man) with impious cunning, ſway
The courſes fore-begunne with like effect,
And without ſtoppe, maintaine the turning on,
And haue his errours deemd without defect:
But when ſome powrefull oppoſition,
Shall, with a ſound incountring ſhocke, diſioynt
The fore-contriued frame, and thereupon
Th'experience of the preſent diſappoynt,
And other ſtirring ſpirites, and other hearts
Built-huge, for action, meeting in a poynt:
Shall driue the world to ſommon all their Artes,
And all too little for ſo reall might,

When no aduantages of weaker parts
Shall beare out ſhallow councels from the light:
And this ſence-opening action (which doth hate
Vnmanly craft) ſhall looke to haue her right.
Who then holdes vp the glory of the State
(Which lettred armes, and armed letters won)
Who ſhall be fitteſt to negotiate,
Contemn'd *Iuſtinian*, or elſe *Littleton*?
When it ſhall not be held wiſedome to be
Priuately made, and publikely vndone:
But ſound deſeignes that iudgement ſhall decree
Out of a true diſcerne, of the cleare wayes
That lie direct, with ſafe-going Equitie,
Imbroyling not their owne and others dayes.
Extending forth their prouidence, beyond
The circuite of their owne particular:
That eu'n the ignorant may vnderſtand,
How that Deceipt is but a cauillar,
And true vnto it ſelfe can neuer ſtand,
But ſtill muſt with her owne concluſions warre.
Can Trueth and Honeſtie, wherein conſiſts
The right repoſe on earth, the ſureſt ground
Of Truſt, come weaker arm'd into the liſts,
Then Fraud or Vice, that doth it ſelfe confound?
Or ſhall Preſumption that doth what it liſts,
Not what it ought, carry her courſes ſound?
Then, what ſafe place out of confuſion
Hath plaine proceeding Honeſtie to dwell?
What ſute of grace hath Virtue to put on,
If Vice ſhall weare as good, and do as well?
If Wrong, if Craft, if Indiſcretion,
Act as faire parts, with endes as laudable?
Which all this mightie volume of euents,
The world, the vniuerſall mappe of deedes

Strongly

Strongly controwles, and proues from all diſcents,
That the directeſt courſes beſt ſucceedes
When craft, wrapt ſtill in many comberments
With all her cunning thriues not, though it ſpeedes.
For, ſhould not graue and learn'd Experience
That lookes with th'eyes of all the world beſide,
And with all ages holdes intelligence,
Go ſafer then deceipt without a guide?
Which in the by-paths of her diffidence
Croſsing the wayes of Right, ſtill runs more wide:
Who will not grant? and therefore this obſerue,
No ſtate ſtands ſure, but on the grounds of Right,
Of Vertue, Knowledge, Iudgement to preſerue,
And all the powres of Learnings requiſite:
Though other ſhifts a preſent turne may ſerue,
Yet in the triall they will weigh too light.
And do not thou contemne this ſwelling tide
And ſtreame of words, that now doth riſe ſo hie
Aboue the vſuall banks, and ſpreades ſo wide
Ouer the borders of Antiquitie:
Which I confeſſe comes euer amplifide
With th'abounding humours that do multiplie:
And is with that ſame hand of happines
Inlarg'd, as vices are out of their bands:
Yet ſo, as if let out but to redreſſe,
And calme, and ſway th'affections it commands:
Which as it ſtirres, it doth againe repreſſe
And brings in, th'out-gone malice that withſtands.
Powre aboue powres, O heauenly Eloquence,
That with the ſtrong reine of commanding words,
Doſt manage, guide, and maiſter th'eminence
Of mens affections, more then all their ſwords:
Shall we not offer to thy Excellence,
The richeſt treaſure that our wit affords?

Thou

MVSOPHILVS.

Thou that canſt doe much more with one poore pen
Then all the powres of Princes can effect:
And draw, diuert, diſpoſe, and faſhion men
Better than force or rigour can direct:
Should we this ornament of Glorie then
As th'vnmateriall fruites of ſhades, neglect?
Or ſhould we careleſſe, come behinde the reſt
In powre of wordes, that goe before in worth,
Whenas our accents equall to the beſt,
Is able greater wonders to bring forth:
When all that euer hotter ſpirits expreſt,
Comes bettred by the patience of the North?
And who, in time, knowes whither we may vent
The treaſure of our tongue, to what ſtrange ſhores
This gaine of our beſt glory ſhall be ſent,
T'inrich vnknowing Nations with our ſtores?
What worlds in th'yet vnformed Occident
May come refin'd with th'accents that are ours?
Or, who can tell for what great worke in hand
The greatnes of our Stile is now ordain'd?
What powrs it ſhal bring in, what ſpirits command,
What thoughts let out, what humors keep reſtrain'd,
What miſchiefe it may powrefully withſtand,
And what faire endes may thereby be attain'd.
And as for Poeſie (mother of this force)
That breeds, brings forth, and nouriſhes this might,
Teaching it in a looſe, yet meaſured courſe,
With comely motions how to goe vpright:
And foſtring it with bountifull diſcourſe,
Adornes it thus in faſhions of delight,
What ſhould I ſay? ſince it is well approu'd (merce,
The ſpeach of heauen, with whome they haue com-
That onely ſeeme out of themſelues remou'd,
And do with more than humane skills conuerſe:

Thoſe

MVSOPHILVS.

Thoſe numbers wherwith heau'n & earth are mou'd,
Shew, weakenes ſpeaks in proſe, but powre in verſe.
Wherein thou likewiſe ſeemeſt to allow,
That th'acts of worthy men ſhould be preſeru'd:
As in the holieſt tombes we can beſtow
Vpon their glory that haue well deſeru'd,
Wherein thou doſt no other virtue ſhow,
Then what moſt barbrous countries haue obſeru'd:
When all the happieſt Nations hitherto
Did with no leſſer glory ſpeake, then do.
Now to what elſe thy malice ſhall obiect,
For Schooles, and Artes, and their neceſsitie:
When from my Lord, whoſe iudgement muſt direct,
And forme, and faſhion my abilitie,
I ſhall haue got more ſtrength: thou ſhalt expect
Out of my better leaſure, my reply.

FINIS.

A LETTER from Octauia to Marcus Antonius.

To the right Honourable and moſt vertuous Ladie, the Ladie Margaret Counteſſe of Cumberland.

ALthough the meaner ſort (whoſe thoughts are plac'd
As in an other Region, farre below
The ſphere of greatneſſe) cannot rightly taſte
What touch it hath, nor right her paſſions know:
Yet haue I heere aduentur'd to beſtow
Words vpon griefe, as my griefes comprehend,
And made this great afflicted Ladie ſhow,
Out of my feelings, what ſhe might haue pend:
And heere the ſame, I bring forth, to attend
Vpon thy reuerent name, to liue with thee
Moſt vertuous Ladie, that vouchſaf'ſt to lend
Eare to my notes, and comfort vnto mee,
That one day may thine owne faire vertues ſpread,
Bˈing Secretary now, but to the dead.

The Argument.

VPon the second agreement (the first being broken through iealousie of a disproportion of eminencie) betweene the *Triumuirs Octauius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius*, and *Lepidus*: *Octauia* the sister of *Octauius Cæsar*, was maried to *Antonius*, as a lincke to combine that which neuer yet, the greatest strength of Nature, or any power of neerest respect could long holde togither, who made but the instrument of others ends, and deliuered vp as an Ostage, to serue the opportunitie of aduantages, meete not with that integritie she brought: but as highly preferred to affliction, encountred with all the greeuances that beat vpon the miserie of greatnes, exposed to stand betwixt the diuers tending humours of vnquiet parties. For *Antonie* hauing yet vpon him the fetters of Egypt, layd on by the power of a most incomparable beautie, could admitte no new Laws into the state of his affection, or dispose of him selfe, being not himselfe, but as hauing his heart turned Eastward, whither the point of his desires were directed, toucht with the strongest allurements that ambition, and a licentious soueraigntie could draw a man vnto: could not truely descend to the priuate loue of a ciuill nurtred Matrone, whose entertainment bounded with modestie,

and the nature of her education, knewe not to clothe her affections in any other colours, than the plaine habite of truth: wherein shee euer suted all her actions, and vsed all her best ornaments of Honestie, to win the good liking of him that helde her, but as a Curtaine, drawne betweene him and *Octauius*, to shadow his other purposes withall: which the sharp sight of an equally iealous ambition could soone pierce into, & as easily looke thorow, and ouer bloud and nature, as he to abuse it: And therefore, to preuent his aspiring, he armes his forces, either to reduce *Antonie* to the ranke of his estate, or else to disranke him out of state and all. When *Octauia* by the imployment of *Anton*) (as being not yet ready to put his fortune to her triall) throwes her selfe, great with childe, and as big with sorrow, into the trauell of a most labourſome reconciliation: taking her iourney from the farthest part of *Greece*, to find *Octauius*, with whom her care and teares were so good agents, that they effected their Commission beyond all expectation: and for that time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold so. For *Antonius* falling into the relapse of his former disease, watching his oportunity, got ouer againe into Egypt, where he so forgot himselfe, that he quite put off his owne nature, and wholly became a prey to his pleasures, as if hee had wound himselfe out of the respect of Country, bloud, and alliance, which gaue to *Octauia* the cause of much affliction, and to me, the Argument of this Letter.

A Let-

A Letter ſent from *Octauia*, to her *husband* Marcus Antonius into Egypt.

1

TO thee (yet deere) though moſt diſloyall Lord,
Whom impious loue keeps in a barbarous land,
Thy wronged wife *Octauia* ſendeth word
Of th'vnkind wounds receiued by thy hand,
Great *Antony*, O let thine eies afford
But to permit thy heart to vnderſtand
The hurt thou doſt, and doe but reade her teares,
That ſtill is thine, though thou wilt not be hers.

2

Although perhaps, theſe my complaints may come
Whilſt thou in th'armes of that inceſtuous Queene,
The ſtaine of Egypt, and the ſhame of Rome
Shalt dallying ſit, and bluſh to haue them ſeene:
Whilſt prowd diſdainefull ſhe, geſsing from whome
The meſſage came, and what the cauſe hath beene,
Will ſcorning ſay, Faith this comes from your Deere,
Now ſir you muſt be ſhent for ſtaying heere.

3

From her indeede it comes, delitious Dame,
(Thou royall Concubine, and Queene of luſt)
Whoſe armes yet pure, whoſe breaſts are voyd of blame,
And whoſe moſt lawfull flame proues thine vniuſt:
Tis ſhe that ſends the meſſage of thy ſhame,
And his vntrueth that hath betraid her truſt:
Pardon, deare Lord, from her theſe ſorrowes are,
Whoſe bed brings neither infamie nor warre.

4

And therefore heare her words, that too too much
Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy ſhame,
Although at firſt my truſt in thee was ſuch,
As it held out againſt the ſtrongeſt fame:
My heart would neuer let in once a touch
Of leaſt beliefe, till all confirmd the ſame:
That I was almoſt laſt that would belieue,
Becauſe I knew me firſt that moſt muſt grieue.

5

How oft haue poore abuſed I tooke parte
With Falſhood, onely for to make thee true?
How oft haue I argued againſt my heart,
Not ſuffring it to know that which it knew?
And for I would not haue thee what thou arte,
I made my ſelfe, vnto my ſelfe vntrue:
So much my loue labourd againſt thy Sinne,
To ſhut out feare which yet kept feare within.

6

For I could neuer thinke th'aſpiring mind
Of worthie and victorious *Anthonie*,
Could be by ſuch a Syren ſo declind,
As to be traind a prey to Luxury:
I could not thinke my Lord would be ſ'vnkind,
As to deſpiſe his children, *Rome* and me:
But O how ſoone are they deceiu'd that truſt,
And more their ſhame, that will be ſo vniuſt.

7

But now that certaine fame hath open layd
Thy new relapſe, and ſtrange reuolt from mee,
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away,
And made the paſſage of my ſorrowes free:
For now poore heart, there's nothing in the way
Remaines, to ſtand betwixt Deſpaire and thee:
All is throwne downe, there comes no ſuccors new,
It is moſt true, my Lord is moſt vntrue.

And

8

And now I may with ſhame enough pull in
The colours I aduaunced in his grace,
For that ſubduing powre, that him did win,
Hath loſt me too, the honour of my face:
Yet why ſhould I, bearing no part of ſinne,
Beare ſuch a mightie part of his diſgrace?
Yes, though it be not mine, it is of mine:
And his renowne being clips'd, mine cannot ſhine.

9

Which makes me as I do, hide from the eie
Of the miſiudging vulgar that will deeme,
That ſure there was in me ſome reaſon why
Which made thee thus, my bed to diſeſteeme:
So that alas, poore vndeſeruing I,
A cauſe of thy vncleane deſerts ſhall ſeeme,
Though luſt takes neuer ioy in what is due,
But ſtill leaues known delights to ſeeke out new.

10

And yet my brother *Cæſar* laboured,
To haue me leaue thy houſe, and liue more free,
But God forbid *Octauia* ſhoulde be led,
To leaue to liue in thine, though left by thee,
The pledges heere of thy forſaken bed,
Are ſtill the obiects that remember me
What *Antony* was once, although falſe now,
And is my Lord, though he neglect his vow.

11

Theſe walles that heere do keepe me out of ſight,
Shall keepe me all vnſpotted vnto thee,
And teſtifie that I will do thee right,
Ile neuer ſtaine thy houſe, though thou ſhame me:
The now ſad Chamber of my once delight,
Shall be the temple of my pietie,
Sacred vnto the faith I reuerence,
Where I will pay my teares for thy offence.

And

Although

12

Although my youth, thy abſence, and this wrong
Might draw my bloud to forfeit vnto ſhame,
Nor neede I fruſtrate my delights ſo long,
That haue ſuch meanes to carry ſo the ſame,
Since that the face of greatneſſe is ſo ſtrong,
As it diſſolues ſuſpect, and beares out blame,
Hauing all ſecret helps that long thereto,
That ſeldome wants there aught, but will to do.

13

Which yet to do, ere luſt this heart ſhall frame,
Earth ſwallow me aliue, hell rap me hence:
Shall I, becauſe deſpiſd, contemne my ſhame,
And adde diſgrace to others impudence?
What can my powre, but giue more powre to fame?
Greatneſſe muſt make it great incontinence:
Chambers are falſe, the bed and all will tell,
No doore keepes in their ſhame that do not well.

14

Hath greatneſſe aught peculiar elſe alone,
But to ſtand faire and bright aboue the baſe?
What doth diuide the Cottage from the Throne,
If vice ſhall lay both leuell with diſgrace?
For if vncleanneſſe make them but all one,
What priuiledge hath Honor by his place?
What though our ſinnes goe braue and better clad,
They are as thoſe in ragges, as baſe, as bad.

15

I know not how, but wrongfully I know
Hath vndiſcerning Cuſtome plac'd our kind
Vnder deſert, and ſet vs farre below
The reputation to our ſexe aſsign'd:
Charging our wrong reputed weakeneſſe, how
We are vnconſtant, fickle, falſe, vnkinde:
And though our life with thouſand proofes ſhews no,
Yet ſince ſtrength faies it, weakeneſſe muſt be ſo.

16

Vnequall partage, to b'allow'd no ſhare
Of power to do of lifes beſt benefite:
But ſtand, as if we interdicted were
Of virtue, action, liberty and might:
Muſt you haue all, and not vouchſafe to ſpare
Our weakenes any int'reſt of delight?
Is there no portion left for vs at all,
But ſufferance, ſorrow, ignorance and thrall?

17

Thrice happy you, in whom it is no fault,
To know, to ſpeake, to do, and to be wiſe:
Whoſe wordes haue credite, and whoſe deedes, though naught,
Muſt yet be made to ſeeme farre otherwiſe:
You can be only heard, whilſt we are taught
To hold our peace, and not to exerciſe
The powers of our beſt parts, becauſe your partes
Haue with our freedome robb'd vs of our harts.

18

We, in this priſon of our ſelues confin'd,
Muſt here ſhut vp with our owne paſsions liue
Turn'd in vpon vs, and denied to find
The vent of outward meanes that might relieue:
That they alone muſt take vp all our mind:
And no roome left vs, but to thinke and grieue,
Yet oft our narrowed thoughts looke more direct
Then your looſe wiſedomes borne with wild neglect.

19

For, ſhould we to (as God forbid we ſhould)
Carrie no better hand on our deſires
Then your ſtrength doth, what int'reſt could
Our wronged patience pay you for your hires?
What mixture of ſtrange generations would
Succeede the fortunes of vncertaine Sires?
What foule confuſion in your bloud and race
To your immortall ſhame, and our diſgrace?

What?

20

What? are there bars for vs, no bounds for you?
Muſt Leuitie ſtand ſure, though Firmeneſſe fall?
And are you priuiledg'd to be vntrue,
And we no grant to be diſpens'd withall?
Muſt we inuiolable keepe your due,
Both to your loue, and to your falſhood thrall?
Whilſt you haue ſtretch'd your luſt vnto your will,
As if your ſtrength were licenc'd to do ill.

21

O if you be more ſtrong, then be more iuſt
Cleere this ſuſpition, make not the world to doubt,
Whether in ſtrong, or weake be better truſt,
If frailtie, or elſe valour be more ſtout:
And if we haue ſhut in our hearts from luſt,
Let not your bad example let them out,
Thinke that there is like feeling in our bloud,
If you will haue vs good, be you then good.

22

Is it, that loue doth take no true delight
In what it hath, but ſtill in what it would,
Which drawes you on to do vs this vnright,
Whilſt feare in vs, of looſing what we hold,
Keepes vs in ſtill to you, that ſet vs light,
So that, what you vnties, doth vs infolde?
Then Loue, tis thou that doſt confound vs ſo,
To make our truth the occaſion of our wo.

23

Diſtreſſed woman kind, that either muſt
For louing looſe your loues, or get neglect:
Whilſt wantons are more car'd for then the iuſt,
And falſhood Cheriſht, Faith without reſpect:
Better ſhe fares in whom is leſſer truſt,
And more is lou'd that is in more ſuſpect.
Which (pardon me) ſhewes no great ſtrength of mind
To be moſt theirs, that vſe you moſt vnkind.

Yet

24

Yet well it fits, for that ſinne euer muſt
Be tortur'd with the racke of his owne frame,
For he that holdes no faith, ſhall find no truſt,
But ſowing wrong, is ſure to reape the ſame:
How can he looke to haue his meaſure iuſt,
That fils deceipt, and reckons not of ſhame,
And being not pleaſd with what he hath in lot,
Shall euer pine for that which he hath not?

25

Yet if thou couldſt not loue, thou mightſt haue ſeem'd,
Though to haue ſeem'd, had likewiſe beene vniuſt:
Yet ſo much are leane ſhewes of vs eſteem'd,
That oft they feed, though not ſuffice our truſt:
Becauſe our nature grieueth to be deem'd
To be ſo wrong'd, although we be, and muſt.
And it's ſome eaſe yet to be kindly vſ'd
In outward ſhew, though ſecretly abuſ'd.

26

But woe to her, that both in ſhew deſpiſd,
And in effect diſgrac'd, and left forlorne,
For whom no comforts are to be deuiſd,
Nor no new hopes can euermore be borne:
O *Antony*, could it not haue ſuffizd
That I was thine, but muſt be made her ſcorne
That enuies all our bloud, and doth diuide
Thee from thy ſelfe, onely to ſerue her pride?

27

What fault haue I committed that ſhould make
So great diſlike of me and of my loue?
Or doth thy fault but an occaſion take
For to diſlike what moſt doth it reproue?
Becauſe the conſcience gladly would miſtake
Her owne miſdeedes which ſhe would faine remoue;
And they that are vnwilling to amend,
Will take offence, becauſe they will offend.

28

Or hauing run beyond all pardon quite,
They flie and ioyne with ſin as wholy his,
Making it now their ſide, their part, their right,
And to turne backe would ſhew t'haue done amiſſe:
For now they thinke, not to be oppoſite
To what obraides their fault, were wickednesſe:
So much doth follie thruſt them into blame,
That euen to leaue off ſhame, they count it ſhame.

29

Which do not thou, deere Lord, for I do not
Purſue thy fault, but ſue for thy returne
Backe to thy ſelfe, whom thou haſt both forgot
With me, poore me, that doth not ſpight, but mourne:
And if thou couldſt as well amend thy blot
As I forgiue, theſe plaints had beene forborne:
And thou ſhouldſt be the ſame vnto my hart
Which once thou were, not that which now thou art.

30

Though deepe doth ſit the hard recouering ſmart
Of that laſt wound (which God grant be the laſt)
And more doth touch that tender feeling part
Of my ſad ſoule, then all th'vnkindneſſe paſt:
And *Antony*, I appeale to thine owne hart,
(If th'hart which once was thine thou yet ſtill haſt)
To iudge if euer woman that did liue
Had iuſter cauſe, then wretched I, to grieue.

31

For comming vnto *Athens* as I did,
Weary and weake with toile, and all diſtreſt,
After I had with ſorrow compaſſed
A hard conſent, to grant me that requeſt:
And how my trauell was conſidered,
And all my care, and coſt, thy ſelfe knowes beſt:
That wouldſt not moue one foote from luſt for me,
That had left all was deere to come to thee.

32

For firſt what great adoe had I to win
M'offended brother *Cæſars* backward will?
And praid,and wept,and cride to ſtay the ſinne
Of ciuill rancor riſing twixt you ſtill:
For in what caſe ſhall wretched I be in,
Set betwixt both, to ſhare with both your ill?
My bloud ſaid I with either of you goes,
Who euer win, I ſhall be ſure to loſe.

33

For what ſhame ſhould ſuch mighty perſons get,
For two weake womens cauſe to diſagree?
Nay,what ſhall I that ſhall be deem'd to ſet
Th'inkindled fire,ſeeming inflam'd for me?
O if I be the motiue of this heate,
Let theſe vnguiltie hands the quenchers be,
And let me trudge to mediate an accord
The Agent twixt my brother and my Lord.

34

With prayers,vowes,and teares,with vrging hard
I wrung from him a ſlender grant at laſt,
And with the rich prouiſions I prepar'd
For thy(intended Parthian warre)made haſte,
Weighing not how my poore weake body far'd,
But all the tedious difficulties paſt:
And came to *Athens*; whence I *Niger* ſent,
To ſhew thee of my comming,and intent.

35

Whereof,when he had made relation,
I was commanded to approach no neare;
Then ſent I backe, to know what ſhould be done
With th'horſe,and men,and mony I had there:
Whereat perhaps when ſome remorſe begun
To touch thy ſoule, to thinke yet what we were,
Th'Inchantreſſe ſtrait ſteps tvvixt thy heart and thee,
And intercepts all thoughts that came of mee.

36

She armes her teares, the ingins of deceit
And all her batterie, to oppoſe my loue,
And bring thy comming grace to a retreit,
The powre of all her ſubtiltie to proue:
Now pale and faint ſhe languiſhes, and ſtrait
Seemes in a ſound, vnable more to moue:
Whilſt her inſtructed followers plie thine eares
With forged paſsions, mixt with fained teares.

37

Hard-hearted Lord, ſay they, how canſt thou ſee
This mighty Queene, a creature ſo diuine
Lie thus diſtreſt, and languiſhing for thee,
And onely wretched, but for being thine?
Whilſt baſe *Octauia* muſt intitled be
Thy wife, and ſhe eſteem'd thy concubine:
Aduance thy heart, raiſe it vnto his right,
And let a Scepter baſer paſsions quit.

38

Thus they aſſaile thy natures weakeſt ſide,
And worke vpon th'aduantage of thy minde,
Knowing where iudgement ſtood leaſt fortified,
And how t'incounter follie in her kinde:
But yet the while O what doſt thou abide,
Who in thy ſelfe ſuch wraſtling thoughts doſt finde?
In what confuſed caſe is thy ſoule in
Rackt betwixt pittie, ſorrow, ſhame, and ſin?

39

I cannot tell, but ſure I dare beleeue
My trauells needs muſt ſome compaſsion moue:
For no ſuch locke to bloud could Nature giue
To ſhut out Pittie, though it ſhut out Loue:
Conſcience muſt leaue a little way to grieue
To let in horror comming to reproue,
The guilt of thine offence that cauſd the ſame,
For deepeſt wounds the hand of our owne ſhame.

Neuer

40

Neuer haue vniuſt pleaſures beene compleet
In ioyes intire, but ſtill feare kept the dore,
And held backe ſomething from that full of ſweete,
To interſowre vnſure delights the more:
For neuer did all circumſtances meete
With thoſe deſires which were conceiu'd before,
Something muſt ſtill be left to checke our ſinne,
And giue a touch of what ſhould not haue bin.

41

Wretched Mankinde, wherefore hath Nature made
The lawfull vndelightfull, th'vniuſt ſhame?
As if our pleaſure onely were forbade,
But to giue fire to luſt, t'adde greater flame:
Or elſe, but as ordained more to lade
Our heart with paſsions to confound the ſame,
Which though it be, yet adde not worſe to ill,
Do, as the beſt men do, bound thine owne will.

42

Redeeme thy ſelfe, and now at length make peace
With thy diuided heart oppreſt with toile:
Breake vp this warre, this breſt diſſention ceaſe,
Thy paſsions to thy paſsions reconcile:
I do not onely ſeeke my good t'increaſe,
But thine owne eaſe, and liberty: the while
Thee in the circuit of thy ſelfe confine,
And be thine owne, and then thou wilt be mine.

43

I know my pittied loue, doth aggrauate
Enuy and Wrath for theſe wrongs offered:
And that my ſuffrings adde with my eſtate,
Coales in thy boſome, hatred on thy head:
Yet is not that, my fault, but, my hard fate,
Who rather wiſh to haue beene vnpitied
Of all but thee, then that my loue ſhould be
Hurtfull to him that is ſo deere to me.

44

Cannot the buſie world let me alone,
To beare alone the burthen of my griefe,
But they muſt intermeddle with my mone,
And ſeeke t'offend me with vnſought reliefe?
Whilſt my afflictions labour to moue none
But onely thee: muſt Pitty play the thiefe,
To ſteale ſo many hearts to hurt my hart,
And moue a part againſt my deereſt part?

45

Yet all this ſhall not preiudice my Lord,
If yet he will but make returne at laſt,
His ſight ſhall raze out of the ſad record
Of my inrowled griefe all that is paſt:
And I will not ſo much as once afford
Place for a thought to thinke I was diſgrac'd:
And pity ſhall bring backe againe with me
Th'offended harts that haue forſaken thee.

46

And therefore come deere Lord, leſt longer ſtay
Do arme againſt thee all the powres of ſpight,
And thou be made at laſt the wofull pray
Of full inkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite:
But what preſaging thought of bloud doth ſtay
My trembling hand, and doth my ſoule affright?
What horror do I ſee, prepar'd t'attend
Th'euent of this? what end vnleſſe thou end?

47

With what ſtrange formes and ſhadowes ominous
Did my laſt ſleepe, my grieu'd ſoule intertaine?
I dreamt, yet O, dreames are but friuolous,
And yet Ile tell it, and God grant it vaine.
A ſea horſe. Me thought a mighty *Hippopotamus*
From *Nilus* floating, thruſts into the maine,
Vpon whoſe backe, a wanton Mermaide ſate,
As if ſhe rul'd his courſe, and ſteer'd his fate.

With

48

With whom t'incounter, forth another makes,
Alike in kind, of ſtrength and powre as good:
At whoſe ingrappling, *Neptunes* mantle takes
A purple colour, dyde with ſtreames of bloud,
Whereat this looker on amaz'd, forſakes
Her Champion there, who yet the better ſtood:
But ſe'ing her gone, ſtrait after her he hies,
As if his heart and ſtrength lay in her eyes.

49

On followes Wrath vpon Diſgrace and Feare,
Whereof th'euent forſooke me with the night,
But my wak'd cares, gaue me, theſe ſhadowes were
Drawne but from darkeneſſe to inſtruct the light,
Theſe ſecret figures, natures meſſage beare
Of comming woes, were they deſciphered right,
But if as cloudes of ſleepe thou ſhalt them take,
Yet credite Wrath and Spight that are awake.

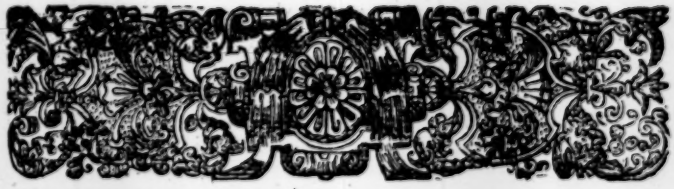
50

Preuent great ſpirit the tempeſts that begin,
If Luſt and thy Ambition haue left way
But to looke out, and haue not ſhut all in,
To ſtop thy iudgement from a true ſuruay
Of thy eſtate, and let thy hart within
Conſider in what danger thou doſt lay
Thy life and mine, to leaue the good thou haſt,
To follow hopes with ſhadowes ouercaſt.

51

Come, come away from wrong, from craft, from toile,
Poſſeſſe thine owne with right, with trueth, with peace:
Breake from theſe ſnares, thy iudgement vnbeguile,
Free thine owne torment, and my griefe releaſe.
But whither am I carried all this while
Beyond my ſcope, and know not when to ceaſe?
Words ſtill with my increaſing ſorrowes grow:
I know t'haue ſaid too much, but not enow.

Wherefore no more, but onely I commend
To thee the heart that's thine, and ſo I end. *Finis.*



THE TRAGEDIE
of Cleopatra

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

To the right Honourable, the *Lady Mary, Counteſſe of* PEMBROOKE

LOe heere the labour which ſhe did impoſe,
Whoſe influence did predominate my Muſe:
The ſtarre of wonder my deſires firſt choſe
To guide their trauels in the courſe I vſe:
She, whoſe cleere brightneſſe had the powre t'infuſe
Strength to my thoghts, from whence theſe motions came
Call'd vp my ſpirits from out their low repoſe,
To ſing of State, and tragicke notes to frame.

I, who (contented with an humble ſong,)
Made muſique to my ſelfe that pleaſd me beſt,
And onelie told of DELIA, and her wrong,
And praiſd her eyes, and plaind mine owne vnreſt:
(A text from whence my Muſe had not digreſt)
Madam, had not thy well grac'd *Antony*,
(Who all alone, hauing remained long,)
Requir'd his *Cleopatras* company.

Who if ſhe heere do ſo appeere in Act,
That he can ſcarce diſcerne her for his Queene,
Finding how much ſhe of her ſelfe hath lackt,
And miſs'd that grace wherein ſhe ſhould be ſeene,
Her worth obſcur'd, her ſpirit embaſed cleene,
Yet lightning thou by thy ſweete cheerefulnes,
My darke defects, which from her powres detract,
He may her geſſe by ſome reſemblances.

And

And I hereafter in another kinde,
More ſuting to the nature of my vaine,
May peraduenture raiſe my humble minde
To other muſique in this higher ſtraine;
Since I perceiue the world and thou doſt daigne
To countenance my Song, and cheriſh me,
I muſt ſo worke Poſteritie may finde,
My loue to verſe, my gratitude to thee.

Now when ſo many Pennes(like Speares) are charg'd,
To chaſe away this tyrant of the North;
Groſſe Barbariſme, whoſe powre grown far inlarg'd,
Was lately by thy valiant brothers worth
Firſt found,encountred,and prouoked forth:
Whoſe onſet made the reſt audacious,
Whereby they likewiſe haue ſo well diſcharg'd
Vpon that hideous beaſt incroching thus.

And now muſt I with that poore ſtrength I haue,
Reſiſt ſo foule a foe in what I may:
And arme againſt Obliuion and the Graue,
That elſe in darkeneſſe carries all away,
And makes of all an vniuerſall pray;
So that if by my Penne procure I ſhall
But to defend me, and my name to ſaue,
Then though I die, I cannot yet die all;

But ſtill the better part of me will liue,
And in that part will liue thy reuerent name,
Although thy ſelfe doſt farre more glory giue
Vnto thy ſelfe,then I can by the fame.
Who doſt with thine owne hand a Bulwarke frame
Againſt theſe monſters, (enemies of honour)
Which euermore ſhall ſo defend thy Fame,
As Time,or they ſhall neuer prey vpon her.

Thoſe

Thoſe Hymnes which thou doſt conſecrate to heauen,
Which Iſraels Singer to his God did frame:
Vnto thy voice Eternitie hath giuen,
And makes thee deere to him from whence they came,
In them muſt reſt thy venerable name,
So long as Sions God remaineth honoured;
And till confuſion hath all zeale bereauen,
And murthered Faith, and Temples ruined.

By this (great Ladie) thou muſt then be knowne,
When *Wilton* lies low leuell'd with the ground:
And this is that which thou maiſt call thine owne,
Which ſacrilegious Time cannot confound;
Heere thou ſuruiu'ſt thy ſelfe, heere thou art found
Of late ſucceeding ages, freſh in fame:
This monument cannot be ouerthrowne,
Where, in eternall Braſſe remaines thy Name.

O that the Ocean did not bound our ſtile
Within theſe ſtrict and narrow limites ſo:
But that the melodie of our ſweete Ile,
Might now be heard to *Tyber*, *Arne*, and *Po*:
That they might know how far Thames doth out-go
The Muſike of declined Italie:
And liſtning to our ſongs another while,
Might learne of thee their notes to purifie.

O why may not ſome after-comming hand
Vnlocke theſe limites, open our confines,
And breake aſunder this impriſoning band,
T'inlarge our ſpirits, and publiſh our deſeignes;
Planting our roſes on the *Apenines?*
And to teach *Rheyne*, to *Loyre*, and *Rhodanus*,
Our accents, and the wonders of our Land,
That they might all admire and honour vs.

Wherby great *Sydney* and our *Spencer* might,
With thoſe *Po*-ſingers being equalled,
Enchaunt the world with ſuch a ſweete delight,
That their eternall Songs (for euer read)
May ſhew what great *Elizaes* raigne hath bred.
What muſike in the kingdome of her peace
Hath now beene made to her, and by her might,
Whereby her glorious fame ſhall neuer ceaſe.

But if that fortune doth denie vs this,
Then *Neptune*, locke vp with the Ocean key
This treaſure to our ſelues, and let them miſſe
Of ſo ſweet riches: as vnworthie they
To taſte the great delights that we inioy.
And let our harmonie ſo pleaſing growne,
Content our ſelues, whoſe errour euer is
Strange notes to like, and diſeſteeme our owne.

But, whither do my vowes tranſport me now,
Without the compaſſe of my courſe inioynd?
Alas, what honour can a voyce ſo low
As this of mine, expect hereby to find?
But, (Madam,) this doth animate my mind,
That yet I ſhal be read among the reſt,
And though I do not to perfection grow,
Yet ſomething ſhall I be, though not the beſt.

The

The Argument.

After the death of *Antonius*, *Cleopatra*, (liuing ſtill in the Monument ſhee had cauſed to be built,) could not, by any means be drawne foorth, although *Octauius Cæſar* very earneſtly labored it: and ſent *Proculeius*, to vſe al dilligence to bring hir vnto him: for that he thought it would bee a great Ornament to his Triumphes, to get her aliue to Rome. But neuer would ſhe put her ſelfe into the hands of *Proculeius*, although on a time hee founde the meanes, (by a window that was at the toppe of the Monument,) to come downe vnto her: where hee perſwaded her (all hee might) to yeelde her ſelfe to *Cæſars* mercie. Which ſhee, (to be ridde of him,) cunningly ſeemed to grant vnto. After that, *Octauius* in perſon went to viſite her, to whom ſhe excuſed her offence, laying all the fault vpon the greatnes, and feare ſhe had of *Antonius*, and withall, ſeemed very tractable, and willing to be diſpoſed of by him.

Whereupon *Octauius*, (thinking himſelfe ſure) reſolued preſently to ſend her away to Rome. Whereof, *Dolabella*, a fauourite of *Cæſars*, (and one that was growne in-

to ſome good liking of her) hauing certified her, ſhee makes her humble petition to *Cæſar*, that he would ſuffer her to ſacrifice to the ghoſt of *Antonius*: which being granted her, ſhe was brought vnto his ſepulchre, where, after her rites performed, ſhe returned to the Monument, and there dined with great magnificence. And in dinner time, came there one in the habite of a countryman, with a baſket of Figs vnto her, who (vnſuſpected) was ſuffered to carry them in. And in that Basket (among the Figges) were conueyed the Aſpickes wherewith ſhe did herſelfe to death. Dinner being ended, ſhe diſpatched Letters to *Cæſar*, containing great lamentations: with an earneſt ſupplication, that ſhee might be intombed with *Antonius*. Whereupon *Cæſar* knowing what ſhe intended, ſent preſently with all ſpeede, Meſſengers to haue preuented her death, which notwithſtanding, before they came, was diſpatched.

Cæſario her ſonne, which ſhe had by *Iulius Cæſar* (conueyed before vnto India, out of the danger of the warres) was about the ſame time of her death, murthered at Rhodes: trained thither by the falſhoode of his Tutor, corrupted by *Cæſar*. And ſo, hereby came the race of the *Ptolomies* to be wholy extinct, and the flouriſhing rich kingdome of Egypt vtterly ouerthrowne and ſubdued.

The

The Scæne ſuppoſed *Alexandria*.

THE ACTORS

Cleopatra. Octauius Cæſar.
Proculeius. Dolabella.
Titius, ſeruant to Dolabella.
Arius, Philoſtratus, } two Philoſophers.
Seleucus, ſecretarie to Cleopatra.
Rodon, Tutor to Cæſario.
Nuntius.
The Chorus, all Egyptians.

THE

THE TRAGEDIE of Cleopatra

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Cleopatra.

YET do I liue, and yet doth breath extend
My life beyond my life? nor can my graue
Shut vp my griefes, to make my end my end?
Will yet confusion haue more then I haue?
Is th'honor, wonder, glory, pompe, and all
Of *Cleopatra* dead, and she not dead?
Haue I out-liu'd my selfe, and seene the fall
Of all vpon me, and not ruined?
Can yet these endure the ghastly looke
Of Desolations darke and ougly face,
Wont but on Fortunes fairest side to looke,
Where nought was but applause, but smiles, and grace?
Whiles on his shoulders all my rest relide
On whom the burthen of m'ambition lay,
My *Atlas*, and supporter of my pride
That did the world of all my glory sway,
Who now throwne downe, disgrac'd, confounded lies
Crusht with the weight of Shame and Infamie,
Following th'vnlucky party of mine eies,
The traines of lust and imbecilitie,
Whereby my dissolution is become
The graue of Egypt, and the wracke of all;
My vnforeseeing weakenesse must intoome
My Countries fame and glory with my fall.

Now who would thinke that I were ſhe who late
With all the ornaments on earth inrich'd,
Enuiron'd with delights, compaſt with ſtate,
Glittering in pomp that harts and eies bewitch'd;
Should thus diſtreſt, caſt downe from off that heigth
Leuell'd with low diſgrac'd calamitie,
Vnder the weight of ſuch affliction ſigh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extreameſt miſerie?
Am I the woman whoſe inuentiue pride,
Adorn'd like *Iſis*, ſcornd mortalitie?
Is't I would haue my frailetie ſo belide,
That flattery could perſwade I was not I?
Well, now I ſee, they but delude that praiſe vs,
Greatneſſe is mockt, proſperitie betrayes vs.
And we are but our ſelues, although this cloude
Of interpoſed ſmoakes make vs ſeeme more:
Theſe ſpreading parts of pomp wherof w'are prowd,
Are not our parts, but parts of others ſtore:
Witneſſe theſe gallant fortune-following traines,
Theſe Summer Swallowes of felicitie
Gone with the heate, of all, ſee what remaines,
This monument, two maides, and wretched I.
And I, t'adorne their triumphs am reſeru'd
A captiue, kept to honour others ſpoiles,
Whom *Cæſar* labors ſo to haue preſeru'd,
And ſeekes to entertaine my life with wiles.
But *Cæſar*, it is more then thou canſt do,
Promiſe, flatter, threaten extreamitie,
Imploy thy wits and all thy force thereto,
I haue both hands, and will, and I can die.
Though thou, of both my country and my crowne,
Of powre, of meanes and all doſt quite bereaue me;
Though thou haſt wholy Egypt made thine owne,
Yet haſt thou left me that which will deceiue thee.

That

That courage with my bloud and birth innated,
Admir'd of all the earth as thou art now,
Can neuer be ſo abiectly abated
To be thy ſlaue that rul'd as good as thou.
Thinke *Cæſar*, I that liu'd and raign'd a Queene,
Doe ſcorne to buy my life at ſuch a rate,
That I ſhould vnderneath my ſelfe be ſeene,
Baſely induring to ſuruiue my ſtate:
That Rome ſhould ſee my ſcepter-bearing hands
Behind me bound, and glory in my teares,
That I ſhould paſſe whereas *Octauia* ſtands,
To view my miſerie that purchas'd hers.
No, I diſdaine that head which wore a crowne,
Should ſtoope to take vp that which others giue;
I muſt not be, vnleſſe I be mine owne.
Tis ſweete to die when we are forc'd to liue,
Nor had I ſtaide behinde my ſelfe this ſpace,
Nor paid ſuch int'reſt for this borrow'd breath,
But that hereby I ſeeke to purchaſe grace
For my diſtreſſed ſeede after my death.
It's that which doth my deereſt bloud controule,
That's it alas detaines me from my tombe,
Whiles Nature brings to contradict my ſoule
The argument of mine vnhappy wombe.
You luckleſſe iſſue of an wofull mother,
The wretched pledges of a wanton bed,
You Kings deſign'd, muſt ſubiects liue to other;
Or elſe, I feare, ſcarce liue, when I am dead.
It is for you I temporize with *Cæſar*,
And ſtay this while to mediate your ſafetie:
For you I faine content, and ſoothe his pleaſure,
Calamitie herein hath made me craftie.
But this is but to trie what may be done;
For come what will, this ſtands, I muſt die free,

And die my ſelfe vncaptiu'd,and vnwonne.
Bloud,Children,Nature,all muſt pardon me.
My ſoule yeeldes Honor vp the victory,
And I muſt be a Queene,forget a mother,
Though mother would I be, were I not I;
And Queene would not be now, could I be other.
But what know I if th'heauens haue decreed,
And that the ſinnes of Egypt haue deſeru'd
The *Ptolomies* ſhould faile and none ſucceed,
And that my weakenes was thereto reſeru'd,
That I ſhould bring confuſion to my ſtate,
And fill the meaſure of iniquitie,
Luxurioufneſſe in me ſhould raiſe the rate
Of looſe and ill-diſpenſed libertie.
If it be ſo, then what neede theſe delaies?
Since I was made the meanes of miſerie:
Why ſhould I ſtriue but to make death my praiſe,
That had my life but for my infamie?
And let me write in letters of my bloud
A fit memoriall for the times to come,
To be example to ſuch Princes good
As pleaſe themſelues,and care not what become.
And *Antony*, becauſe the world takes note
That my defects haue onely ruin'd thee:
And my ambitious practiſes are thought
The motiue and the cauſe of all to be:
Though God thou know'ſt,how iuſt this ſtaine is laide
Vpon my ſoule, whom ill ſucceſſe makes ill:
Yet ſince condemn'd misfortune hath no aide
Againſt prowd lucke that argues what it will,
I haue no meanes to vndeceiue their mindes,
But to bring in the witneſſe of my bloud,
To teſtifie the faith and loue that bindes
My equall ſhame,to fall with whom I ſtood.

Defects

Defects I grant I had, but this was worſt,
That being the firſt to fall I dy'd not firſt.
Though I perhaps could lighten mine own ſide
With ſome excuſe of my conſtrained caſe
Drawn down with powre: but that were to deuide
My ſhame: to ſtand alone in my diſgrace.
To cleere me ſo, would ſhew m'affections naught,
And make th'excuſe more hainous then the fault.
Since if I ſhould our errours diſunite,
I ſhould confound afflictions onely reſt,
That from ſterne death euen ſteales a ſad delight
To die with friends or with the like diſtreſt;
And ſince we tooke of either ſuch firme hold
In th'ouerwhelming ſeas of fortune caſt,
What powre ſhould be of powre to reynfold
The armes of our affections lockt ſo faſt,
For grapling in the ocean of our pride,
We ſuncke each others greatneſſe both together;
And both made ſhipwracke of our fame beſide,
Both wrought a like deſtruction vnto either:
And therefore I am bound to ſacrifice
To death and thee, the life that doth reproue me:
Our like diſtreſſe I feele doth ſimpathize,
And euen affliction makes me truely loue thee.
Which *Antony*, I muſt confeſſe my fault
I neuer did ſincerely vntill now:
Now I proteſt I do, now am I taught
In death to loue, in life that knew not how.
For whilſt my glory in her greatneſſe ſtoode,
And that I ſaw my ſtate, and knew my beautie;
Saw how the world admir'd me, how they woo'd,
I then thought all men muſt loue me of duetie;
And I loue none: for my laſciuious Court,
Fertile in euer freſh and new-choiſe pleaſure,

Affoorded

Affoorded me ſo bountifull diſport,
That I to ſtay on Loue had neuer leiſure:
My vagabond deſires no limites found,
For luſt is endleſſe,pleaſure hath no bound.
Thou comming from the ſtrictneſſe of thy Citty,
And neuer this looſe pomp of monarchs learneſt,
Inur'd to warres, in womens wiles vnwitty,
Whilſt others faind,thou fell'ſt to loue in earneſt;
Not knowing how we like them beſt that houer,
And make leaſt reckning of a doting louer.
And yet thou cam'ſt but in my beauties waine,
When new appeering wrinckles of declining
Wrought with the hand of yeeres,ſeem'd to detaine
My graces light, as now but dimly ſhining
Euen in the confines of mine age,when I
Failing of what I was, and was but thus;
When ſuch as we do deeme in iealouſie
That men loue for themſelues,and not for vs,
Then,and but thus, thou didſt loue moſt ſincerely
O *Antony*, that beſt deſeru'ſt it better,
This Autumne of my beauty bought ſo dearely,
For which in more then death, I ſtand thy debter,
Which I will pay thee with ſo true a minde,
(Caſting vp all theſe deepe accompts of mine)
That both our ſoules, and all the world ſhall find
All recknings cleer'd, betwixt my loue and thine.
But to the end I may preuent prowd *Cæſar*,
Who doth ſo eagerly my life importune,
I muſt preuaile me of this little leaſure,
Seeming to fute my minde vnto my fortune;
Thereby with more conuenience to prouide
For what my death and honor beſt ſhall fit:
An yeelding baſe content muſt wary hide
My laſt diſsigne till I accompliſh it,

That

That hereby yet the world ſhall ſee that I,
Although vnwiſe to liue, had wit to die.

Exit.

CHORVS.

BEhold what furies ſtil
Torment their tortur'd breſt,
Who by their doing ill,
Haue wrought the worlds vnreſt.
Which when being moſt diſtreſt,
Yet more to vexe their ſprite,
The hideous face of ſinne,
(In formes they muſt deteſt)
Stands euer in their ſight.
Their conſcience ſtill within
Th'eternall larum is
That euer-barking dog that calles vpon their miſſe.

No meanes at all to hide
Man from himſelfe can finde:
No way to ſtart aſide
Out from the hell of minde.
But in himſelfe confin'd,
He ſtill ſees ſinne before:
And winged-footed paine,
That ſwiftly comes behinde,
The which is euer-more,
The ſure and certaine gaine
Impietie doth get,
And wanton looſe reſpect, that doth it ſelfe forget.

And *Cleopatra* now,
Well ſees the dangerous way
She tooke, and car'd not how,
Which led her to decay.
And likewiſe makes vs pay
For her diſordred luſt,
The int'reſt of our blood:
Or liue a ſeruile pray,
Vnder a hand vniuſt,
As others ſhall thinke good.
This hath her riot wonne:
And thus ſhe hath her ſtate, herſelfe and vs vndonne.

Now euery mouth can tell,
What cloſe was muttered:
How that ſhe did not well,
To take the courſe ſhe did.
For now is nothing hid,
Of what feare did reſtraine.
No ſecret cloſely done,
But now is vttered.
The text is made moſt plaine
That flattry glos'd vpon,
The bed of ſinne reueal'd,
And all the luxurie that ſhame would haue conceal'd.

The ſcene is broken downe,
And all vncou'red lyes,
The purple actors knowne
Scarce men, whom men deſpiſe.
The complots of the wiſe,
Proue imperfections ſmoake:
And all what wonder gaue
To pleaſure-gazing eyes,

Lyes ſcattred, daſht, all broke.
Thus much beguiled haue
Poore vnconſiderate wights,
Theſe momentarie pleaſures, fugitiue delights.

Actus ſecundus.

Ceſar. *Proculeius.*

KIngdoms I ſee we winne, we conquere Climates,
Yet cannot vanquiſh hearts, nor force obedience,
Affections kept in cloſe-concealed limits,
Stand farre without the reach of ſworde or violence.
Who forc'd do pay vs dutie, pay not loue:
Free is the heart, the temple of the minde,
The Sanctuarie ſacred from aboue,
Where nature keeps the keies that looſe and bind.
No mortall hand force open can that doore,
So cloſe ſhut vp, and lockt to all mankind:
I ſee mens bodies onely ours, no more,
The reſt, anothers right, that rules the minde.
Behold, my forces vanquiſht haue this Land,
Subdu'd that ſtrong Competitor of mine:
All Egypt yeelds to my all-conqu'ring hand,
And all their treaſure and themſelues reſigne.
Onely this Queene, that hath loſt all this all,
To whom is nothing left except a minde:
Cannot into a thought of yeelding fall,
To be diſpos'd as Chance hath her aſsign'd.
But *Proculei*, what hope doth ſhe now giue,
Will ſhee be brought to condiſcend to liue?

Proc. My Lord, what time being ſent from you to try
To win her forth aliue (if that I might)

From out the Monument, where wofully
She liues inclos'd in moſt afflicted plight:
No way I found, no means how to ſurprize her,
But through a grate at th'entry of the place
Standing to treat, I labour'd to aduiſe her,
To come to *Cæſar*, and to ſue for grace.
She ſaid, ſhe crau'd not life, but leaue to die,
Yet for her children, pray'd they might inherite,
That *Cæſar* would vouchſafe (in clemencie)
To pittie them, though ſhe deſeru'd no merite.
So leauing her for then; and ſince of late,
With *Gallus* ſent to trie an other time,
The whilſt he entertaines her at the grate,
I found the meanes vp to the Tombe to clime.
Where, in deſcending in the cloſeſt wiſe,
And ſilent manner as I could contriue:
Her woman me deſcri'd, and out ſhe cries,
Poore *Cleopatra*, thou art tane aliue.
With that the Queene raught from her ſide her knife,
And euen in act to ſtab her martred breſt,
I ſtept with ſpeede, and held, and ſau'd her life,
And forth her trembling hand the blade did wreſt.
Ah *Cleopatra*, why ſhouldſt thou, (ſaid I)
Both iniurie thy ſelfe and *Cæſar* ſo?
Barre him the honour of his victorie,
Who euer deales moſt mildly with his foe?
Liue, and relie on him, whoſe mercy will
To thy ſubmiſsion alwayes readie be.
With that (as all amaz'd) ſhe held her ſtill,
Twixt maieſtie confuz'd and miſerie.
Her proud grieu'd eyes, held ſorow and diſdaine,
State and diſtreſſe warring within her ſoule:
Dying ambition diſpoſſeſt her raigne,
So baſe affliction ſeemed to controule.

Like

Like as a burning Lampe, whoſe liquor ſpent
With intermitted flames, when dead you deeme it,
Sends forth a dying flaſh, as diſcontent,
That ſo the matter failes that ſhould redeeme it:
So ſhe (in ſpight) to ſee her low-brought ſtate,
When all her hopes were now conſum'd to nought)
Scornes yet to make an abiect league with Fate,
Or once deſcend into a ſeruile thought.
Th'imperious tongue vnuſed to beſeech,
Authoritie confounds with prayers, ſo
Words of command conioyn'd with humble ſpeech,
Shew'd ſhe would liue, yet ſcorn'd to pray her foe.
Ah, what hath *Cæſar* heere to do, ſaid ſhe,
In confines of the dead in darkneſſe lying?
Will he not grant our ſepulchres be free,
But violate the priuiledge of dying?
What, muſt he ſtretch foorth his ambitious hand
Into the right of Death, and force vs heere?
Hath Miſerie no couert where to ſtand
Free from the ſtorme of Pride, is't ſafe no where?
Cannot my land, my golde, my crowne ſuffiſe,
And all what I held deere, to him made common,
But that he muſt in this ſort tyrannize,
Th'afflicted body of an wofull woman?
Tell him, my frailetie, and the gods haue giuen
Sufficient glorie, could he be content:
And let him now with his deſires make euen,
And leaue me to this horror, to lament.
Now he hath taken all away from mee,
What muſt he take me from my ſelfe by force?
Ah, let him yet (in mercie) leaue me free
The kingdome of this poore diſtreſſed corſe.
No other crowne I ſeeke, no other good.
Yet wiſh that *Cæſar* would vouchſafe this grace,

To fauour the poore of-ſpring of my bloud.
Confuſed iſſue, yet of Roman race.
If bloud and name be linckes of loue in Princes,
Not ſpurres of hate; my poore *Cæſario* may
Finde fauour notwithſtanding mine offences,
And *Cæſars* bloud, may *Cæſars* raging ſtay.
But if that with the torrent of my fall,
All muſt be rapt with furious violence,
And no reſpect, nor no regard at all,
Can aught with nature or with bloud diſpence:
Then be it ſo, if needes it muſt be ſo.
There ſtaies and ſhrinckes in horror of her ſtate:
When I beganne to mittigate her woe,
And thy great mercies vnto her relate;
Wiſhing her not deſpaire, but rather come
And ſue for grace, and ſhake off all vaine feares:
No doubt ſhe ſhould obtaine as gentle doome
As ſhe deſir'd, both for her ſelfe and hers.
And ſo with much adoe, (well pacifide
Seeming to be) ſhe ſhew'd content to liue,
Saying ſhe was reſolu'd thy doome t'abide,
And to accept what fauour thou would'ſt giue,
And herewithall, crau'd alſo that ſhee might
Performe her laſt rites to her loſt belou'd.
To ſacrifice to him that wrought her plight:
And that ſhe might not be by force remou'd.
I granting from thy part this her requeſt,
Left her for then, ſeeming in better reſt.
Cæſ. But doſt thou thinke ſhe will remaine ſo ſtill?
Pro. I thinke, and do aſſure my ſelfe ſhe will.
Cæſ. Ah, priuate men ſound not the harts of Princes,
Whoſe actions oft beare contrarie pretences.
Pro. Why tis her ſafetie to come yeelde to thee.
Cæſ. But tis more honour for her to die free.

Pro.

Pro. She may thereby procure her childrens good.
Cæſ. Princes reſpect their honour more then blood.
Pro. Can Princes powre diſpence with nature than?
Cæſ. To be a prince, is more then be a man.
Pro. There's none but haue in time perſwaded beene.
Cæſ. And ſo might ſhe too, were ſhe not a Queene.
Pro. Diuers reſpects will force her be reclaim'd.
Cæſ. Princes(like Lions) neuer will be tam'd.
A priuate man may yeelde and care not how,
But greater hearts will breake before they bow.
And ſure I thinke ſh'will neuer condiſcend,
To liue to grace our ſpoiles with her diſgrace:
But yet let ſtill a wary troupe attend,
To guard her perſon,and to watch the place.
And looke that none with her come to confer:
Shortly my ſelfe will go to viſite her.

CHORVS.

OPINION, how dooſt thou moleſt
Th'affected minde of reſtleſſe man?
Who following thee neuer can,
Nor euer ſhall attaine to reſt,
For getting what thou ſaiſt is beſt,
Yet loe, that beſt he findes farre wide
Of what thou promiſedſt before:
For in the ſame he lookt for more,
Which proues but ſmall when once tis tride
Then ſomething elſe thou find'ſt beſide,
To draw him ſtill from thought to thought:
When in the end all prooues but nought.
Farther from reſt he findes him than,
Then at the firſt when he began.

O malecontent ſeducing gueſt,
Contriuer of our greateſt woes:
Which borne of winde, and fed with ſhowes,
Dooſt nurſe thy ſelfe in thine vnreſt.
Iudging vngotten things the beſt,
Or what thou in conceit deſign'ſt,
And all things in the world doſt deeme,
Not as they are, but as they ſeeme:
Which ſhews, their ſtate thou ill defin'ſt:
And liu'ſt to come, in preſent pin'ſt.
For what thou haſt, thou ſtill doſt lacke:
O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke,
Vaine promiſer of that ſweete reſt,
Which neuer any yet poſſeſt.

If we vnto ambition tend,
Then dooſt thou drawe our weakeneſſe on,
With vaine imagination
Of that which neuer hath an end.
Or if that luſt we apprehend,
How doth that pleaſant plague infeſt?
O what ſtrange formes of luxurie,
Thou ſtrait doſt caſt t'intice vs by?
And tell'ſt vs that is euer beſt,
Which we haue neuer yet poſſeſt.
And that more pleaſure reſts beſide,
In ſomething that we haue not tride.
And when the ſame likewiſe is had,
Then all is one, and all is bad.

This *Antony* can ſay is true,
And *Cleopatra* knowes tis ſo,
By th'experience of their woe.
She can ſay, ſhe neuer knew

But that luſt found pleaſures new,
And was neuer ſatiſfide:
He can ſay by proofe of toile,
Ambition is a Vulture vile,
That feeds vpon the hart of pride:
And findes no reſt when all is tride.
For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th'other, liſts and bounds hath none.
And both ſubuert the minde, the ſtate,
Procure deſtruction, enuie, hate.

And now when all this is prou'd vaine,
Yet *Opinion* leaues not heere,
But ſticks to *Cleopatra* neere,
Perſwading now, how ſhe ſhall gaine
Honour by death, and fame attaine.
And what a ſhame it were to liue,
Her kingdome loſt, her Louer dead:
And ſo with this perſwaſion led,
Diſpaire doth ſuch a courage giue,
That nought elſe can her minde relieue,
Nor yet diuert her from that thought:
To this concluſion all is brought.
This is that reſt this vaine world lends,
To end in death that all things ends.

Actus tertius.

Philotratus. *Arius.*

HOw deepely *Arius* am I bound to thee,
That ſau'dſt from death this wretched life of mine:
Obtaining *Cæſars* gentle grace for mee,

When

VVhen I of all helps elſe diſpaird but thine?
Although I ſee in ſuch a wofull ſtate,
Life is not that which ſhould be much deſir'd:
Sith all our glories come to end their date,
Our Countries honour and our own expir'd
Now that the hand of wrath hath ouer-gone vs,
Liuing (as'twere) in th'armes of our dead mother,
With bloud vnder our feet, ruine vpon vs,
And in a Land moſt wretched of all other,
When yet we reckon life our deereſt good.
And ſo we liue, we care not how we liue:
So deepe we feele impreſſed in our blood,
That touch which Nature with our breath did giue.
And yet what blaſts of words hath Learning found,
To blow againſt the feare of death and dying?
What comforts vnſicke eloquence can ſound,
And yet all failes vs in the point of trying.
For whilſt we reaſon with the breath of ſafety,
Without the compaſſe of deſtruction liuing:
What precepts ſhew we then, what courage lofty
In taxing others feares in councell giuing?
When all this ayre of ſweet-contriued wordes
Proues but weake armour to defend the hart.
For when this life, pale Feare and Terrour boords,
Where are our precepts then, where is our arte?
O who is he that from himſelfe can turne,
That beares about the body of a man?
Who doth not toile and labour to adiorne
The day of death, by any meanes he can?
All this I ſpeake to th'end my ſelfe t'excuſe,
For my baſe begging of a ſeruile breath,
Wherein I grant my ſelfe much to abuſe,
So ſhamefully to ſeeke t'auoide my death.
Arius. Philoſtratus, that ſelfe ſame care to liue,
Poſſeſieth

Poſſeſſeth all alike, and grieue not then
Nature doth vs no more then others giue:
Though we ſpeake more then men, we are but men.
And yet (in truth) theſe miſeries to ſee,
Wherein we ſtand in moſt extreame diſtreſſe:
Might to our ſelues ſufficient motiues be
To loathe this life, and weigh our death the leſſe:
For neuer any age hath better taught,
What feeble footing pride and greatneſſe hath.
How improuident proſperitie is caught,
And cleane confounded in the day of wrath.
See how diſmaid Confuſion keepes thoſe ſtreetes,
That nought but mirth and muſique late reſounded,
How nothing with our eie but horror meetes,
Our ſtate, our wealth, our pride and all confounded.
Yet what weake ſight did not diſcerne from far
This black-ariſing tempeſt, all confounding?
Who did not ſee we ſhould be what we are,
When pride and ryot grew to ſuch abounding.
When diſſolute impietie poſſeſt
Th'vnreſpectiue mindes of prince, and people:
VVhen inſolent Security found reſt
In wanton thoughts, with luſt and eaſe made feeble.
Then when vnwary Peace with fat-fed pleaſure,
New-freſh inuented ryots ſtill detected,
Purchac'd with all the *Ptolomies* rich treaſure,
Our lawes, our gods, our myſteryes neglected.
Who ſaw not how this confluence of vice,
This inundation of diſorders, muſt
At length of force pay backe the bloody price
Of ſad deſtruction, (a reward for luſt.)
O thou and I haue heard, and read, and knowne
Of like proude ſtates, as wofully incombred,
And fram'd by them, examples for our owne:

Which

Which now among examples muſt be numbred.
For this decree a law from high is giuen,
An ancient Canon, of eternall date,
In Conſiſtorie of the ſtarres of heauen,
Entred the Booke of vnauoyded Fate;
That no ſtate can in height of happineſſe,
In th'exaltation of their glory ſtand:
But thither once arriu'd, declining leſſe,
Ruine themſelues, or fall by others hand.
Thus doth the euer-changing courſe of things
Runne a perpetuall circle, euer turning:
And that ſame day that hieſt glory brings,
Brings vs vnto the poynt of backe-returning.
For ſenceleſſe ſenſualitie, doth euer
Accompany felicitie and greatneſſe.
A fatall witch, whoſe charmes do leaue vs neuer,
Till we leaue all in ſorrow for our ſweetneſſe;
When yet our ſelues muſt be the cauſe we fall,
Although the ſame be firſt decreed on hie:
Our errors ſtill muſt beare the blame of all,
This muſt it be; earth, aske not heauen why.
Yet mighty men with wary iealous hand,
Striue to cut off all obſtacles of feare:
All whatſoeuer ſeemes but to withſtand
Their leaſt conceit of quiet, held ſo deere;
And ſo intrench themſelues with blood, with crimes,
With all iniuſtice as their feares diſpoſe:
Yet for all this we ſee, how oftentimes
The meanes they worke to keepe, are meanes to loſe.
And ſure I cannot ſee, how this can ſtand
With great *Auguſtus* ſafety and his honor,
To cut off all ſucceſsion from our land,
For her offence that pulld the warres vpon her.

Phi. Why muſt her iſſue pay the price of that?

Ari.

Ari. The price is life that they are rated at.
Phi. *Cæſario* too, iſſued of *Cæſars* blood?
Ari. Pluralitie of Cæſars are not good.
Phi. Alas, what hurt procures his feeble arme?
Ari. Not for it doth, but that it may do harme.
Phi. Then when it offers hurt, repreſſe the ſame.
Ari. Tis beſt to quench a ſparke before it flame.
Phi. Tis inhumane, an innocent to kill.
Ari. Such innocents ſeldome remaine ſo ſtill.
And ſure his death may beſt procure our peace,
Competitors the ſubiect deerely buies:
And ſo that our affliction may ſurceaſe,
Let great men be the peoples ſacrifice.
But ſee where *Cæſar* comes himſelfe, to try
And worke the mind of our diſtreſſed Queene,
To apprehend ſome falſed hope: whereby
She might be drawn to haue her fortune ſeene.
But yet I thinke, Rome will not ſee that face
(That queld her champions) bluſh in baſe diſgrace.

Scena ſecunda.

Cæſar, Cleopatra, Seleucus, Dolabella.

Cæſar.

WHat *Cleopatra*, dooſt thou doubt ſo much
Of Cæſars mercy, that thou hid'ſt thy face?
Or dooſt thou thinke, thy offences can be ſuch,
That they ſurmount the meaſure of our grace?
Cle. O *Cæſar*, not for that I flie thy ſight
My ſoule this ſad retire of ſorrow choſe:
But that m'oppreſſed thoughts abhorring light
Like beſt in darkenes, my diſgrace t'incloſe.
And heere to theſe cloſe limites of deſpaire,

This ſolitarie horror where I bide:
Cæſar, I thought no Roman ſhould repaire,
More after him, who here oppreſſed dyde.
Yet now, here at thy conquering feete I lie,
Poore captiue ſoul, that neuer thought to bow:
Whoſe happy foote of rule and Maieſtie
Stood late on the ſame ground thou ſtandeſt now.

Cæſ. Riſe Queene, none but thy ſelfe is cauſe of al,
And yet, would all were but thine owne alone:
That others ruine had not with thy fall
Brought Rome her ſorrowes, to my triumphs mone.
For breaking off the league of loue and blood,
Thou mak'ſt my winning ioy againe vnpleaſing:
Sith th'eye of grief muſt looke into our good,
Thorow the horror of our own bloodſhedding.
And all, we muſt attribute vnto thee.

Cle. To me? Cæſar, what ſhould a woman doe
Oppreſt with greatnes? what was it for me
To contradict my Lord, being bent thereto?
I was by loue, by feare, by weakeneſſe, made
An inſtrument to ſuch diſdeignes as theſe.
For when the Lord of all the Orient bade,
Who but obey'd? who was not glad to pleaſe?
And how could I withdraw my ſuccouring hand
From him that had my heart, and what was mine?
The int'reſt of my faith in ſtreighteſt band,
My loue to his moſt firmely did combine.

Cæſ. Loue? alas no, it was th'innated hatred
That thou and thine haſt euer borne our people:
That made thee ſeeke all meanes to haue vs ſcattred,
To diſunite our ſtrength, and make vs feeble.
And therefore did that breaſt nurſe our diſſention,
With hope t'exalt thy ſelfe, t'augment thy ſtate:
To pray vpon the wracke of our contention,

And

And (with the reſt our foes,) to ioy thereat.
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, ſee how eaſie tis t'accuſe
Whom Fortune hath made faulty by their fall,
The wretched conquered may not refuſe
The titles of reproch hee's charg'd withall.
The conquering cauſe hath right, wherein thou art,
The vanquiſht ſtill is iudgde the worſer part.
Which part is mine, becauſe I loſt my part.
No leſſer then the portion of a Crowne.
Enough for me, alas what needed Art
To gaine by others, but to keepe mine owne?
But heere let weaker powers note what it is,
To neighbour great Competitors too neere,
If wee take part, we oft do periſh thus,
If neutrall bide, both parties we muſt feare.
Alas, what ſhall the forſt partakers doe,
When following none, yet muſt they periſh too?
But Cæſar, ſith thy right and cauſe is ſuch,
Be not a heauy weight vpon calamitie:
Depreſſe not the afflicted ouer-much,
The chiefeſt glorie is the Victors lenitie.
Th'inheritance of mercie from him take,
Of whom thou haſt thy fortune and thy name:
Great Cæſar me a Queene at firſt did make,
And let not Cæſar now confound the ſame,
Reade here theſe lines which ſtil I keepe with me,
The witnes of his loue and fauours euer:
And God forbid this ſhould be ſaid of thee,
That Cæſar wrong'd the fauoured of Cæſar.
For looke what I haue beene to *Antony*,
Thinke thou the ſame I might haue beene to thee.
And here I do preſent thee with the note
Of all the treaſure, all the iewels rare
That Egypt hath in many ages got;

And looke what *Cleopatra* hath, is there.
Seleu. Nay there's not all set downe within that,
I know some things she hath reseru'd aparr.
Cle. What, vile vngrateful wretch, dar'st thou coun-
Thy Queene and soueraigne, caitife as thou art. (tain
Cæs. Holde, holde; a poore reuenge can worke so feeble
Cle. Ah *Cæsar*, what a great indignitie
Is this, that here my vassal subiect stands
T'accuse me to my Lord of trecherie?
If I reseru'd some certaine womens toyes,
Alas it was not for my selfe (God knowes,)
Poore miserable soule, that little ioyes
In trifling ornaments in outward shewes.
But what I kept, I kept to make my way
Vnto thy *Liuia* and *Octauias* grace,
That thereby in compassion mooued, they
Might mediate thy fauour in my case.
Cæs. Well *Cleopatra*, feare not, thou shalt finde
What fauour thou desir'st, or canst expect:
For *Cæsar* neuer yet was found but kinde
To such as yeeld, and can themselues subiect.
And therefore giue thou comfort to thy minde;
Relieue thy soule thus ouercharg'd with care,
How well I will intreate thee thou shalt find,
So soone as some affaires dispatched are.
Til when farewel. *Cl.* Thanks thrise renowned *Cæsar*,
Poore *Cleopatra* rests thine owne for euer.
Dol. No maruel *Cæsar* though our greatest spirits,
Haue to the powre of such a charming beautie
Been brought to yeeld the honor of their merits:
Forgetting all respect of other dutie.
Then whilst the glory of her youth remain'd
The wondring obiect to each wanton eye:
Before her full of sweet (with sorrow wain'd,)

Came

Came to the period of this miſerie.
If ſtill, euen in the midſt of death and horror
Such beautie ſhines, thorow clouds of age & ſorow,
If euen thoſe ſweet decaies ſeeme to pleade for her,
Which from affliction mouing graces borrow:
If in calamitie ſhe could thus moue,
What could ſhe do adorn'd with youth and loue?
What could ſhe do then, whenas ſpreading wide
The pompe of beauty, in her glory dight?
When arm'd with wonder, ſhe could vſe beſide,
Th'ingines of her loue, Hope and Delight?
Beautie daughter of Meruaile, O ſee how
Thou canſt diſgracing ſorrowes ſweetly grace.
What power thou ſhew'ſt in a diſtreſſed brow,
That mak'ſt affliction faire, giu'ſt tears their grace.
What can vntreſſed locks, can torne rent haire,
A weeping eye, a wailing face be faire?
I ſee then, artleſſe feature can content,
And that true beautie needes no ornament.
Cæſ. What in a paſſion *Dolabella?* what take heed:
Let others freſh examples be thy warning;
What miſchiefes theſe, ſo idle humors breed,
Whilſt error keepes vs from a true diſcerning.
In deed I ſaw ſhe labour'd to impart
Her ſweeteſt graces in her ſaddeſt cheere:
Preſuming on the face that knew the arte
To moue with what aſpect ſo eu'r it were.
But all in vaine, ſhe takes her ayme amiſſe,
The ground and marke, her leuel much deceiues;
Time now hath altred all, for neither is
She as ſhe was, nor we as ſhe conceiues.
And therefore now, t'were beſt ſhe left ſuch badneſſe,
Folly in youth is ſinne, in age, tis madnes.
And for my part, I ſeeke but t'entertaine

In her ſome feeding hope to draw her forth;
The greateſt Trophey that my trauailes gaine,
Is, to bring home a prizall of ſuch worth.
And now, ſith that ſhe ſeemes ſo well content
To be diſpos'd by vs, without more ſtay
She with her children ſhall to Rome be ſent,
Whilſt I by *Syria* thither take my way.

CHORVS.

FEarefull frowning *Nemeſis*,
Daughter of Iuſtice, moſt ſeuere,
That art the worlds great arbitreſſe,
And Queene of cauſes raigning heere:
Whoſe ſwift-ſure hand is euer neere
Eternall iuſtice, righting wrong:
Who neuer yet deferreſt long
The prowds decay, the weaks redreſſe:
But through thy power euery where,
Doſt raze the great, and raiſe the leſſe.
The leſſe made great doſt ruine too,
To ſhew the earth what heauen can do

Thou from darke-clos'd eternitie,
From thy blacke cloudy hidden ſeate,
The worlds diſorders doſt deſcry:
Which when they ſwel ſo prowdly great,
Reuerſing th'order nature ſet,
Thou giu'ſt thy all confounding doome,
Which none can know before it come.
Th'ineuitable deſtinie,
Which neither wit nor ſtrength can let,
Faſt chain'd vnto neceſsitie,

In

In mortall things doth order ſo,
Th'alternate courſe of weale or wo.

O how the powres of heauen doe play
With trauailed mortalitie:
And doth their weakeneſſe ſtill betray,
In their beſt proſperitie?
When being lifted vp ſo hie,
They looke beyond themſelues ſo farre,
That to themſelues they take no care;
Whilſt ſwift confuſion downe doth lay,
Their late prowd mounting vanitie:
Bringing their glorie to decay,
And with the ruine of their fall,
Extinguiſh people, ſtate and all.

But is it Iuſtice that all wee
The innocent poore multitude,
For great mens faults ſhould puniſht be,
And to deſtruction thus purſude?
O why ſhould th'heauens vs include,
Within the compaſſe of their fall,
Who of themſelues procured all?
Or do the gods (in cloſe) decree,
Occaſion take how to extrude
Man from the earth with crueltie?
Ah no, the gods are euer iuſt,
Our faults excuſe their rigor muſt.

This is the period Fate ſet downe,
To Egypts fat proſperitie:
Which now vnto her greateſt growne,
Muſt periſh thus, by courſe muſt die.
And ſome muſt be the cauſers why

This reuolution muſt be wrought:
As borne to bring their ſtate to nought:
To change the people and the crowne,
And purge the worlds iniquitie:
Which vice ſo farre hath ouer growne.
As we, ſo they that treate vs thus,
Muſt one day periſh like to vs.

Actus quartus.

Seleucus. *Rodon.*

Sel. NEuer friend *Rodon* in a better howre,
Could I haue met thee then eu'n now I do,
Hauing affliction in the greateſt powre
Vpon my ſoule, and none to tell it to.
For tis ſome eaſe our ſorrowes to reueale,
If they to whom we ſhall impart our woes
Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele:
And meete vs with a ſigh but at a cloze.
Rod. And neuer (friend *Seleucus*) found'ſt thou one
That better could beare ſuch a part with thee:
Who by his own, knows others cares to mone,
And can, in like accord of griefe, agree.
And therefore tell th'oppreſsion of thy hart,
Tell to an eare prepar'd and tun'd to care:
And I will likewiſe vnto thee impart
As ſad a tale as what thou ſhalt declare.
So ſhall we both our mourneſull plaints combine
Ile waile thy ſtate, and thou ſhalt pitty mine.
Sel. Well then, thou know'ſt how I haue liu'd in grace
With *Cleopatra*, and eſteem'd in Court
As one of Councell, and of chiefeſt place,

And

And euer held my credite in that sort.
Till now in this confusion of our state,
When thinking to haue vs'd a meane to climbe,
And fled the wretched, flowne vnto the great,
(Following the fortune of the present time,)
Am come to be cast down and ruin'd cleene;
And in the course of mine own plot vndonne.
For hauing all the secrets of the Queene
Reueald to *Cæsar*, to haue fauor wonne.
My trechery is quited with disgrace,
My falshood loath'd, and not without great reason.
Though good for him, yet Princes in this case
Do hate the Traitor, though they loue the treason.
For how could he imagine I would be
Faithfull to him, being false vnto mine owne?
And false to such a bounteous Queene as she,
That had me rais'd and made mine honor knowne.
He saw twas not for zeale to him I bare,
But for base feare, or mine owne state to settle.
Weakenesse is false, and faith in Cowards rare,
Feare findes out shifts, timiditie is subtle.
And therefore scorn'd of him, scorn'd of mine own.
Hatefull to all that looke into my state:
Despis'd *Seleucus* now is onely grown
The marke of infamy, that's pointed at.

Rod. Tis much thou saist, and O too much to feele,
And I do grieue and do lament thy fall:
But yet all this which thou doost heere reueale,
Compar'd with mine, wil make thine seem but small.
Although my fault be in the selfe-same kind,
Yet in degree far greater, far more hatefull;
Mine sprong of mischiefe, thine from feeble mind,
I staind with bloud, thou onely but vngratefull.
For vnto me did *Cleopatra* giue

The beſt and deereſt treaſure of her blood,
Louely *Cæſario*, whom ſhe would ſhould liue
Free from the dangers wherein Egypt ſtoode.
And vnto me with him this charge ſhe gaue,
Here *Rodon*, take, conuey from out this coaſt,
This precious Gem, the chiefeſt that I haue,
The iewell of my ſoule I value moſt.
Guide him to *India*, leade him farre from hence,
Safeguard him where ſecure he may remaine,
Till better fortune call him backe from thence,
And Egypts peace be reconcil'd againe.
For this is he that may our hopes bring backe;
(The riſing Sunne of our declining ſtate:)
Theſe be the hands that may reſtore our wracke,
And raiſe the broken ruines made of late.
He may giue limits to the boundleſſe pride
Of fierce *Octauius*, and abate his might:
Great *Iulius* of-ſpring, he may come to guide
The Empire of the world, as his by right.
O how he ſeemes the modell of his Syre?
O how I gaze my Cæſar in his face?
Such was his gate, ſo did his lookes aſpire;
Such was his threatning brow, ſuch was his grace.
High ſhouldred, and his forehead euen as hie.
And O, (if he had not beene borne ſo late,)
He might haue rul'd the worlds great Monarchy,
And now haue beene the Champion of our ſtate.
Then vnto him, O my deere Sonne (ſhe ſaies,)
Sonne of my youth, flie hence, O flie, be gone,
Reſerue thy ſelfe, ordain'd for better daies,
For much thou haſt to ground thy hopes vpon.
Leaue me (thy wofull Mother) to endure
The fury of this tempeſt heere alone:
Who cares not for her ſelfe, ſo thou be ſure,

Thou

Thou mayſt reuenge, when others can but mone:
Rodon will ſee thee ſafe, *Rodon* will guide
Thee and thy wayes, thou ſhalt not need to feare:
Rodon (my faithfull ſeruant) wil prouide
What ſhal be beſt for thee, take thou no care.
And O good Rodon, looke well to his youth,
The waies are long, and dangers eu'ry where.
I vrge it not that I doe doubt thy truth,
Mothers will caſt the worſt, and alwaies feare.
The abſent danger greater ſtill appeares,
Leſſe feares he, who is neere the thing he feares.
And O, I knowe not what preſaging thought
My ſprite ſuggeſts of luckleſſe bad euent:
But yet it may be tis but Loue doth doate,
Or ydle ſhadowes with my feares preſent,
But yet the memory of mine owne fate
Makes me feare his. And yet why ſhould I feare?
His fortune may recouer better ſtate,
And he may come in pompe to gouerne heere.
But yet I doubt the *Genius* of our race
By ſome malignant ſpirite comes ouerthrowne:
Our bloud muſt be extinct, in my diſgrace,
Egypt muſt haue no more Kings of their owne.
Then let him ſtay, and let vs fall together,
Sith it is fore-decreed that we muſt fall.
Yet who knowes what may come? let him go thither,
What Merchaunt in one veſſell venters all?
Let vs diuide our ſtarres. Go, go my ſonne,
Let not the fate of Egypt finde thee heere:
Try if ſo be thy deſtinie can ſhunne
The common wracke of vs, by being there.
But who is he found euer yet defence
Againſt the heauens, or hid him any where?
Then what neede I to ſend thee ſo farre hence

To ſeeke thy death that mayſt as well die heere?
And here die with thy mother, die in reſt,
Not trauelling to what will come to thee.
Why ſhould we leaue our bloud vnto the Eaſt,
When Egypt may a Tombe ſufficient be?
O my diuided ſoule, what ſhall I do?
Whereon ſhall now my reſolution reſt?
What were I beſt reſolue to yeelde vnto,
When both are bad, how ſhall I know the beſt?
Stay, I may hap ſo worke with *Cæſar* now,
That he may yeelde him to reſtore thy right.
Goe; *Cæſar* neuer will conſent that thou
So neere in bloud, ſhalt be ſo great in might.
Then take him *Rodon*, go my ſonne, farewell.
But ſtay; there's ſomething elſe that I would ſay:
Yet nothing now, but O God ſpeede thee well,
Leſt ſaying more, that more may make thee ſtay.
Yet let me ſpeake: It may be tis the laſt
That euer I ſhall ſpeake to thee my ſonne.
Do Mothers vſe to part in ſuch poſt haſte?
What, muſt I end when I haue ſcarce begunne?
Ah no (deere heart) tis no ſuch ſlender twine
Wherewith the knot is tide twixt thee and me,
That bloud within thy veins came out of mine,
Parting from thee, I part from part of mee:
And therefore I muſt ſpeake. Yet what? O ſonne.
Here more ſhe would, when more ſhe could not ſay,
Sorrow rebounding backe whence it begunne,
Filld vp the paſſage, and quite ſtopt the way:
When ſweete *Cæſario* with a princely ſpirite,
(Though comfortleſſe himſelfe) did comfort giue;
With mildeſt wordes, perſwading her to beare it.
And as for him, ſhe ſhould not neede to grieue.
And I (with proteſtations of my part,)

Swore

Swore by that faith,(which ſworne I did deceiue)
That I would vſe all care,all wit and art
To ſee him ſafe; And ſo we tooke our leaue.
Scarce had we trauail'd to our iourneies end,
When *Cæſar* hauing knowledge of our way,
His Agents after vs with ſpeed doth ſend
To labour me,*Cæſario* to betray.
Who with rewards and promiſes ſo large,
Aſſail'd me then,that I grew ſoone content;
And backe to *Rhodes* did reconuay my charge,
Pretending that *Octauius* for him ſent,
To make him King of Egipt preſently.
And thither come,ſeeing himſelfe betray'd,
And in the hands of death through trechery,
Wailing his ſtate,thus to himſelfe he ſaid.
Lo here brought backe by ſubtile traine to death
Betraide by Tutors faith, or traitors rather:
My fault my bloud,and mine offence my birth,
For being ſonne of ſuch a mighty Father.
From *India*, (whither ſent by mothers care,
To be reſeru'd from Egipts common wracke,)
To *Rhodes*,(ſo long the armes of tyrants are,)
I am by *Cæſars* ſubtile reach brought backe:
Heere to be made th'oblation for his feares,
Who doubts the poor reuenge theſe hands may do him:
Reſpecting neither bloud,nor youth,nor yeeres,
Or how ſmall ſafety can my death be to him.
And is this all the good of being borne great?
Then wretched greatneſſe,prowd rich miſery,
Pompous diſtreſſe,glittering calamitie.
Is it for this th'ambitious Fathers ſweat,
To purchaſe bloud and death for them and theirs?
Is this the iſſue that their glories get,
To leaue a ſure deſtruction to their heires?

O how much better had it beene for me,
From low deſcent, deriu'd of humble birth,
T'haue eat the ſweete-ſowre bread of pouertie,
And drunke of *Nylus* ſtreames in *Nylus* earth:
Vnder the cou'ring of ſome quiet Cottage,
Free from the wrath of heauen, ſecure in minde,
Vntoucht when ſad euents of princes dottage
Confounds what euer mighty it doth finde.
And not t'haue ſtoode in their way, whoſe condition
Is to haue all made cleere, and all thing plaine
Betweene them and the marke of their ambition,
That nothing let, the full ſight of their raigne.
Where nothing ſtands, that ſtands not in ſubmiſsion;
Where greatneſſe muſt all in it ſelfe containe.
Kings will be alone, Competitors muſt downe,
Neere death he ſtands, that ſtands too neere a Crowne.
Such is my caſe, for *Cæſar* will haue all.
My bloud muſt ſeale th'aſſurance of his ſtate:
Yet ah weake ſtate that bloud aſſure him ſhall,
Whoſe wrongfull ſhedding, gods and men do hate.
Iniuſtice neuer ſcapes vnpuniſht ſtil,
Though men reuenge not, yet the heauens will.
And thou *Auguſtus* that with bloudie hand,
Cut'ſt off ſucceſsion from anothers race,
Maiſt find the heauens thy vowes ſo to withſtand,
That others may depriue thine in like caſe.
When thou maiſt ſee thy prowde contentious bed
Yeelding thee none of thine that may inherite:
Subuert thy bloud, place others in their ſted,
To pay this thy iniuſtice her due merite.
If it be true (as who can that deny
Which ſacred Prieſts of *Memphis* doe fore-ſay)
Some of the of-ſpring yet of *Antony*,
Shall all the rule of this whole Empire ſway;

And

And then *Auguſtus*, what is it thou gaineſt
By poore *Antillus* blood, or this of mine?
Nothing but this thy victorie thou ſtaineſt,
And pull'ſt the wrath of heauen on thee and thine.
In vaine doth man contend againſt the ſtarr's,
For that he ſeekes to make, his wiſedome marr's.
Yet in the mean-time we whom Fates reſerue,
The bloodie ſacrifices of ambition,
We feele the ſmart what euer they deſerue,
And we indure the preſent times condition.
The iuſtice of the heauens reuenging thus,
Doth onely ſatisfie it ſelfe, not vs.
Yet tis a pleaſing comfort that doth eaſe
Affliction in ſo great extremitie,
To thinke their like deſtruction ſhall appeaſe
Our ghoſts, who did procure our miſerie.
But dead we are, vncertaine what ſhall bee,
And liuing, we are ſure to feele the wrong:
Our certaine ruine we our ſelues doe ſee.
They ioy the while, and we know not how long.
But yet *Cæſarie*, thou muſt die content,
For men will mone, and God reuenge th'innocent.
Thus he complain'd, and thus thou hear'ſt my ſhame,
Sel. But how hath *Cæſar* now rewarded thee?
Rod. As he hath thee. And I expect the ſame
As fell to *Theodor* to fall to mee:
For he (one of my coate) hauing betraid
The yong *Antillus* ſonne of *Anthonie*,
And at his death from off his necke conuaid
A iewell: which being askt, he did denie:
Cæſar occaſion tooke to hang him ſtrait.
Such inſtruments with Princes liue not long.
Although they need ſuch actors of deceit,
Yet ſtill our ſight ſeemes to vpbraid their wrong;

And therefore we muſt needes this daunger runne,
And in the net of our owne guile be caught:
We muſt not liue to brag what we haue done,
For what is done, muſt not appeare their fault.
But here comes *Cleopatra*, wofull Queene,
And our ſhame wil not that we ſhould be ſeene.
Exeunt.

Cleopatra.

WHat hath my face yet powre to win a Louer?
Can this torne remnant ſerue to grace me ſo,
That it can *Cæſars* ſecret plots diſcouer
What he intends with me and mine to do?
Why then poore Beautie thou haſt done thy laſt,
And beſt good ſeruice thou could'ſt do vnto mee.
For now the time of death reueal'd thou haſt,
Which in my life didſt ſerue but to vndoe me.
Heere *Dolabella* far forſooth in loue,
Writes, how that *Cæſar* meanes forthwith, to ſend
Both me & mine, th'ayre of Rome to proue:
There his Triumphant Chariot to attend.
I thanke the man, both for his loue & letter;
The one comes fit to warne me thus before,
But for th'other, I muſt die his debter,
For *Cleopatra* now can loue no more.
But hauing leaue, I muſt go take my leaue
And laſt farewell of my dead *Anthonie*:
Whoſe deerly honour'd tombe muſt here receiue
This ſacrifice, the laſt before I die.
O ſacred euer-memorable ſtone,
That haſt without my teares, within my flame,
Receiue th'oblation of the wofull'ſt mone

That

That euer yet from ſad affliction came.
And you deare reliques of my Lord and Loue,
(The ſweeteſt parcels of the faithfull'ſt liuer,)
O let no impious hand dare to remoue
You out from hence, but reſt you here for euer.
Let Egypt now giue peace vnto you dead,
That liuing gaue you trouble and turmoile:
Sleepe quiet in this euer-laſting bed,
In forraine land preferr'd before your ſoile.
And O, if that the ſp'rits of men remaine
After their bodies, and do neuer die,
Then heare thy ghoſt, thy captiue ſpouſe complaine,
And be attentiue to her miſerie.
But if that labourſome mortallitie
Found this ſweete error, onely to confine
The curious ſearch of idle vanitie,
That would the deapth of darknes vndermine:
Or rather to giue reſt vnto the thought
Of wretched man, with th'after-comming ioy
Of thoſe conceiued fields whereon we dote,
To pacifie the preſent worldes annoy.
If it be ſo, why ſpeake I then to th'ayre?
But tis not ſo, my *Anthonie* doth heare:
His euer-liuing ghoſt attends my prayer,
And I do know his houering ſprite is neere.
And I wil ſpeake, and pray, and mourne to thee,
O pure immortall loue that daign'ſt to heare:
I feele thou anſwer'ſt my credulitie
With touch of comfort, finding none elſewhere.
Thou know'ſt theſe hands intomb'd thee here of late,
Free and vnforc'd, which now muſt ſeruile be,
Reſeru'd for bands to grace proud *Cæſars* ſtate,
Who ſeekes in me to triumph ouer thee.
O if in life we could not ſeuerd be,

Shall death diuide our bodies now aſunder?
Muſt thine in Egypt, mine in Italie,
Be kept the Monuments of Fortunes wonder?
If any powres be there whereas thou art,
(Sith our country gods betray our caſe,)
O worke they may their gracious helpe impart,
To ſaue thy wofull wife from ſuch diſgrace.
Do not permit ſhe ſhould in triumph ſhew
The bluſh of her reproach, ioyn'd with thy ſhame:
But (rather) let that hatefull tyrant know,
That thou and I had powre t'auoyde the ſame.
But what do I ſpend breath and ydle winde,
In vaine inuoking a conceiued ayde?
Why do I not my ſelfe occaſion finde
To breake the bounds wherein my ſelfe am ſtaide?
Words are for them that can complaine and liue,
Whoſe melting hearts compoſd of baſer frame,
Can to their ſorrowes, time and leaſure giue,
But *Cleopatra* may not do the ſame.
No *Antony*, thy loue requireth more:
A lingring death, with thee deſerues no merite,
I muſt my ſelfe force open wide a dore
To let out life, and ſo vnhouſe my ſpirit.
Theſe hands muſt breake the priſon of my ſoule
To come to thee, there to enioy like ſtate,
As doth the long-pent ſolitarie Foule,
That hath eſcapt her cage, and found her mate.
This ſacrifice to ſacrifize my life,
Is that true incenſe that dooth beſt beſeeme:
Theſe rites may ſerue a life-deſiring wife,
Who doing them, t'haue done enough doth deeme.
My hart bloud ſhould the purple flowers haue beene,
Which heere vpon thy Tombe to thee are offred,
No ſmoake but dying breath ſhould here bin ſeene,

And

And this it had bin too, had I bin ſuffred.
But what haue I ſaue theſe bare hands to doe it?
And theſe weake fingers are not yron-poynted:
They cannot pierce the fleſh being put vnto it,
And I of all meanes elſe am diſappointed.
But yet I muſt a way and meanes ſeeke, how
To come vnto thee, whatſoere I do.
O Death, art thou ſo hard to come by now,
That we muſt pray, intreate, and ſeeke thee too?
But I will finde thee whereſoere thou lie,
For who can ſtay a minde reſolu'd to die?
And now I goe to worke th'effect indeed,
Ile neuer ſend more words or ſighes to thee:
Ile bring my ſoule my ſelfe, and that with ſpeede,
My ſelfe will bring my ſoule to *Antony*.
Come go my Maides, my fortunes ſole attenders,
That miniſter to miſerie and ſorrow:
Your Miſtris you vnto your freedom renders.
And will diſcharge your charge yet ere to morrow.
And now by this, I thinke the man I ſent,
Is neere return'd that brings me my diſpatch.
God grant his cunning ſort to good euent,
And that his skill may well beguile my watch:
So ſhall I ſhun diſgrace, leaue to be ſorrie,
Flie to my loue, ſcape my foe, free my ſoule;
So ſhall I act the laſt of life with glorie,
Die like a Queene, and reſt without controule. Exit.

CHORVS.

MIſterious Egypt, wonder breeder,
ſtrict Religions ſtrange obſeruer,
State-ordrer zeale, the beſt rule-keeper,

Foſtring ſtill in temp'rate feruor:
O how cam'ſt thou to loſe ſo wholy
all religion, law and order?
And thus become the moſt vnholy
of all Lands, that *Nylus* border?
How could confus'd Diſorder enter
where ſterne Law ſate ſo ſeuerely?
How durſt weake luſt and riot venter
th'eye of Iuſtice looking neerely?
Could not thoſe meanes that made thee great
Be ſtill the meanes to keepe thy ſtate?

Ah no, the courſe of things requireth
change and alteration euer:
That ſame continuance man deſireth,
th'vnconſtant world yeeldeth neuer.
We in our counſels muſt be blinded,
And not ſee what doth import vs:
And often-times the thing leaſt minded
is the thing that moſt muſt hurt vs.
Yet they that haue the ſterne in guiding,
tis their fault that ſhould preuent it,
For oft they ſeeing their Country ſliding,
take their eaſe, as though contented.
We imitate the greater powres,
The Princes manners faſhion ours.

Th'example of their light regarding,
vulgar looſeneſſe much incences:
Vice vncontrold, growes wide inlarging,
Kings ſmall faults, be great offences.
And this hath ſet the window open
vnto licence, luſt, and riot:
This way confuſion firſt found broken,

where,

whereby entred our diſquiet,
Thoſe lawes that olde *Seſoſtris* founded,
and the *Ptolomies* obſerued,
Hereby firſt came to be confounded,
which our ſtate ſo long preſerued.
The wanton luxurie of Court,
Did forme the people of like ſort.

For all(reſpecting priuate pleaſure,)
vniuerſally conſenting
To abuſe their time,their treaſure,
in their owne delights contenting:
And future dangers nought reſpecting,
whereby,(O how eaſie matter
Made this ſo generall neglecting,
confus'd weakeneſſe to diſcatter?)
Cæſar found th'effect trûe tried,
in his eaſie entrance making:
Who at the ſight of armes,deſcryed
all our people,all forſaking.
For ryot(worſe then warre,)ſo ſore
Had waſted all our ſtrength before.

And thus is Egypt ſeruile rendred
to the inſolent deſtroyer:
And all their ſumptuous treaſure tendred,
all her wealth that did betray her.
Which poiſon(O if heauen be rightfull,)
may ſo farre infect their ſences,
That Egypts pleaſures ſo delightfull,
may breed them the like offences.
And Romans learne our way of weakenes,
be inſtructed in our vices:
That our ſpoiles may ſpoile your greatnes,

ouer-

ouercome with our deuiſes.
Fill full your hands, and carry home
Enough from vs to ruine Rome.

Actus quintus.

Dolabella *Titius*

Dol. COme tell me *Titius* eu'ry circumſtance
How *Cleopatra* did receiue my newes:
Tell eu'ry looke, each geſture, countenance,
That ſhe did in my Letters reading, vſe.
Tit. I ſhall my Lord, ſo farre as I could note,
Or my conceit obſerue in any wiſe.
It was the time whenas ſhe hauing got
Leaue to her Deereſt dead to ſacrifiſe;
And now was iſſuing out the monument
With odors, incenſe, garlands in her hand,
When I approacht (as one from *Cæſar* ſent,)
And did her cloſe thy meſſage t'vnderſtand.
She turnes her backe, and with her takes me in,
Reades in thy lines thy ſtrange vnlookt for tale:
And reades, and ſmiles, and ſtaies, and doth begin
Againe to reade, then bluſht, and then was pale.
And hauing ended with a ſigh, refoldes
Thy Letter vp: and with a fixed eie,
(which ſtedfaſt her imagination holds)
She muſ'd a while, ſtanding confuſedly:
At length. Ah friend, (ſaith ſhe) tell thy good Lord,
How deere I hold his pittying of my caſe:
That out of his ſweete nature can affoord
A miſerable woman ſo much grace.
Tell him how much my heauy ſoule doth grieue:
Mercileſſe *Cæſar* ſhould ſo deale with me:

Pray

Pray him that he would all the counſell giue,
That might diuert him from ſuch crueltie.
As for my loue, ſay *Antony* hath all,
Say that my hart is gone into the graue
With him, in whom it reſts and euer ſhall:
I haue it not my ſelfe, nor cannot haue.
Yet tell him, he ſhall more command of me
Then any, whoſoeuer liuing can.
Hee that ſo friendly ſhewes himſelfe to be
A right kind Roman, and a Gentleman.
Although his Nation (fatall vnto me,)
Haue had mine age a ſpoile, my youth a pray,
Yet his affection muſt accepted be,
That fauours one diſtreſt in ſuch decay.
Ah, he was worthy then to haue beene lou'd,
Of *Cleopatra* whiles her glory laſted;
Before ſhe had declining fortune prou'd,
Or ſeen her honor wrackt, her flowre blaſted.
Now there is nothing left her but diſgrace,
Nothing but her affliction that can moue:
Tell *Dolabella*, one that's in her caſe,
(Poore ſoule) needs rather pity now then loue,
But ſhortly ſhall thy Lord heare more of me.
And ending ſo her ſpeech, no longer ſtai'd,
But haſted to the tombe of *Antonie*,
And this was all ſhe did, and all ſhe ſaid.

Dol. Ah ſweet diſtreſſed Lady. What hard hart
Could chuſe but pity thee, and loue thee too?
Thy worthines, the ſtate wherein thou art
Requireth both, and both I vow to doo.
Although ambition lets not *Cæſar* ſee
The wrong he doth thy maieſty and ſweetnes,
Which makes him now exact ſo much of thee,
To adde vnto his pride, to grace his greatnes,

He knowes thou canſt no hurt procure vs now,
Sith all thy ſtrength is ſeiz'd into our hands:
Nor feares he that,but rather labours how
He might ſhew Rome ſo great a Queene in bands:
That our great Ladies (enuying thee ſo much
That ſtain'd them all,and held them in ſuch wonder,)
Might ioy to ſee thee,and thy fortune ſuch,
Thereby extolling him that brought thee vnder.
But I will ſeeke to ſtay it what I may;
I am but one, yet one that *Cæſar* loues,
And O if now I could doe more then pray,
Then ſhould'ſt thou know how farre affection moues.
But what my powre and prayer may preuaile,
Ile ioyne them both,to hinder thy diſgrace:
And euen this preſent day I will not faile
To doe my beſt with *Cæſar* in this caſe.

Tit. And ſir,euen now herſelfe hath letters ſent,
I met her meſſenger as I came hither,
With a diſpatch as he to *Cæſar* went,
But know not what imports her ſending thither.
Yet this he told,how *Cleopatra* late
Was come from ſacrifice. How richly clad
Was ſeru'd to dinner in moſt ſumptuous ſtate,
With all the braueſt ornaments ſhe had.
How hauing din'd, ſhe writes, and ſends away
Him ſtrait to *Cæſar*, and commanded than
All ſhould depart the Tombe,and none to ſtay
But her two maides, and one poore countryman.

Dol. Why then I know ſhe ſends t'haue audience now;
And meanes t'experience what her ſtate can do:
To ſee if maieſty will make him bow
To what affliction could not moue him to.
And O, if now ſhe could but bring a view
Of that freſh beauty ſhe in youth poſſeſt,

(The argument wherewith ſhe ouerthrew
The wit of *Iulius Cæſar*, and the reſt,)
Then happily *Auguſtus* might relent,
Whilſt powrefull Loue,(farre ſtronger then ambition)
Might worke in him, a minde to be content
To grant her asking, in the beſt condition.
But being as ſhe is, yet doth ſhe merite
To be reſpected, for what ſhe hath beene:
The wonder of her kinde, of rareſt ſpirit,
A glorious Lady, and a mighty Queene.
And now, but by a little weakeneſſe falling
To do that which perhaps ſh'was forſt to do:
Alas, an errour paſt, is paſt recalling,
Take away weakeneſſe, and take women too.
But now I goe to be thy aduocate,
Sweete *Cleopatra*, now Ile vſe mine arte.
Thy preſence will me greatly animate,
Thy face will teach my tongue, thy loue my hart.

Scena ſecunda.

Nuntius.

AM I ordain'd the carefull Meſſenger,
And ſad newes bringer of the ſtrangeſt death,
Which ſelfe hand did vpon it ſelfe inferre,
To free a captiue ſoule from ſeruile breath?
Muſt I the lamentable wonder ſhew,
Which all the world muſt grieue and maruel at?
The rareſt forme of death in earth below,
That euer pitty, glory, wonder gat.
Cho. What news bringſt thou, can Egipt yet yeeld more
Of ſorrow than it hath? what can it adde
To the already ouerflowing ſtore
Of ſad affliction, matter yet more ſad?

Haue we not ſeene the worſt of our calamity?
Is there behind yet ſomething of diſtreſſe
Vnſeene, vnknown? Tel if that greater miſery
There be, that we waile not that which is leſſe.
Tell vs what ſo it be, and tell at firſt,
For ſorrow euer longs to heare her worſt.
Nu Well then, the ſtrangeſt thing relate I will,
That euer eye of mortall man hath ſeene.
I (as you know) euen from my youth, haue ſtill
Attended on the perſon of the Queene:
And euer in all fortunes good or ill,
With her as one of chiefeſt truſt haue beene.
And now in theſe ſo great extreamities,
That euer could to maieſty befall,
I did my beſt in what I could deuiſe,
And left her not, till now ſhe left vs all.
Cho. What is ſhe gone. Hath *Cæſar* forſt her ſo?
Nun. Yea, ſhe is gone, and hath deceiu'd him to.
Cho. What, fled to *India*, to go find her ſonne?
Nun. No, not to *India*, but to finde her ſonne.
Cho. Why then there's hope ſhe may her ſtate recouer
Nun. Her ſtate? nay rather honour, and her Louer.
Cho. Her Louer? him ſhee can not haue againe.
Nun. Wel, him ſhe hath, with him ſhe doth remaine.
Cho. Why then ſhe's dead. Iſt ſo? why ſpeakſt not thou
Nun. You geſſe aright, and I will tell you how.
When ſhe perceiu'd all hope was cleane bereft,
That Cæſar meant to ſend her ſtrait away,
And ſaw no meanes of reconcilement left,
Worke what ſhe could, ſhe could not worke to ſtay:
She calles me to her, and ſhe thus began.
O thou, whoſe truſt hath euer beene the ſame,
And one in all my fortunes, faithfull man,
Alone content t'attend diſgrace and ſhame.
Thou, whom the fearefull ruine of my fall,

Neuer

Neuer deterr'd to leaue calamitie:
As did thoſe others ſmoothe ſtate-pleaſers all,
Who followed but my fortune, and not me.
Tis thou muſt do a ſeruice for thy Queene,
Wherein thy faith and skill muſt do their beſt:
Thy honeſt care and duty ſhal be ſeene,
Performing this, more then in all the reſt.
For all what thou haſt done, may die with thee,
Although tis pitty that ſuch faith ſhould die.
But this ſhall euermore remembred be,
A rare example to poſterity.
And looke how long as *Cleopatra* ſhall
In after ages liue in memory,
So long ſhall thy cleere fame endure withall,
And therefore thou muſt not my ſute denie
Nor contradict my will. For what I will
I am reſolu'd: and this now muſt it be:
Go find me out with all thy art and skill
Two Aſpicks, and conuay them cloſe to me.
I haue a worke to do with them in hand,
Enquire not what, for thou ſhalt ſoone ſee what,
If the heauens do not my diſſeignes withſtand,
But do thy charge, and let me ſhift with that.
Being thus coniur'd by her t'whom I'had vow'd
My true perpetuall ſeruice, forth I went,
Deuiſing how my cloſe attempt to ſhrowde,
So that there might no art my art preuent.
And ſo diſguis'd in habite as you ſee,
Hauing found out the thing for which I went,
I ſoone return'd againe, and brought with me
The Aſpickes, in a basket cloſely pent.
Which I had filld with Figges, and leaues vpon.
And comming to the guard that kept the dore,
What haſt thou there? ſaid they, and lookt thereon.
Seeing the figges, they deem'd of nothing more,

But ſaid, they were the faireſt they had ſeene.
Taſte ſome, ſaid I, for they are good and pleaſant.
No, no, ſaid they, go beare them to thy Queene,
Thinking me ſome poore man that brought a preſent.
Well, in I went, where brighter then the Sunne,
Glittering in all her pompous rich aray,
Great *Cleopatra* ſate, as if ſh'had wonne
Cæſar, and all the world beſide this day:
Euen as ſhe was when on thy criſtall ſtreames,
Cleere *Cydnos* ſhe did ſhew what earth could ſhew.
When *Aſia* all amaz'd in wonder, deemes
Venus from heauen was come on earth below.
Euen as ſhe went at firſt to meete her Loue,
So goes ſhe now at laſt againe to find him.
But that firſt, did her greatnes onely proue,
This laſt her loue, that could not liue behind him.
Yet as ſhe ſate, the doubt of my good ſpeed,
Detracts much from the ſweetnes of her looke:
Cheere-marrer Care, did then ſuch paſsions breed,
That made her eie bevvray the griefe ſhee tooke.
But ſhe no ſooner ſees me in the place,
But ſtrait her ſorrovv-clouded brovv ſhe cleeres,
Lightning a ſmile from out a ſtormie face,
Which all her tempeſt-beaten ſences cheeres.
Looke hovv a ſtrai'd perplexed traueller,
When chaſd by theeues, and euen at poynt of taking,
Deſcrying ſodainely ſome towne not far,
Or ſome vnlookt for aide to him-vvard making;
Cheeres vp his tyred ſprites, thruſts forth his ſtrength
To meete that good, that comes in ſo good houre:
Such was her ioy, perceiuing novv at length,
Her honour was t'eſcape ſo proude a povvre.
Forth from hir ſeate ſhe haſtes to meete the preſent,
And as one ouer-ioy'd, ſhe caught it ſtrait.
And with a ſmiling cheere in action pleaſant,

Looking

Looking among the figs, findes the deceite.
And ſeeing there the vgly venemous beaſt,
Nothing diſmaid, ſhe ſtayes and viewes it well.
At length th'extreameſt of her paſſion ceaſt,
When ſhe began with wordes her ioy to tell.
O rareſt beaſt (ſaith ſhe) that Affrick breedes,
How deerly welcome art thou vnto me?
The faireſt creature that faire *Nylus* feedes
Me thinks I ſee, in now beholding thee.
What though the euer-erring world doth deeme
That angred Nature fram'd thee but in ſpight?
Little they know what they ſo light eſteeme,
That neuer learn'd the wonder of thy might.
Better then Death, Deaths office thou diſchargeſt,
That with one gentle touch canſt free our breath:
And in a pleaſing ſleepe our ſoule inlargeſt,
Making our ſelues not priuie to our death.
If Nature err'd, O then how happy error,
Thinking to make thee worſt, ſhe made thee beſt:
Sith thou beſt freeſt vs from our liues worſt terror,
In ſweetly bringing ſoules to quiet reſt.
When that inexorable Monſter Death
That followes Fortune, flies the poore diſtreſſed,
Tortures our bodyes ere he takes our breath,
And loads with paines th'already weak oppreſſed.
How oft haue I begg'd, prayd, intreated him
To take my life, which he would neuer do,
And when he comes, he comes ſo vgly grim,
Attended on with hideous torments to.
Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chiefe
That open canſt with ſuch an eaſie key
The doore of life, come gentle cunning thiefe,
That from our ſelues ſo ſteal'ſt our ſelues away.
Well did our Prieſts diſcerne ſomething diuine
Shadow'd in thee, and therefore firſt they did

Offrings

Offrings and worſhips due to thee aſſigne,
In whom they found ſuch myſteries were hid.
Comparing thy ſwift motion to the Sunne,
That mou'ſt without the inſtruments that moue:
And neuer waxing old, but alwayes one,
Dooſt ſure thy ſtrange diuinitie approue.
And therefore too, the rather vnto thee
In zeale I make the offring of my blood,
Calamitie confirming now in me
A ſure beliefe that pietie makes good.
Which happy men neglect, or hold ambiguous.
And onely the afflicted are religious.
And heere I ſacrifice theſe armes to Death,
That Luſt late dedicated to Delights:
Offring vp for my laſt, this laſt of breath,
The complement of my loues deareſt rites.
With that ſhe beares her arme, and offer makes
To touch her death, yet at the touch with-drawes,
And ſeeming more to ſpeake, occaſion takes,
Willing to die, and willing too to pauſe.
Looke how a mother at her ſonnes departing
For ſome farre voyage bent to get him fame,
Doth entertaine him with an ydle parling
And ſtil doth ſpeake, and ſtil ſpeakes but the ſame;
Now bids farewell, and now recalles him backe,
Telles what was told, and bids againe farewell,
And yet againe recalles; for ſtil doth lacke
Something that Loue would faine and cannot tell.
Pleas'd he ſhould go, yet cannot let him go.
So ſhe, although ſhe knew there was no way
But this, yet this ſhe could not handle ſo
But ſhe muſt ſhew that life deſir'd delay.
Faine would ſhe entertaine the time as now,
And now would faine that Death would ſeize vpon her,
Whilſt I might ſee preſented in her brow,

The doubtfull combate tride twixt Life and Honor.
Life bringing Legions of freſh hopes with her,
Arm'd with the proofe of time, which yeeldes we ſay
Comfort and helpe, to ſuch as doe referre
All vnto him, and can admit delay.
But Honour ſcorning Life, loe forth leades hee
Bright Immortalitie in ſhining armour:
Thorow the rayes of whoſe cleere glorie, ſhe
Might ſee lifes baſeneſſe, how much it might harme her.
Beſides ſhee ſaw whole armies of Reproches,
And baſe Diſgraces, Furies feareful ſad,
Marching with Life, and Shame that ſtill incroches
Vpon her face, in bloody colours clad.
Which repreſentments ſeeing, worſe then death
She deem'd to yeeld to Life, and therefore choſe
To render al to Honour, heart and breath;
And that with ſpeede, leſt that her inward foes
Falſe fleſh and bloud, ioyning with life and hope,
Should mutinie againſt her reſolution.
And to the end ſhe would not giue them ſcope,
Shee preſently proceedes to th'execution.
And ſharpely blaming of her rebel powres,
Falſe fleſh (ſaith ſhe) and what doſt thou conſpire
With Cæſar too, as thou wert none of ours,
To worke my ſhame, and hinder my deſire?
Wilt thou retaine in cloſure of thy vaines,
That enemy Baſe life, to let my good?
No, know there is a greater powre conſtraines
Then can be countercheckt with feareſull blood.
For to the minde that's great, nothing ſeemes great:
And ſeeing death to be the laſt of woes,
And life laſting diſgrace, which I ſhall get,
What doe I loſe, that haue but life to loſe?
This hauing ſaid, ſtrengthned in her owne hart,
And vnion of herſelfe, ſences in one

Charging together, ſhe performes that part
That hath ſo great a part of glorie wonne.
And ſo receiues the deadly poys'ning tuch;
That touch that tride the gold of her loue, pure,
And hath confirm'd her honour to be ſuch,
As muſt a wonder to all worlds endure.
Now not an yeelding ſhrinke or touch of feare,
Conſented to bewray leaſt ſence of paine:
But ſtill in one ſame ſweete vnaltred cheere,
Her honour did her dying thoughts retaine.
Well, now this worke is done (ſaith ſhe) heere ends
This act of Life, that part the Fates aſsign'd:
What glory or diſgrace heere this world lends,
Both haue I had, and both I leaue behind.
And now O earth, the Theater where I
Haue acted this, witnes I die vnforſt.
Witneſſe my ſoule partes free to *Antony*,
And now prowde Tyrant *Cæſar* do thy worſt.
This ſaid, ſhe ſtaies, and makes a ſodaine pauſe,
As twere to feele whether the poyſon wrought:
Or rather elſe the working might be cauſe
That made her ſtay, and intertain'd her thought.
For in that inſtant I might well perceiue
The drowſie humor in her falling brow:
And how each powre, eath part oppreſt did leaue
Their former office, and did ſenceleſſe grow.
Looke how a new pluckt branch againſt the Sunne,
Declines his fading leaues in feeble ſort;
So her diſioyned ioyntures as vndone,
Let fall her weake diſſolued limbes ſupport.
Yet loe that face the wonder of her life,
Retaines in death, a grace that graceth death,
Colour ſo liuely, cheere ſo louely riſe,
That none would thinke ſuch beauty could want breath.
And in that cheere th'impreſsion of a ſmile,

Did

Did ſeeme to ſhew ſhe ſcorned Death and *Ceſar*,
As glorying that ſhe could them both beguile,
And telling Death how much her death did pleaſe her.
Wonder it was to ſee how ſoone ſhe went,
She went with ſuch a will, and did ſo haſte it,
That ſure I thinke ſhee did her paine preuent,
Fore-going paine, or ſtaying not to taſte it.
And ſenceleſſe, in her ſinking downe ſhe wries
The Diademe which on her head ſhee wore,
Which *Charmion* (poore weake feeble maid) eſpies,
And haſtes to right it as it was before.
For *Eras* now was dead, and *Charmion* too
Euen at the poynt, for both would immitate
Their Miſtreſſe glorie, ſtriuing like to doo.
But *Charmion* would in this exceede her mate,
For ſhe would haue this honour to be laſt,
That ſhould adorne that head that muſt be ſeene
To weare a Crowne in death, that life held faſt,
That all the world may know ſhe dide a Queene.
And as ſhe ſtoode ſetting it fitly on,
Loe, in ruſh *Ceſars* meſſengers in haſte,
Thinking to haue preuented what was done,
But yet they came too late, for all was paſt.
For there they found ſtretcht on a bed of golde,
Dead *Cleopatra*, and that prowdly dead,
In all the rich attire procure ſhe could,
And dying *Charmion* trimming of her head,
And *Eras* at her feete, dead in like caſe.
Charmion, is this well done? ſaide one of them.
Yea, well ſaide ſhe, and her that from the race
Of ſo great Kings deſcends, doth beſt become.
And with that word, yeelds to her faithfull breath,
To paſſe th'aſſurance of her loue with death.

Cho. But how knevv *Ceſar* of her cloſe intent?

Nun. By Letters which before to him ſhe ſent.

For

For when ſhe had procur'd this meanes to die,
She writes, and earneſtly intreates, ſhe might
Be buried in one Tombe with *Antony*.
Whereby then *Cæſar* geſs'd all went not right.
And forthwith ſends, yet ere the meſſage came
She was diſpatcht, he croſt in his intent,
Her prouidence had ordred ſo the ſame,
That ſhe was ſure none ſhould her plot preuent.

CHORVS.

THen thus we haue beheld
Th'accompliſhment of woes
The ful of ruine and
The worſt of worſt of ills:
And ſeene al hope expeld,
That euer ſweete repoſe
Shall repoſſeſſe the Land,
That Deſolation fills,
And where Ambition ſpills
With vncontrouled hand,
All th'iſſue of all thoſe
That ſo long rule haue held:
To make vs no more vs,
But cleane confound vs thus.

And canſt O Nylus thou,
Father of flouds indure,
That yellow Tyber ſhould
With ſandy ſtreames rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleas'd to bow
To him thoſe feete ſo pure,
Whoſe vnknowne head we hold

A powre diuine to be?
Thou that didſt euer ſee
Thy free bankes vncontrould,
Liue vnder thine owne care:
Ah wilt thou beare it now?
And now wilt yeelde thy ſtreames
A prey to other Reames?

Draw backe thy waters flo
To thy concealed head:
Rockes ſtrangle vp thy waues,
Stop *Cataractes* thy fall.
And turne thy courſes ſo,
That ſandy Deſarts dead,
(The world of duſt that craues
To ſwallow thee vp all,
May drinke ſo much as ſhall
Reuiue from vaſtie graues
A liuing greene which ſpred
Far floriſhing, may gro
On that wide face of Death,
Where nothing now drawes breath.

Fatten ſome people there,
Euen as thou vs haſt done,
With plenties wanton ſtore,
And feeble luxurie:
And them as vs prepare
Fit for the day of mone
Reſpected not before.
Leaue leuell'd Egypt drie,
A barren prey to lie,
Waſted for euer-more.
Of plenties yeelding none
To recompence the care

Of Victors greedy luſt,
And bring forth nought but duſt.

And ſo O leaue to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our race poſſeſſe
Th'inheritance of ſhame,
The fee of ſin, that we
Haue left them for their part:
The yoke of whoſe diſtreſſe
Muſt ſtill vpbraid our blame,
Telling from whom it came.
Our weight of wantoneſſe
Lies heauie on their hart,
Who neuer-more ſhall ſee
The glory of that worth
They left, who brought vs forth.

O thou all-ſeeing light,
High Preſident of heauen,
You Magiſtrates the Starres
Of that eternall Court
Of Prouidence and Right,
Are theſe the bounds y'haue giuen
Th'vntranſpaſſable barres,
That limite Pride ſo ſhort?
Is greatneſſe of this ſort,
That greatneſſe greatneſſe marres,
And wrackes it ſelfe, ſelfe driuen
On Rockes of her owne might?
Doth Order order ſo
Diſorders ouerthrow?

FINIS.

THE COMPLAINT of ROSAMOND

THE COMPLAINT of ROSAMOND

OVT from the horror of Infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghoſt coms heere to plain it,
Attended with my ſhame that neuer ſleepes,
The ſpot where-with my kinde and youth did ſtaine it.
My body found a graue where to containe it.
A ſheete could hide my face, but not my ſin,
For Fame findes neuer tombe t'incloſe it in.

And which is worſe, my ſoule is now denied,
Her tranſport to the ſweet Eliſian reſt,
The ioyfull bliſſe for ghoſts repurified,
The euer-ſpringing Gardens of the bleſt:
Caron denies me wattage with the reſt.
And ſaies, my ſoule can neuer paſſe the Riuer,
Till Louers ſighes on earth ſhall it deliuer.

So ſhall I neuer paſſe; for how ſhould I
Procure this ſacrifice amongſt the liuing?
Time hath long ſince worne out the memorie
Both of my life, and liues vniuſt depriuing,
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.
Roſamond hath little left her but her name,
And that diſgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the ſame.

No muſe ſuggeſts the pitty of my caſe,
Each pen doth ouerpaſſe my iuſt complaint,
Whilſt others are preferd, though far more baſe;
Shores wife is grac'd, and paſſes for a Saint;
Her Legend iuſtifies her foule attaint.
Her wel-told tale did ſuch compaſſion find,
That ſhe is paſs'd, and I am left behind.

Which ſeene with griefe, my miſerable ghoſt,
(Whilome inueſted in ſo faire a vaile,
Which whilſt it liu'd, was honored of the moſt,
And being dead giues matter to bewaile,)
Comes to ſolicite thee, (ſince others faile,)
To take this taske, and in thy woful ſong
To forme my caſe, and regiſter my wrong.

Although I know thy iuſt lamenting Muſe,
Toild in th'affliction of thine owne diſtreſſe,
In others cares hath little time to vſe,
And therefore maiſt eſteeme of mine the leſſe:
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redreſſe,
Thy ioyes depending on a womans grace,
So moue thy mind a wofull womans caſe.

DELIA may hap to deigne to reade our ſtory,
And offer vp her ſigh among the reſt,
Whoſe merit would ſuffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou might'ſt be grac'd and I be bleſt;
That indulgence would profit me the beſt.
Such power ſhe hath by whom thy youth is led,
To ioy the liuing, and to bleſſe the dead.

So

So I (through beautie) made the wofull'ſt wight,
By beautie might haue comfort after death:
Th: t dying faireſt, by the faireſt might
Find life aboue on earth, and reſt beneath.
She that can bleſſe vs with one happie breath,
Giue comfort to thy Muſe to do her beſt,
That thereby thou mayſt ioy, and I might reſt.

Thus ſaid: forthwith mou'd with a tender care,
And pitty, (which my ſelfe could neuer find,)
What ſhee deſir'd, my Muſe deign'd to declare,
And therefore, will'd her boldely tell her minde.
And I (more willing) tooke this charge aſsign'd,
Becauſe her griefes were worthy to be knowne,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne.

Then write (quoth ſhee) the ruine of my youth,
Report the downe-fall of my ſlippry ſtate,
Of all my life reueale the ſimple trueth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late.
Exemplifie my frailtie, tell how Fate
Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come, to know them tis forbidden.

For whilſt the Sun-ſhine of my fortune laſted,
I ioy'd the happieſt warmth, the ſweeteſt heate
That euer yet imperious beauty taſted,
I had what glory euer fleſh could get:
But this faire morning had a ſhamefull ſet.
Diſgrace darkt honor, ſinne did cloude my brow,
As note the ſequel, and Ile tell thee how.

So

The

The bloud I ſtaind, was good and of the beſt,
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame:
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make me bleſt,
Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vſe the ſame.
My education ſhewd from whence I came,
And all concurr'd to make me happy furſt,
That ſo great hope might make me more accurſt.

Happy liu'd I whilſt parents eye did guide
The indiſcretion of my feeble waies,
And country home kept me from being eide,
Where beſt vnknowne I ſpent my ſweeteſt daies:
Till that my friends mine honor ſought to raiſe
To higher place, which greater credite yeeldes,
Deeming ſuch beauty was vnfit for feelds.

From Country then to Court I was preferr'd,
From calme to ſtormes, from ſhore into the deepes:
There where I periſh'd, where my youth firſt err'd,
There where I loſt the floure which honor keepes,
There where the worſer thriues, the better weepes;
Ay me (poore wench) on that vnhappy ſhelfe,
I grounded me, and caſt away my ſelfe.

There whereas fraile and tender Beuty ſtands,
With all aſſaulting powres inuironed;
Hauing but prayers and weake feeble hands
To hold their honors Fort vnvanquiſhed;
There where to ſtand, and be vnconquered,
Is to b'aboue the nature of our kinde,
That cannot long for pittie be vnkinde.

For

For thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth,
With rareſt proofe of beautie euer ſeene:
When my reuiuing eie had learnt the truth,
That it had power to make the winter greene,
And ſloure affections whereas none had beene;
Some could I teach my brovv to tyrannize,
And make the world do homage to mine eies.

For age I ſaw, (though yeeres with cold conceit,
Congeald their thoughts againſt a warme deſire,)
Yet ſigh their want, and looke at ſuch a baite;
I ſaw how youth was waxe before the fire;
I ſaw by ſtealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre.
Yet well perceiu'd, how Fortune made me then
The enuie of my ſexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the firſt appearing,
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it;
Or as the ſaddeſt tale at ſuddaine hearing,
Makes ſilent liſtning vnto him that told it,
So did my ſpeech vvhen Rubies did vnfold it;
So did the blazing of my bluſh appeare,
T'amaze the vvorld, that holds ſuch ſights ſo deere.

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchaunting good,
Sweete ſilent rhetorique of perſwading eyes:
Dombe eloquence, whoſe power doth moue the bloud,
More then the words, or wiſdome of the wiſe;
Still harmony, whoſe diapaſon lyes
Within a brow, the key which paſſions moue,
To rauiſh ſence, and play a world in loue.

What might I then not do whoſe powre was ſuch?
What cannot women do that know their powre?
What women knowes it not (I feare too much)
How bliſſe or bale lyes in their laugh or lowre?
Whilſt they enioy their happy blooming flowre,
Whilſt nature deckes them in their beſt attires
Of youth and beautie which the world admires.

Such one was I, my beauty was mine owne,
No borrowed bluſh which bank-rot beauties ſeeke:
That new-found ſhame, a ſinne to vs vnknowne,
Th'adulterate beauty of a falſed cheeke:
Vilde ſtaine to honour, and to women eeke,
Seing that time our fading muſt detect,
Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impietie of times, Chaſtities abator,
Falſhood, wherein thy ſelfe thy ſelfe denieſt:
Treaſon to counterfet the ſeale of Nature,
The ſtampe of heauen, impreſſed by the hieſt.
Diſgrace vnto the world, to whom thou lieſt.
Idoll vnto thy ſelfe, ſhame to the wiſe,
And all that honour thee idolatriſe.

Farre was that ſinne from vs whoſe age was pure,
When ſimple beauty was accounted beſt,
The time when women had no other lure
But modeſtie, pure cheekes, a vertuous breſt.
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was bleſt.
Theſe were the weapons which mine honour wonne.
In all the conflicts which mine eyes begunne.

Which

Which were not ſmall, I wrought on no meane obiect,
A Crowne was at my feete, Scepters obeyd me,
Whom Fortune made my King, Loue made my ſubiect.
Who did commaund the Land, moſt humbly prayd me,
Henrie the ſecond, that ſo highly weigh'd me,
Found well (by proofe) the priuiledge of beutie,
That it had powre to counter-maund all dutie.

For after all his victories in France,
And all the triumphes of his honor wonne:
Vnmatcht by ſword, was vanquiſht by a glance,
And hotter warres within his breaſt begunne.
Warres, whom whole legions of deſires drew on:
Againſt all which, my chaſtitie contends
With force of honour, which my ſhame defends.

No armour might be found that could defend,
Tranſpearcing raies of criſtall poynted eyes:
No ſtratagem, no reaſon could amend,
No not his age; (yet olde men ſhould be wiſe.)
But ſhewes deceiue, outward appearance lies.
Let none for ſeeming ſo, thinke Saints of others,
For all are men, and all haue ſuckt their mothers.

Who would haue thought a Monarch would haue euer
Obeyd his hand-maide of ſo meane eſtate;
Vulture ambition feeding on his liuer,
Age hauing worne his pleaſures out of date,
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late.
For ſuch a daintie which his youth found not,
Vnto his feeble age did chaunce a lot.

Ah

Ah Fortune, neuer abſolute, good,
For that ſome croſſe ſtill counter-checks our luck;
As heere behold th'incompatible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we ſtuck:
Whoſe lothing, we from natures breſts do ſuck,
As oppoſite to what our bloud requires.
For equall age, doth equall like deſires.

But mighty men, in hieſt honour ſitting,
Nought but applauſe and pleaſure can behold:
Sooth'd in their liking, careleſſe what is fitting,
May not be ſuffred once to thinke the'are old:
Not truſting what they ſee, but what is told.
Miſerable fortune to forget ſo farre
The ſtate of fleſh, and what our frailties are.

Yet muſt I needes excuſe ſo great defect
For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eies,
H'is forc'd forget himſelfe, and all reſpect
Of maieſty, whereon his ſtate relies:
And now of loues, and pleaſures muſt deuiſe.
For thus reuiu'd againe, he ſerues and ſu'th,
And ſeekes all meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by aſſault he could recouer,
So well incamp'd in ſtrength of chaſte deſires:
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repelld an vnchaſte louer.
The Crowne that could commaund what it requires,
I leſſer priz'd then Chaſtities attires.
Th'vnſtained vaile, which innocents adornes,
Th'vngathred Roſe, defended with the thornes.

And

And safe mine honour stoode, till that in trueth,
One of my sexe, of place, and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to intrap my youth.
One in the habite of like frailty clad.
One who the liu'ry of like weakenesse had.
A seeming Matron, yet a sinfull monster,
As by her words the chaster sort may conster.

She set vpon me with the smoothest speech
That Court and Age could cunningly deuise:
Th'one authentique, made her fit to teach,
The other learnd her how to subtelise.
Both were enough to circumuent the wise.
A document that well might teach the sage,
That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter(said she) behold thy happy chance,
That hast the lot cast downe into thy lap,
Whereby thou maist thy honor great aduance,
Whilst thou (vnhappie) wilt not see thy hap:
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,
T'oppose thy selfe against thine owne good fortune,
That poynts thee out, and seemes thee to importune.

Doost thou not see, how that thy King (thy Ioue)
Lightens forth glorie on thy darke estate:
And showres downe golde and treasure from aboue,
Whilst thou doost shut thy lap against thy fate?
Fie fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth; that canst not see
What is the fortune that doth follow thee.

Thou

Thou muſt not thinke thy flowre can alwaies floriſh,
And that thy beautie will be ſtill admired:
But that thoſe raies which all theſe flames do nouriſh,
Cancel'd with Time, will haue their date expired,
And men will ſcorne what now is ſo deſired.
Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
Which flouriſh now, and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brovv;
I haue beene faire(I muſt confeſſe the truth)
And ſtoode vpon as nice reſpects as thou;
I loſt my time, and I repent it novv.
But were I to beginne my youth againe,
I would redeeme the time I ſpent in vaine.

But thou haſt yeeres,and priuiledge to vſe them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare Beauties great ſeale;
Beſides, the lawe of Nature doth excuſe them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iuſt appeale.
Eſteeme not Fame more then thou dooſt thy weale.
Fame (wherof the world ſeems to make ſuch choice)
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice.

Then why ſhould this reſpect of honour bound vs,
In th'imaginarie liſtes of reputation?
Titles which cold ſeueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation:
Melancholies opinion, Cuſtomes relation;
Pleaſures plague,beauties ſcourge,hell to the faire,
To leaue the ſweete,for Caſtles in the aire.

Pleaſure

Of Rosamond.

Pleaſure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne:
Whereof we ſee how many are bereau'd,
Which ſhould haue reap'd the glory they had ſowne:
And many haue it, yet vnworthy, knowne.
So breathes his blaſt this many-headed beaſt,
Whereof the wiſeſt haue eſteemed leaſt:

The ſubtile Citty-women, better learned,
Eſteeme them chaſt enough that beſt ſeeme ſo:
Who though they ſport, it ſhall not be diſcerned,
Their face bewrayes not what their bodyes do;
Tis warie walking that doth ſafelieſt go.
With ſhew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,
Babes are beguild with ſweets, & men with ſhowes,

Then vſe thy tallent, youth ſhall be thy warrant,
And let not honour from thy ſports detract:
Thou muſt not fondly thinke thy ſelfe tranſparent,
That thoſe who ſee thy face can iudge thy fact,
Let her haue ſhame that cannot cloſely act.
And ſeeme the chaſt, which is the chiefeſt arte,
For what we ſeeme each ſee, none knowes our hart.

The mighty, who can with ſuch ſinnes diſpence,
In ſteede of ſhame do honors great beſtow:
A worthy Author doth redeeme th'offence,
And makes the ſcarlet ſinne as white as ſnow.
The Maieſty that doth deſcend ſo low,
Is not defilde but pure remaines therein,
And being ſacred, ſanctifies the ſinne.

What, dooſt thou ſtand on this, that he is old?
Thy beautie hath the more to worke vpon.
Thy pleaſures want ſhall be ſupplide with gold,
Cold age dotes moſt when heate of youth is gone:
Enticing words preuaile with ſuch a one.
Alluring ſhewes moſt deepe impreſsion ſtrikes,
For age is prone to credite what it likes.

Heere interrupt, ſhe leaues me in a doubt,
When loe began the combate in my blood,
Seeing my youth inuiron'd round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reaſons ſtood;
Small my defence to make my party good,
Againſt ſuch powers which were ſo ſurely laid,
To ouerthrow a poore vnskilfull Maid.

Treaſon was in my bones, my ſelfe conſpiring,
To ſell my ſelfe to luſt, my ſoule to ſin:
Pure-bluſhing ſhame was euen in retiring,
Leauing the ſacred hold it glori'd in.
Honor lay proſtrate for my fleſh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weakneſſe gan vpbray
Againſt my ſelfe, and ſhame did force me ſay;

Ah ROSAMOND, what doth thy fleſh prepare?
Deſtruction to thy dayes, death to thy faine;
Wilt thou betray that honour held with care,
T'entombe with blacke reproch a ſpotted name?
Leauing thy bluſh the colours of thy ſhame?
Opening thy feete to ſinne, thy ſoule to luſt,
Graceleſſe to lay thy glory in the duſt?

Nay,

Nay, first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,
Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden Tree,
Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed;
Suffring thy selfe by lust to be misled;
So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires,
That *Cliffordes* race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer wish longer to enioy the aire,
Then that thou breath'st the breath of chastitie:
Longer then thou preseru'st thy soule as faire
As is thy face, free from impuritie.
Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in euery eie,
Where Natures care such rarities inroule,
Which vs'd amisse, may serue to damne thy soule.

But what? he is my King and may constraine me,
Whether I yeelde or not, I liue diffamed.
The world will thinke authoritie did gaine me,
I shall be iudg'd his Loue, and so be shamed.
We see the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.
And if I yeeld, tis honourable shame,
If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the same.

What way is left thee then (vnhappy maide,)
Whereby thy spotlesse foote may wander out
This dreadfull danger, which thou seest is laid,
Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about?
Thy simple yeares cannot resolue this doubt.
Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote so euen,
But (in despite) some scandale will be giuen.

Thus ſtood I ballanc'd equally precize,
Till my fraile fleſh did weigh me downe to ſin;
Till world and pleaſure made me partialize,
And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,
When to excuſe my fault my luſts begin.
And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clauſe,
That though I ſinn'd, my ſinne had honeſt cauſe.

So well the golden balles caſt downe before me,
Could entertaine my courſe, hinder my way:
Whereat my retchleſſe youth ſtooping to ſtore me,
Loſt me the gole, the glorie, and the day.
Pleaſure had ſet my wel ſchool'd thoughts to play,
And bade me vſe the vertue of mine eies,
For ſweetely it fits the faire to wantoniſe.

Thus wrought to ſin, ſoone was I traind from Court,
T'a ſolitarie Grange, there to attend
The time the King ſhould thither make reſort,
Where he Loues long-deſired worke ſhould end.
Thither he daily meſſages doth ſend,
With coſtly Iewels (Orators of Loue,)
Which (ah too well men know) do women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
He greets me with a Casket richly wrought;
So rare, that Arte did ſeeme to ſtriue with Nature,
T'expreſſe the cunning worke-mans curious thought;
The myſterie whereof I prying ſought,
And found engrauen on the lidde aboue,
Amymone, how ſhe with *Neptune* ſtroue.

Amymone,

Amymone, old *Danaus* faireſt Daughter,
As ſhe was fetching water all alone
At *Lerna:* whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,
From whom ſhe ſtriu'd and ſtrugled to be gone,
Beating the aire with cries and piteous mone;
But all in vaine, with him ſhe's forc'd to go,
Tis ſhame that men ſhould vſe poore maidens ſo.

There might I ſee deſcribed how ſhe lay,
At thoſe proude feet, not ſatiſfide with prayer:
Wayling her heauy hap, curſing the day,
In act ſo pitious to expreſſe deſpaire.
And by how much more grieu'd, ſo much more faire.
Her teares vpon her cheekes (poore carefull gerle,)
Did ſeeme againſt the Sunne chriſtall and pearle:

Whoſe pure cleere ſtreams, (which lo ſo faire appears;)
Wrought hotter flames, (O miracle of loue,)
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
And makes neglected beauty mightier proue,
Teaching afflicted eies affects to moue;
To ſhew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
But crueltie, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This hauing viewd, and therewith ſomething moued,
Figured I find within the other ſquares,
Transformed *Io*, *Ioues* deerely loued,
In her affliction how ſhe ſtrangely fares.
Strangely diſtreſs'd (O beautie, borne to cares.)
Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iealous eyes,
Alwayes in danger of her hatefull ſpies.

Theſe preſidents preſented to my view,
Wherein the preſage of my fall was ſhowne,
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would enſue,
And others harmes haue made me ſhun mine owne.
But fate is not preuented, though foreknowne.
For that muſt hap, decreed by heauenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault ſtill ours.

Witnes the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Then miſeries vnkend before they come:
Who can the characters of chaunce decipher,
Written in cloudes of our concealed dome?
Which though perhaps haue beene reueald to ſome,
Yet that ſo doubtfull, (as ſucceſſe did proue them,)
That men muſt know thei haue the heu'ns aboue them

I ſaw the ſinne wherein my foot was entring,
I ſaw how that diſhonour did attend it,
I ſaw the ſhame whereon my fleſh was ventring,
Yet had I not the powre for to defend it.
So weake is ſence when error hath condemn'd it.
We ſee what's good, and thereto we conſent,
But yet we chooſe the worſt, and ſoone repent.

And now I come to tell the worſt of ilnes,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere.
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in ſtilnes,
And dreadfull black had diſpoſſeſs'd the cleere,
Com'd was the night, (mother of ſleepe and feare;)
Who with her ſable-mantle friendly couers,
The ſweet-ſtolne ſports, of ioyfull meeting Louers.

When

When loe, I ioy'd my Louer, not my Loue,
And felt the hand of luſt moſt vndeſired:
Enforc'd th'vnprooued bitter ſweet to proue,
Which yeelds no mutuall pleaſure when tis hired.
Loue's not conſtrain'd, nor yet of due required.
Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

But ſoone his age receiu'd his ſhort contenting,
And ſleepe ſeald vp his languiſhing deſires:
When he turnes to his reſt, I to repenting,
Into my ſelfe my waking thought retires:
My nakednes had prou'd my ſences liers.
Now op'ned were mine eyes to looke therein,
For firſt we taſte the fruit, then ſee our ſin.

Now did I find my ſelfe vnparadis'd,
From thoſe pure fields of my ſo cleane beginning:
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduis'd,
My fleſh gan loathe the new-felt touch of ſinning,
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at firſt winning.
For nature checks a new offence with loathing,
But vſe of ſinne doth make it ſeeme as nothing.

And vſe of ſinne did worke in me a boldnes,
And loue in him, incorporates ſuch zeale,
That iealouſie increas'd with ages coldnes,
Fearing to looſe the ioy of all his weale,
Or doubting time his ſtealth might elſe reueale,
H'is driuen to deuiſe ſome ſubtill way,
How he might ſafelieſt keepe ſo rich a pray.

A ſtately Pallace he forthwith did build,
Whoſe intricate innumerable waies,
With ſuch confuſed errours ſo beguilde
Th'vnguided entrers with vncertaine ſtraies,
And doubtfull turnings kept them in delaies,
With bootleſſe labour leading them about,
Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the cloſed boſome of which frame,
That ſeru'd a Centre to that goodly Round:
Were lodgings, with a Garden to the ſame,
With ſweeteſt flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground,
And all the pleaſures that delight hath found,
T'intertaine the ſence of wanton eies,
Fuel of loue, from whence luſts flames ariſe.

Heere I inclos'd from all the world aſunder,
The Minotaure of ſhame kept for diſgrace,
The Monſter of Fortune, and the worlds wonder,
Liu'd cloiſtred in ſo deſolate a caſe:
None but the King might come into the place,
With certaine Maides that did attend my neede,
And he himſelfe came guided by a threed.

O Iealouſie, daughter of Enuy and Loue,
Moſt wayward iſſue of a gentle ſire;
Foſtred with feares, thy fathers ioyes t'improue,
Mirth-marring Monſter, borne a ſubtile lier;
Hatefull vnto thy ſelfe, flying thine owne deſire:
Feeding vpon ſuſpect that doth renue thee,
Happy were Louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou

Thou haſt a thouſand gates thou entereſt by,
Condemning trembling paſſions to our hart;
Hundred ey'd *Argus*, euer-waking Spie,
Pale Hagge, infernall Furie, pleaſures ſmart,
Enuious Obſeruer, prying in euery part;
Suſpicious, fearefull, gazing ſtill about thee,
O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou didſt depriue (through falſe ſuggeſting feare,)
Him of content, and me of libertie:
The onely good that women hold ſo deere,
And turnſt my freedome to captiuitie,
Firſt made a priſoner, ere an enemie.
Enioynd the ranſome of my bodies ſhame,
Which though I paid, could not redeeme the ſame.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd?
For what is beauty if it be not ſeene?
Or what is't to be ſeene, vnleſſe admir'd?
And though admir'd, vnleſſe in loue deſir'd?
Neuer were cheeks of Roſes, locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to liue impriſon'd in a Chamber.

Nature created Beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heate, the Sunne for light:)
The faire do hold this priuiledge as due
By ancient Charter, to liue moſt in ſight,
And ſhe that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
In vaine our friends from this, do vs dehort,
For Beauty will be where is moſt reſort.

Witnes

Witnes the faireſt ſtreetes that Thames doth viſite,
The wondrous concourſe of the glitt'ring Faire:
For what rare woman deckt with beauty is it,
That thither couets not to make repaire?
The ſolitary Country may not ſtay her.
Heere is the centre of all Beauties beſt,
Excepting DELIA, left t'adorne the Weſt.

Heere doth the curious with iudiciall eies,
Contemplate Beautie glorioufly attired:
And heerein all our chiefeſt glorie lies,
To liue where we are prais'd and moſt deſired.
O how we ioy to ſee our ſelues admired,
Whilſt niggardly our fauours we diſcouer.
We loue to be belou'd, yet ſcorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foote had neuer mou'd
From country ſafetie, from the fields of reſt:
To know the danger to be highly lou'd,
And liue in pompe to braue among the beſt,
Happie for me, better had I beene bleſt,
If I vnluckily had neuer ſtraide,
But liu'd at home a happie country maide.

Whoſe vnaffected innocencie thinks
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtlie liuer:
She's deckt with truth, the Riuer where ſhe drinks
Doth ſerue her for her glaſſe, her counſell giuer:
She loues ſincerely, and is loued euer.
Her daies are peace, and ſo ſhe ends her breath,
(True life that knowes not what's to die till death.)

So

So ſhould I neuer haue beene regiſtred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate:
Nor had my name enrold with Maides miſled,
Which bought their pleaſures at ſo hie a rate.
Nor had I taught (through my vnhappy fate,)
This leſſon, (which my ſelfe learnt with expence)
How moſt it hurts that moſt delights the ſence:

Shame followes ſinne, diſgrace is duly giuen,
Impietie will out, neuer ſo cloſely done:
No walls can hide vs from the eye of heauen,
For ſhame muſt end what wickednes begun;
Forth breaks reproch when we leaſt think thereon,
And this is euer proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies moſt ſecret hidden,
Entring the cloſet of the Pallace dweller:
Abroad reuealing what is moſt forbidden.
Of truth and falſhood both an equall teller.
Tis not a guard can ſerue for to expell her.
The ſword of iuſtice cannot cut her wings,
Nor ſtop her mouth from vtt'ring ſecret things.

And this our ſtealth ſhe could not long conceale,
From her whom ſuch a forfeit moſt concerned:
The wronged Queene, who could ſo cloſely deale,
That ſhe the whole of all our practiſe learned,
And watcht a time when leaſt it was diſcerned,
In abſence of the King, to wreake her wrong,
With ſuch reuenge as ſhe deſired long.

The Laberinth ſhe entred by that threed,
That ſeru'd a conduct to my abſent Lord,
Left there by chance, reſeru'd for ſuch a deed,
Where ſhe ſurpriz'd me whom ſhe ſo abhord.
Enrag'd with madnes, ſcarce ſhe ſpeakes a word,
But flies with eager furie to my face,
Offring me moſt vnwomanly diſgrace.

Looke how a Tygreſſe that hath loſt her whelpe,
Runnes fiercely raging through the woods aſtray:
And ſeeing her ſelfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Furiouſly aſſaults what's in her way,
To ſatisfie her wrath, (not for a pray;)
So fell ſhe on me in outragious wiſe,
As could Diſdaine and Iealouſie deuiſe.

And after all hir vile reproches vſde,
She forc'd me take the poiſon ſhee had brought,
To end the life that had her ſo abuſde,
And free her feares, and eaſe her iealous thought.
No crueltie her wrath would leaue vnwrought,
No ſpitefull act that to Reuenge is common;
(No beaſt being fiercer then a iealous woman.)

Here take (ſaith ſhe) thou impudent vncleane,
Baſe graceleſſe ſtrumpet, take this next your heart;
Your loue-ſicke heart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene
With Pleaſures ſurfeit, muſt be purg'd with Arte.
This potion hath a power that will conuart
To naught, thoſe humors that oppreſſe you ſo.
And (Gerle) Ile ſee you take it ere I go.

What

What ſtand you now amaz'd,retire you backe?
Tremble you(minion?)come diſpatch with ſpeed;
There is no helpe,your Champion now you lack,
And all theſe teares you ſhed will nothing ſteed;
Thoſe daintie fingers needs muſt do the deed.
Take it,or I will drench you els by force,
And trifle not, leſt that I vſe you worſe.

Hauing this bloodie doome from helliſh breath,
My wofull eyes on euery ſide I caſt:
Rigor about me,in my hand my death,
Preſenting me the horror of my laſt:
All hope of pittie and of comfort paſt.
No meanes,no power,no forces to contend,
My trembling hands muſt giue my ſelfe my end.

Thoſe hands that beauties miniſters had been,
They muſt giue death that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gaue conſent to ſin,
Muſt now receiue deſtruction in thereat,
That bodie which my luſt did violate,
Muſt ſacrifice it ſelfe t'appeaſe the wrong.
(So ſhort is pleaſure,glory laſts not long.)

And ſhe no ſooner ſaw I had it taken,
But foorth ſhe ruſhes,(proud with victorie,)
And leaues m'alone,of all the world forſaken,
Except of Death,which ſhe had left with me.
(Death and my ſelfe alone togither be.)
To whom ſhe did her full reuenge refer.
Oh poore weake conqueſt both for him and her.

Then ſtraight my conſcience ſummons vp my ſinne,
T'appeare before me, in a hideous face;
Now doth the terror of my ſoule beginne,
When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place
Dictates mine error, and reueales diſgrace;
Whilſt I remaine oppreſt in euery part,
Death in my body, horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my loathſome ſelfe I caſt,
The bed that likewiſe giues in euidence
Againſt my ſoule, and tels I was vnchaſt,
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed ſence,
And therefore caſt, by guilt of mine offence.
Muſt heere the right of heauen needes ſatiſfie,
And where I wanton lay, muſt wretched die.

Heere I began to waile my hard miſhap,
My ſuddaine, ſtrange vnlookt for miſery.
Accuſing them that did my youth intrap,
To giue me ſuch a fall of infamy.
And poore diſtreſſed ROSAMOND, (ſaid I,)
Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne
In Dezarts, where no eare can heare thee mourne?

Nor any eye of pittie to behold
The wofull end of thy ſad tragedie;
But that thy wrongs vnſeene, thy tale vntold,
Muſt heere in ſecret ſilence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuſe togither die.
Thy ſin reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy ſhame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet

Yet breathe out to theſe walls the breath of mone,
Tell th'ayre thy plaints, ſince men thou canſt not tell.
And though thou periſh deſolate alone,
Tell yet thy ſelfe, what thy ſelfe knowes too well:
Vtter thy griefe wherewith thy ſoule doth ſwell.
And let thy heart pittie thy hearts remorſe,
And be thy ſelfe the mourner and the corſe.

Condole thee heere, clad all in blacke diſpaire,
With ſilence onely, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, ſo flouriſhing, ſo faire,
Didſt glorious liue, admir'd and honoured:
And now from friends, from ſuccor hither led,
Art made a ſpoyle to luſt, to wrath, to death,
And in diſgrace, forc'd heere to yeeld thy breath.

Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate,
To ſhew in thee the glorie of her beſt;
Framing thine eie the ſtarre of thy ill fate,
Making thy face the foe to ſpoile the reſt?
O Beautie, thou an enemie profeſt
To Chaſtitie and vs that loue thee moſt,
Without thee how w'are loath'd, and with thee loſt?

You, you that prowde with libertie and beautie,
(And well may you be prowde that you be ſo,)
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obſeru'd of duetie;
Would God I might to you but ere I goe
Speake what I feele, to warne you by my woe,
To keepe your feete in cleanly paths of ſhame,
That no inticing may diuert the ſame.

 See'ng

See'ng how againſt your tender weaknes ſtill,
The ſtrength of wit, of gold, and all is bent;
And all th'aſſaults that euer might or skill,
Can giue againſt a chaſte and cleane intent:
Ah let not greatnes worke you to conſent.
The ſpot is foule, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot priuiledge what God forbade.

Locke vp therefore the treaſure of your loue,
Vnder the ſureſt keyes of feare and ſhame:
And let no powers haue powre chaſte thoughts to moue
To make a lawleſſe entry on your fame.
Open to thoſe the comfort of your flame,
Whoſe equall loue ſhall march with equall pace,
In thoſe pure waies that leade to no diſgrace.

For ſee how many diſcontented beds,
Our owne aſpiring, or our Parents pride
Haue caus'd, whilſt that ambition vainely weds
Wealth and not loue, honor and nought beſide:
Whilſt married but to titles, we abide
As wedded widowes, wanting what we haue,
When ſhadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilſt we ſpend the freſheſt of our time,
The ſweet of youth in plotting in the ayre;
Alas how oft we fall, hoping to clime;
Or whither as vnprofitably faire,
Whilſt thoſe decayes which are without repaire,
Make vs neglected, ſcorned and reprou'd.
(And O what are we, if we be not lou'd?)

Faſten

Faſten therefore vpon occaſions fit,
Leſt this, or that, or like diſgrace as mine,
Do ouer-take your youth to ruine it,
And cloude with infamie your beauties ſhine:
Seeing how many ſeeke to vndermine
The treaſurie that's vnpoſſeſt of any:
And hard tis kept that is deſir'd of many.

And flie (O flie) theſe Bed-brokers vncleane,
(The monſters of our ſexe,) that make a pray
Of their owne kinde, by an vnkindely meane;
And euen (like Vipers) eating out a way
Through th'wombe of their owne ſhame, accurſed they
Liue by the death of Fame, the gaine of ſin,
The filth of luſt, vncleanneſſe wallowes in.

As if t'were not enough that we, (poore we)
Haue weakeneſſe, beautie, golde, and men our foes,
But we muſt haue ſome of our ſelues to be
Traitors vnto our ſelues, to ioyne with thoſe?
Such as our feeble forces doe diſcloſe,
And ſtill betray our cauſe, our ſhame, our youth,
To luſt, to follie, and to mens vntruth?

Hatefull confounders both of blood and lawes,
Vilde Orators of ſhame, that pleade delight:
Vngracious Agents in a wicked cauſe,
Factors for darkeneſſe, meſſengers of night,
Serpents of guile, diuels, that do inuite
The wanton taſte of that forbidden tree,
Whoſe fruit once pluckt, will ſhew how foule we be.

You in the habite of a graue aſpect,
(In credit by the truſt of yeeres,) can ſhoe
The cunning wayes of luſt, and can direct
The faire and wilie wantons how to goe,
Hauing (your lothſome ſelues) your youth ſpent ſo.
And in vncleannes euer haue beene fed,
By the reuenue of a wanton bed.

By you, haue beene the innocent betraid,
The bluſhing fearefull, boldned vnto ſin,
The wife made ſubtile, ſubtile made the maid,
The husband ſcorn'd, diſhonoured the kin:
Parents diſgrac'd, children infamous been.
Confus'd our race, and falſi-fied our blood,
Whilſt fathers ſonnes poſſeſſe wrong Fathers good.

This, and much more, I would haue vttred then,
A teſtament to be recorded ſtill,
Sign'd with my blood, ſubſcrib'd with Conſcience pen,
To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.
Though I could wiſh (by th'example of my will,)
I had not left this note vnto the faire,
But dyde inteſtate to haue had no heire.

But now, the poiſon ſpread through all my vaines,
Gan diſpoſſeſſe my liuing ſences quite:
And nought reſpecting death, (the laſt of paines,)
Plac'd his pale colours, (th'enſigne of his might,)
Vpon his new-got ſpoile before his right;
Thence chac'd my ſoule, ſetting my day ere noone,
When I leaſt thought my ioyes could end ſo ſoone.

And

And as conuaid t'vntimely funerals,
My ſcarce cold corſe not ſuffred longer ſtay,
Behold,the King (by chaunce) returning,fals
T'incounter with the ſame vpon the way,
As he repair'd to ſee his deereſt ioy.
Not thinking ſuch a meeting could haue beene,
To ſee his Loue,and ſeeing beene vnſeene.

Iudge thoſe whom chance depriues of ſweeteſt treaſure,
What tis to loſe a thing we hold ſo deere:
The beſt delight,wherein our ſoule takes pleaſure,
The ſweet of life,that penetrates ſo neere.
What paſsions feeles that hart,inforc'd to beare
The deepe impreſsion of ſo ſtrange a ſight,
That ouerwhelms vs,or confounds vs quite?

Amaz'd he ſtands,nor voice nor body ſteares,
Words had no paſſage,teares no iſſue found,
For ſorrow ſhut vp words,wrath kept in teares,
Confus'd affects each other do confound:
Oppreſs'd with griefe,his paſsions had no bound.
Striuing to tell his woes,words would not come;
For light cares ſpeak,when mighty griefs are dombe.

At length extreamity breakes out a way,
Through which th'impriſned voice with tears attended,
Wailes out a ſound that ſorrows do bewray,
With armes a-croſſe,and eies to heauen bended,
Vaporing out ſighes that to the skies aſcended.
Sighes (the poore eaſe calamitie affoords,)
Which ſerue for ſpeech when ſorow wanteth words.

O heauens (quoth he,) why do mine eies behold
The hatefull raies of this vnhappe ſunne?
Why haue I light to ſee my ſinnes controld,
With blood of mine own ſhame thus vildly done?
How can my ſight endure to looke thereon?
Why doth not blacke eternall darknes hide,
That from mine eyes, my hart cannot abide?

What ſaw my life, wherein my ſoule might ioy,
What had my daies, whom troubles ſtill afflicted,
But onely this, to counterpoize annoy?
This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted;
This ſweet, whoſe loſſe hath all diſtreſſe inflicted;
This, that did ſeaſon all my ſowre of life,
Vext ſtill at home with broiles, abroad in ſtrife:

Vext ſtill at home with broiles, abroade in ſtrife,
Diſſention in my blood, iarres in my bed:
Diſtruſt at boord, ſuſpecting ſtill my life,
Spending the night in horror, daies in dread;
(Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led.)
Theſe miſeries go mask'd in glittering ſhovves,
Which wiſe men ſee, the vulgar little knovves.

Thus as theſe paſsions doe him ouerwhelme,
He dravves him neere my body to behold it.
And as the Vine married vnto the Elme
With ſtrict imbraces, ſo doth he infold it.
And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,
Vievving the face that euen death commends,
On ſenceleſſe lippes, millions of kiſſes ſpends.

Pittifull

Of Rosamond.

Pittifull mouth (ſaith he) that liuing gaueſt
The ſweeteſt comfort that my ſoule could wiſh:
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou haueſt,
This ſorrowing farewell of a dying kiſſe.
And you faire eyes, containers of my bliſſe,
Motiues of loue, borne to be matched neuer,
Entomb'd in your ſweet circles ſleepe for euer.

Ah how me thinkes I ſee Death dallying ſeekes,
To entertaine it ſelfe in Loues ſweete place;
Decayed Roſes of diſcoloured cheekes,
Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace:
And vgly Death ſits faire within her face;
Sweete remnants reſting of vermillian red,
That Death it ſelfe doubts whether ſhe be dead.

Wonder of beautie, oh receiue theſe plaints,
Theſe obſequies, the laſt that I ſhall make thee:
For loe, my ſoule that now already faints,
(That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forſake thee,)
Haſtens her ſpeedy courſe to ouer-take thee.
Ile meete my death, and free my ſelfe thereby,
For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, thus much my ſoule doth vow,
Reuenge ſhall ſweeten death with eaſe of minde:
And I will cauſe poſterity ſhall know,
How faire thou wert aboue all women kinde,
And after-ages monuments ſhall finde.
Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name,
Roſe of the world that ſweetned ſo the ſame.

This

This ſaid, though more deſirous yet to ſay,
(For ſorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer,)
He doth repreſſe what griefe would elſe bewray,
Leaſt he too much his paſſions ſhould diſcouer.
And yet reſpect ſcarce bridles ſuch a Louer.
So farre tranſported that he knew not whither,
For Loue and Maieſty dwell ill togither.

Then were my funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pompe could deuiſe,
At *Godſtow*, where my body was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honourable wiſe,
Where yet as now ſcarce any note deſcries
Vnto theſe times, the memory of mee,
Marble and Braſſe ſo little laſting be.

For thoſe walls which the credulous deuout,
And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found;
With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,
That Time their works ſhould euer ſo confound,
Ly like confuſed heapes as vnder-ground.
And what their ignorance eſteem'd ſo holy,
The wiſer ages do account as folly.

And were it not thy fauourable lines
Re-edified the wracke of my decayes,
And that thy accents willingly aſſignes
Some farther date, and giue mee longer dayes,
Few in this age had knowne my Beautyes praiſe.
But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes ſome time,
Till other ages ſhall neglect thy rime.

Then

Then when Confuſion in her courſe ſhall bring
Sad deſolation on the times to come:
When mirthleſſe Thames ſhall haue no Swanne to ſing,
All muſicke ſilent, and the Muſes dombe.
And yet euen then it muſt be knowne to ſome,
That once they flouriſht, though not cheriſht ſo,
And Thames had Swannes aſwell as euer Po.

But heere an end, I may no longer ſtay,
I muſt returne t'attend at Stygian flood:
Yet ere I goe, this one word more I pray,
Tell DELIA, now her ſigh may doe me good,
And will her note the frailtie of our blood.
And if I paſſe vnto thoſe happie bankes,
Then ſhe muſt haue hir praiſe, thy pen her thankes.

So vanquiſht ſhe, and left me to returne
To proſecute the tenor of my woes:
Eternall matter for my Muſe to mourne,
But (yet) the world hath heard too much of thoſe,
My youth ſuch errors muſt no more diſcloſe.
Ile hide the reſt, and grieue for what hath beene,
Who made me knowne, muſt make me liue vnſeene.

FINIS.

TO DELIA.

SONNET. I.

VNto the boundles Ocean of thy beautie,
Runs this poore riuer, charg'd with ſtreames of zeale
Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,
Which here my loue, my youth, my plaints reueale.
Here I vnclaſpe the booke of my charg'd ſoule,
Where I haue caſt th'accounts of all my care:
Here haue I ſumm'd my ſighes, here I inrole
How they were ſpent for thee, looke what they are:
Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
And ſee how iuſt I reckon with thine eies:
Examine well thy beautie with my truth,
And croſſe my cares ere greater ſummes ariſe.
Read it (ſweet maid) though it be done but sleightly,
Who can ſhew all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

SONNET. II.

GO wailing verſe, the infants of my loue,
Minerua-like, brought foorth without a mother:
Preſent the Image of the cares I proue,
Witnes your fathers griefe exceeds all other.
Sigh out a ſtorie of her cruell deeds,
With inter-rupted accents of deſpaire:
A monument that whoſoeuer reeds,
May iuſtly praiſe, and blame my loueleſſe Faire.
Say her diſdaine hath dried vp my blood,
And ſtarued you, in ſuccours ſtill denying:
Preſſe to her eies, importune me ſome good,
Waken her ſleeping pitie with your crying,
Knock at her hard heart, beg till ye haue mou'd her,
And tell th'vnkind, how dearly I haue lou'd her.

SONNET. III.

IF ſo it hap, this of-ſpring of my care,
These fatall Antheames, lamentable ſongs:
Come to their view, who like afflicted are,
Let them ſigh for their owne, and mone my wrongs.
But vntoucht hearts, with vnaffected eie,
Approach not to behold my heauines:
Clear-ſighted you, ſoone note what is awrie,
Whilſt blinded ſoules mine errours neuer geſſe.
You blinded ſoules whom youth & errour leade,
You out-caſt Eaglets, dazeled with your ſunne:
Do you, and none but you my ſorrows reade,
You beſt can iudge the wrongs that ſhe hath done.
That ſhe hath done, the motiue of my paine,
Who whilſt I loue, doth kill me with diſdaine.

SONNET. IIII.

THeſe plaintiue verſe, the Poſtes of my deſire,
Which haſte for ſuccour to her ſlow regard,
Beare not report of anie ſlender fire,
Forging a griefe to winne a fames reward.
Nor are my paſsions lymnd for outward hew,
For that no colours can depaint my ſorrowes:
DELIA her ſelfe, and all the world may view
Beſt in my face, where cares haue tild deep furrowes.
No Bayes I ſeeke to decke my mourning brow,
O clear-eyde Rector of the holie Hill:
My humble accents beare the Oliue bough,
Of interceſsion, but to moue her will.
Theſe lines I vſe, t'vnburthen mine owne hart,
My loue affects no fame, nor ſteemes of Art.

Thoſe

SONNET. V.

WHilſt youth and error led my wandring minde,
And ſet my thoughts in heedles waies to range:
All vnawares, a Goddeſſe chaſte I finde,
(*Diana*-like) to worke my ſuddaine change.
For her no ſooner had mine eye bewraid,
But with diſdaine to ſee me in that place;
With faireſt hand the ſweet vnkindeſt maid,
Caſt water-cold diſdaine vpon my face.
Which turnd my ſport into a Harts diſpaire,
Which ſtill is chac'd, while I haue any breath,
By mine owne thoughts, ſet on me by my Faire:
My thoughts (like hounds) purſue me to my death:
Thoſe that I foſtred of mine owne accord,
Are made by her to murther thus their Lord.

SONNET. VI.

FAire is my Loue, and cruell as ſhe's faire;
Her browſhades frownes, although her eies are ſunny;
Her ſmiles are lightning, though her pride diſpaire;
And her diſdaines are gall, her fauours hunny.
A modeſt maide, deckt with a bluſh of honour,
Whoſe feet do tread green paths of youth and loue,
The wonder of all eyes that looke vpon her:
Sacred on earth, deſign'd a Saint aboue.
Chaſtitie and beautie, which were deadly foes,
Liue reconciled friends within her brow:
And had ſhe pittie to conioyne with thoſe,
Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now?
For had ſhe not bene faire, and thus vnkind,
My Muſe had ſlept, and none had knowne my mind.

SONNET. VII.

FOr had ſhe not bene faire and thus vnkinde,
Then had no finger pointed at my lightnes:
The world had neuer knowne what I do finde,
And clouds obſcure had ſhaded ſtil her brightnes.
Then had no Cenſors eye theſe lines ſuruaid,
Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my Muſe ſo vaine;
No ſunne my bluſh and error had bewraid,
Nor yet the world had heard of ſuch diſdaine.
Then had I walkt with bold erected face,
No downe-caſt looke had ſignified my miſſe:
But mydegraded hopes, with ſuch diſgrace
Did force me grone out griefes, and vtter this.
For being full, ſhould I not then haue ſpoken,
My ſence oppreſs'd, had faild, and hart had broken.

SONNET. VIII.

THou poore hart ſacrifiz'd vnto the faireſt,
Haſt ſent the incenſe of thy ſighes to heauen:
And ſtil againſt her frownes freſh vowes repaireſt,
And made thy paſsions with her beautie euen.
And you mine eyes, the agents of my hart,
Told the dumbe meſſage of my hidden griefe:
And oft with carefull turnes, with ſilent art,
Did treat the cruell Faire to yeeld reliefe.
And you my verſe, the aduocates of loue,
Haue followed hard the proceſſe of my caſe:
And vrgd that title which doth plainly proue,
My faith ſhould win, if iuſtice might haue place.
Yet though I ſee, that nought we do, can moue,
Tis not diſdaine muſt make me ceaſe to loue.

If

SONNET. IX.

IF this be loue, draw a wearie breath,
Paint on floods, till the ſhore crie to th'aire:
With downward lookes, ſtil reading on the earth,
The ſad memorials of my loues diſpaire.
If this be loue to warre againſt my ſoule,
Lie downe to waile, riſe vp to ſigh and grieue,
The neuer reſting ſtone of care ro roule,
Stil to complain my griefes, whilſt none relieue.
If this be loue, to cloath me with darke thoughts,
Haunting vntroden pathes to waile apart;
My pleaſures horror, Muſicke tragicke notes,
Teares in mine eyes, and ſorrow at my hart.
If this be loue, to liue a liuing death,
Then do I loue, and draw this wearie breath.

SONNET. X.

THen do I loue, and draw this wearie breath,
For her the cruell Faire, within whoſe brow,
I written finde the ſentence of my death,
In vnkind letters, wrote ſhe cares not how.
Thou powre that rul'ſt the confines of the night,
Laughter louing Goddeſſe, worldly pleaſures Queene,
Intenerat that hart that ſets ſo light,
The trueſt loue that euer yet was ſeene.
And cauſe her leaue to triumph in this wiſe,
Vpon the proſtrate ſpoyle of that poore hart:
That ſerues a Trophey to her conquering eies,
And muſt their glorie to the world impart.
Once let her know, ſh'hath done inough to proue me,
And let her pittie if ſhe cannot loue me.

SONNET. XI.

TEares, vowes, and praiers, win the hardeſt hart,
Teares, vowes & praiers, haue *I* ſpent in vaine;
Teares cannot ſoften flint, nor vowes conuart,
Praiers preuaile not with a quaint diſdaine.
I loſe my teares where *I* haue loſt my loue,
I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded;
I pray in vaine, a merciles to moue:
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
Yet though *I* cannot win her will with teares,
Though my ſoules *Idol* ſcorneth all my vowes;
Though all my praiers be to ſo deafe eares,
No fauour though the cruell faire allowes,
Yet will *I* weepe, vow, pray to cruell ſhee:
Flint, froſt, diſdaine, weares, melts, and yeelds we ſee.

SONNET. XII.

MY ſpotleſſe loue houers with pureſt wings,
About the temple of the proudeſt frame:
Where blaze thoſe lights faireſt of earthly things,
Which cleare our clouded world with brighteſt flame.
M'ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
Affect no honour but what ſhe can giue:
My hopes do reſt in limits of her grace,
I weigh no comfort vnleſſe ſhe relieue.
For ſhe that can my hart imparadize,
Holds in her faireſt hand what deareſt is,
My fortunes wheel's the circle of her eies,
Whoſe rowling grace deigne once a turn of bliſs.
All my liues ſweet conſiſts in her alone,
So much I loue the moſt vnlouing one.

SONNET. XIII.

BEhold what hap *Pigmalion* had to frame
And carue his proper griefe vpon a ſtone,
My heauie fortune is much like the ſame,
I worke on flint, and thats the cauſe I mone.
For hapleſſe loe euen with mine owne deſires,
I figurde on the table of mine hart,
The faireſt forme, that all the world admires,
And ſo did periſh by my proper art.
And ſtill I toyle, to change the Marble breſt
Of her, whoſe ſweeteſt grace I do adore,
Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my reſt,
Hard is her hart, and woe is me therefore.
But happie he that ioy'd his ſtone and art,
Vnhappie I, to loue a ſtonie hart.

SONNET. XIIII.

THoſe ſnary locks, are thoſe ſame nets (my Deere)
Wherewith my libertie thou didſt ſurprize,
Loue was the flame that fired me ſo neere,
The Dart tranſpearſing, were thoſe Chriſtall eies.
Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame,
Deep is the wound my ſighes can well report:
Yet do I loue, adore, and praiſe the ſame,
That holds, that burnes, that wounds me in this ſort.
And liſt not ſeeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
The bond, the flame, the wound that feſtreth ſo,
By knife, by liquor, or by ſalue to deale:
So much I pleaſe to periſh in my woe.
Yet leaſt long trauailes be aboue my ſtrength,
Good DELIA loſe, quench, heale me now at length.

If

SONNET. XV.

IF that a loyall hart and faith vnfained,
If a ſweet languiſh with a chaſt deſire,
If hunger-ſtaruen thoughts ſo long retained,
Fed but with ſmoke, and cheriſht but with fire:
And if a brow with cares characters painted,
Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe ſpoken
To her that ſits in my thoughts Temple ſainted,
And laies to view my Vultar-gnawne hart open:
If I haue done due homage to her eyes,
And had my ſighes ſtil tending on her name,
If on her loue my life and honour lyes,
And ſhe (th'vnkindeſt maid) ſtil ſcorns the ſame
Let this ſuffize, that all the world may ſee
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt muſt bee.

SONNET. XVI.

HAppie in ſleepe, waking content to languiſh,
Imbracing clouds by night, in day time mourne,
My ioyes but ſhadowes, touch of truth, my anguiſh
Griefes euer ſpringing, comforts neuer borne.
And ſtill expecting when ſhe will relent,
Growne hoarce with crying mercy, mercy giue,
So many vowes, and praiers hauing ſpent,
That wearie of my life, *I* loathe to liue.
And yet the Hydra of my cares renues
Still new borne ſorrowes of her freſh diſdaine:
And ſtill my hope the Sommer windes purſues,
Finding no end nor period of my paine.
This is my ſtate, my griefes do touch ſo neerly,
And thus *I* liue becauſe *I* loue her deerly.

Why

SONNET. XVII.

WHy ſhould I ſing in verſe, why ſhould I frame
These ſad neglected notes for her deare ſake?
Why ſhould I offer vp vnto her name,
The ſweeteſt ſacrifice my youth can make?
Why ſhould I ſtriue to make her liue for euer,
That neuer deignes to giue me ioy to liue?
Why ſhould m'afflicted Muſe ſo much endeuour,
Such honour vnto crueltie to giue?
If her defects haue purchaſt her this fame,
What ſhould her vertues do, her ſmiles, her loue?
If this her worſt, how ſhould her beſt inflame?
What paſsions would her milder fauors moue?
Fauours (I thinke) would ſence quite ouercome,
And that makes happie Louers euer dombe.

SONNET. XVIII.

SInce the firſt looke that led me to this error,
To this thoughts-maze, to my confuſiõ tending:
Still haue I liu'd in griefe, in hope, in terror,
The circle of my ſorrowes neuer ending.
Yet cannot leaue her loue that holds me hatefull,
Her eyes exact it, though her hart diſdaines me,
See what reward he hath that ſerues the vngratefull,
So true and loyall loue no fauour gaines me.
Sill muſt I whet my yong deſires abated,
Vpon the flint of ſuch a hart rebelling,
And all in vaine, her pride is ſo innated,
She yeelds no place at all for pitties dwelling.
Oft haue I told her that my ſoule did loue her,
(And that with teares) yet all this wil not moue her.

Reſtore

SONNET. XIX.

REstore thy treſſes to the golden Ore,
Yeeld *Cithereas* ſonne thoſe Arkes of loue;
Bequeath the heauens the ſtarres that I adore,
And to th'Orient do thy Pearles remoue,
Yeeld thy hands pride vnto th'Iuory white,
T'*Arabian* odors giue thy breathing ſweete:
Reſtore thy bluſh vnto *Aurora* bright,
To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete.
Let *Venus* haue thy graces, her reſign'd,
And thy ſweet voice giue back vnto the Spheares:
But yet reſtore thy fierce and cruell mind,
To *Hyrcan* Tygres, and to ruthles Beares.
Yeeld to the Marble thy hard hart againe,
So ſhalt thou ceaſe to plague, and I to paine.

SONNET. XX.

WHat it is to breathe and liue wirhout life:
How to be pale with anguiſh, red with feare:
T'haue peace abroad, and nought within but ſtrife:
Wiſh to be preſent, and yet ſhun t'appeare:
How to be bold far off, and baſhfull neare:
How to think much, and haue no words to ſpeake:
To craue redreſſe, yet hold affliction deare:
To haue affection ſtrong, a bodie weake:
Neuer to finde, and euermore to ſeeke:
And ſeeke that which I dare not hope to finde:
T'affect this life, and yet this life diſleeke:
Gratefull t'another, to my ſelfe vnkinde.
This cruell knowledge of theſe contraries,
DELIA my hart hath learnd out of thoſe eies.

If

SONNET. XXI.

IF beautie thus be clowded with a frowne,
That pittie ſhines no comfort to my blis,
And vapours of diſdaine ſo ouergrowne
That my liues light wholy in-darkned is.
Why ſhould I more moleſt the world with cries?
The aire with ſighes, the earth below with teares?
Sith I liue hatefull to thoſe ruthleſſe eies,
Vexing with vntun'd moane her daintie eares.
If I haue lou'd her dearer then my breath,
My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it:
And ſtill muſt hold her deare till after death,
And that all this mooues not her thoughts a whit,
Yet ſure ſhe cannot but muſt thinke a part,
She doth me wrong, to grieue ſo true a hart.

SONNET XXII.

COme Tyme the anchor-hold of my deſire,
My laſt Reſort whereto my hopes appeale,
Cauſe once the date of her diſdaine t'expire:
Make her the ſentence of her wrath repeale.
Rob her faire Brow, breake in on Beautie, ſteale
Powre from thoſe eyes, which pittie cannot ſpare:
Deale with thoſe daintie cheekes as ſhe doth deale
With this poore heart conſumed with diſpaire.
This heart made now the proſpectiue of care,
By louing her, the cruelſt Faire that liues
The cruelſt Fayre that ſees I pine for her,
And neuer mercie to my merit giues.
Let her not ſtill triumph ouer the prize
Of mine affections taken by her eies.

Tyme,

SONNET. XXIII.

TYme, cruell tyme, come and ſubdue that Brow
Which conquers all but thee, and thee too ſtaies
As if ſhe were exempt from Syeth or Bow,
From loue or yeares vnſubiect to decaies.
Or art thou growne in league with thoſe faire eies
That they may helpe thee to conſume our daies?
Or doſt thou ſpare her for her cruelties,
Being merciles like thee that no man weies?
And yet thou ſeeſt thy powre ſhe diſobaies,
Cares not for thee, but lets thee waſte in vaine,
And prodigall of howers and yeares betraies
Beautie and youth t'opinion and diſdaine.
Yet ſpare her Tyme, let her exempted bee,
She may become more kinde to thee or mee.

SONNET. XXIIII.

THeſe ſorrowing ſighes, the ſmoake of mine annoy,
Theſe teares which heate of ſacred flame diſtils,
Are thoſe due tributes that my faith doth pay
Vnto the tyrant, whoſe vnkindnes kils.
I ſacrifize my youth, and blooming yeares
At her proud feet, and ſhe reſpects not it:
My flowret vntimely's withred with my teares,
And Winter woes, for ſpring of youth vnfit.
She thinkes a looke may recompence my care,
And ſo with lookes, prolongs my long lookt caſe,
As ſhort that bliſſe, ſo is the comfort rare,
Yet muſt that bliſſe my hungry thoughts appeaſe.
Thus ſhe returnes my hopes ſo fruitleſſe euer,
Once let her loue indeed, or els looke neuer.

Falſe

SONNET. XXV.

FAlse Hope prolongs my euer certaine griefe,
Traitour to me, and faithfull to my Loue:
A thousand times it promis'd me reliefe,
Yet neuer any true effect I proue.
Oft when I finde in her no truth at all,
I banish her, and blame her trecherie,
Yet soone againe I must her backe recall,
As one that dies without her companie.
Thus often as *I* chase my hope from me,
Straight-way she hasts her vnto DELIAS eies,
Fed with some pleasing looke there shal she be,
And so sent backe, and thus my fortune lies.
Lookes feed my Hope, Hope fosters me in vaine,
Hopes are vnsure, when certaine is my paine.

SONNET. XXVI.

LOoke in my griefs, & blame me not to mourne,
From care to care that leades a life so bad;
Th'Orphan of Fortune, borne to be her scorne,
Whose clouded brow doth make my daies so sad.
Long are their nights whose cares do neuer sleepe,
Lothsome their daies, whom no sun euer ioyd,
Th'impression of her eyes do pearce so deepe,
That thus I liue both day and night annoyd.
But since the sweetest roote yeelds frute so sowre,
Her praise from my complaint *I* may not part:
I loue th'effect the cause being of this powre,
Ile praise her face, and blame her flincie hart.
Whilst we both make the world admire at vs,
Her for disdaine, and me for louing thus.

SONNET. XXVII.

RAigne in my thoughts faire hand, ſweet eye, rare voice,
Poſſeſſe me whole, my harts triumvirate:
Yet heauy hart to make ſo hard a choiſe,
Of ſuch a ſpoile thy poore afflicted ſtate.
For whilſt they ſtriue which ſhall be Lord of all,
All my poore life by them is troden downe,
They all erect their Trophies on my fall,
And yeeld me nought that giues them their renowne.
When back *I* looke, *I* ſigh my freedome paſt,
And waile the ſtate wherein *I* preſent ſtand:
And ſee my fortune euer like to laſt,
Finding me rain'd with ſuch a heauie hand.
What can *I* do but yeeld? and yeeld *I* doo,
And ſerue all three, and yet they ſpoile me too.

SONNET. XXVIII.

Alluding to the Sparrow purſued by a Hawke, that flew into the boſome of Lenocrates.

WHilſt by thy eies purſu'd, my poore hart flew
Into the ſacred Refuge of thy breſt:
Thy rigor in that Sanctuary ſlew
That which thy ſiccring mercy ſhould haue bleſt.
No priuiledge of faith could it protect,
Faith being with blood, and fiue yeares witnes ſign'd,
Wherein no ſhew gaue cauſe of leaſt ſuſpect.
For well thou ſaw'ſt my loue, and how I pin'd.
Yet no mild comfort would thy Brow reueale,
No lightning lookes which falling hopes erect:
What boots to lawes of Succor to appeale?
Ladies and Tyrants, neuer lawes reſpect.
Then there I die frō whence my life ſhould come,
And by that hand whom ſuch deeds ill become.

Still

SONNET. XXIX.

STill in the trace of one perplexed thought,
My ceasles cares continually run on:
Seeking in vaine what I haue euer sought,
One in my loue, and her hard hart still one.
I who did neuer ioy in other Sun,
And haue no stars but those, that must fulfill
The worke of rigor, fatally begun
Vpon this hart, whom cruelnie will kill.
Iniurious DELIA yet I loue thee still,
And will whilst I shall draw this breath of mine,
Ile tell the world that I deserv'd but ill,
And blame my selfe t'excuse that hart of thine.
See then who sinnes the greater of vs twaine,
I in my loue, or thou in thy disdaine.

SONNET. XXX.

OFt do I maruell, whether DELIAS eies,
Are eies, or els two radiant starres that shine:
For how could Nature euer thus deuise,
Of earth on earth a substance so diuine.
Starres sure they are, whose motions rule desires,
And calme and tempest follow their aspects:
Their sweet appearing stil such power inspires,
That makes the world admire so strange effects.
Yet whether fixt or wandring starres are they,
Whose influence rule the O be of my poore hart:
Fixt sure they are, but wandring make me stray,
In endles errors, whence I cannot part.
Starres then, nor eies, moue you with milder views,
Your sweet aspect on him that honours you.

SONNET. XXXI

THe Starre of my mishap impos'd this paine
To spend the Aprill of my yeares in griefe:
Finding my fortune euer in the waine
With still fresh cares, supplide with no reliefe.
Yet thee *I* blame not, though for thee tis done,
But these weake whings presuming to aspire,
Which now are melted by thine eies bright sun,
That makes me fall from off my hie desire.
And in my fall *I* crie for helpe with speed,
No pitying eie lookes backe vpon my feares:
No succour finde *I* now when most I need,
My teats must drowne in th'Ocean of my teares.
VVhich still must beare the title of my wrong,
Caus'd by those cruell beames that were so strong.

SONNET. XXXII.

ANd yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blame th'attempt presuming so to sore,
The mounting venter for a high delight,
Did make the honour of the fall the more.
For who gets wealth that puts not from the shore?
Danger hath honor, great designes their fame,
Glorie doth follow, courage goes before.
And though th'event of things answers not the same,
Suffize that high attempts haue neuer shame.
The meane obscure (VVhom base safetie keeps)
Liues without honour, dies without a name,
And in eternall darkenes euer sleepes.
And therefore DELIA, tis no no blot,
To haue attempted, though he attaind thee not.

SONNET. XXXIII.

RAiſing my hopes on hills of high deſire,
Thinking to ſcale the heauen of her hart,
My ſlender meanes preſum'd too high a part;
Her thunder of diſdaine forſt me to retire.
And threw me downe to paine in all this fire,
Where loe I languiſh in ſo heauie ſmart,
Becauſe th'attempt was farre aboue my art:
Her pride brook'd not poore ſoules ſhould ſo aſpire.
Yet I proteſt my high deſiring will
Was not to diſpoſſeſſe her of her right:
Her ſoueraigntie ſhould haue remained ſtill,
I onely ſought the bliſſe to haue her ſight:
Her ſight contented thus to ſee me ſpill,
Fram'd my deſires fit for her eyes to kill.

SONNET. XXXIIII.

WHy dooſt thou DELIA credit ſo thy glaſſe,
Gazing thy beautie deign'd thee by the skies:
And doeſt not rather looke on him (alas)
Whoſe ſtate beſt ſhews the force of murdering eies?
The broken tops of loftie trees declare
The furie of a mercie-wanting ſtorme:
And of what force thy wounding graces are,
Vpon my ſelfe thou beſt maiſt finde the forme.
Then leaue thy glaſſe, and gaze thy ſelfe on mee,
That Mirror ſhewes what power is in thy face:
To view your forme too much, may danger bee,
Narciſſus chang'd to a flower in ſuch a caſe.
And you are chang'd, but nere a Hiacint,
I feare your eye hath turnd your hart to flint.

SONNET. XXXV.

I Once may see when yeers shal wreck my wrong,
When golden haires shall change to siluer wier:
And those bright raies that kindle all this fire,
Shall faile in force, their working not so strong.
Then beautie (now the burthen of my song)
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yeeld vp all to tyrant times desire,
Then fade those flowers that deck her pride so long.
When, if she grieue to gaze her in her glasse,
VVhich, then presents her winter-withered hew,
Goe you (my verse) goe tell her what she was,
For what she was, she best shall find in you.
Your firie heate lets not her glorie passe,
But (Phœnix-like) shall make her liue anew.

SONNET. XXXVI.

LOoke Delia how we esteem the halfe blowne Rose,
The image of thy blush, and Somners honor:
Whilst yet her tender bud doth vndisclose
That full of beautie, time bestowes vpon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the aire,
But straight her wide blowne pompe comes to decline:
She then is scorned that late adorned the Faire,
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine.
No Aprill can reuiue thy withered flowres,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now:
Swift speedy time, feathred with flying houres,
Dissolues the beautie of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure wast in vaine,
But loue now whilst thou maist be loued againe.

SONNET. XXXVII.

BVT loue whilſt that thou maiſt be lou'd againe,
Now whilſt thy May hath fild thy lap with flowers,
Now whilſt thy beautie beares without a ſtaine,
Now vſe the Sommer ſmiles, ere Winter lowers.
And whilſt thou ſpreadſt vnto the riſing ſunne,
The faireſt flowre that euer ſawe the light,
Now ioy thy time before thy ſweet be done,
And (DELIA) thinke thy morning muſt haue night,
And that thy brightnes ſets at length to Weſt,
Whē thou wilt cloſe vp that which now thou ſhow'ſt,
And thinke the ſame becomes thy fading beſt,
Which then ſhal moſt inuaile & ſhadow moſt.
Men do not wey the ſtalke for that it was,
VVhen once they find her flowre her glory pas.

SONNET. XXXIII.

VVHen men ſhall find thy flower, thy glory paſſe,
And thou with careſull brow ſitting alone?
Receiued haſt this meſſage from thy glaſſe,
That tels the truth, and ſaies that all is gone.
Freſh ſhalt thou ſee in me the wounds thou madeſt,
Though ſpent thy flame, in me the heat remaining,
I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadeſt,
My faith ſhall waxe, when thou art in thy waining.
The world ſhall finde this myracle in mee,
That fire can burne when all the matter's ſpent.
Then what my faith hath bene thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee,
And that thou waſt vnkinde, thou maiſt repent.
Thou maiſt repent that thou haſt ſcorn'd my teares,
VVhen winter ſnowes vpon thy ſable haires.

VVhen

SONNET. XXXVIIII.

WHen winter ſnowes vpon thy ſable haires,
And froſt of age hath nipt thy beauties neere,
When darke ſhall ſeeme thy day that neuer cleares,
And all lies withred that was held ſo deere.
Then take this picture which *I* here preſent thee,
Limned with a Penſill not all vnworthy:
Here ſee the gifts that God and nature lent thee.
Here read thy ſelfe, and what I ſuffred for thee.
This may remaine thy laſting monument,
Which happily poſteritie may cherriſh,
Theſe colours with thy fading are not ſpent,
Theſe may remain when thou & *I* ſhal perriſh.
If they remaine, then thou ſhalt liue thereby,
They will remaine, and ſo thou canſt not die.

SONNET. XL.

THou canſt not die whilſt any zeale abound
In feeling hearts that can conceiue theſe lines;
Though thou a *Laura* haſt no *Petrarch* found,
In baſe attire yet cleerly Beautie ſhines.
And I (though borne within a colder clime,)
Do feele mine inward heat as great (*I* know it,)
He neuer had more faith, although more rime,
I loue as well, though he could better ſhow it.
But I may adde one feather to thy fame,
To helpe her flight throughout the faireſt Ile,
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then ſhouldſt thou liue in an immortall ſtile.
For though that *Laura* better limned bee,
Suffiſe, thou ſhalt be lou'd as well as ſhee.

SONNET. XLI.

BE not displead that these my papers should
Bewray vnto the world how faire thou art:
Or that my wits haue shewed the best they could.
(The chastest flame that euer warmed hart)
Thinke not (sweet DELIA) this shall be thy shame,
My Muse should sound thy praise with mournfull warble,
How many liue, the glory of whose name
Shall rest in Ise, when thine is grau'd in Marble.
Thou maist in after ages liue esteem'd,
Vnburied in these lines reseru'd in purenes;
These shall intombe those eies, that haue redeem'd
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscurenes.
Although my carefull accents neuer moou'd thee,
Yet count it no disgrace that I haue lo'ud thee.

SONNET. XLII.

DELIA, these eyes that so admireth thine,
Haue seene those walls which proud ambition rear'd
To check the world, how they intomb'd haue lien
Within themselues, and on them ploughs haue ear'd.
Yet neuer found that barbarous hand attaind
The spoile of fame deseru'd by vertuous mens
Whose glorious actions luckily had gaind
Th'eternall Annals of a happie pen.
And therefore grieue not if thy beauties die,
Though tyme do spoile thee of the faireſt vaile
That euer yet couered mortalitie,
And must instarre the Needle, and the Raile.
That Grace which doth more then in woman thee,
Liues in my lines, and must eternall bee.

Most

SONNET. XLIII.

MOst faire and louely Maide, looke from the ſhore,
See thy *Leander* ſtruing in theſe waues:
Poore ſoule quite ſpent, whoſe force can do no more,
Now ſend forth hope, for now calme pittie ſaues.
And waft him to thee with thoſe louely eies,
A happie conuoy to a holy Land:
Now ſhew thy power, & where thy vertue lies,
To ſaue thine own, ſtretch out the faireſt hand.
Stretch out the faireſt hand, a pledge of peace,
That hand that darts ſo right and neuer miſſes:
I ſhall forget old wrongs, my griefes ſhall ceaſe,
And that which gaue me wounds, Ile giue it kiſſes.
Once let the Ocean of my care finde ſhore,
That thou be pleaſde, and I may ſigh no more.

SONNET. XLIIII.

READ in my face a volume of diſpaires,
The wailing Iliads of my tragicke woe:
Drawne with my blood and painted with my cares,
Wrought by her hand that I haue honour'd ſo.
Who whilſt I burne, ſhe ſings at my ſoules wrack,
Looking aloft from turret of her pride:
There my ſoules tyrant ioyes her, in the ſack
Of her owne ſeate, whereof I made her guide.
There do theſe ſmoakes that from affliction riſe,
Serue as an incenſe to a cruell Dame:
A ſacrifice thrice-gratefull to her eies,
Becauſe their power ſerue to exact the ſame.
Thus ruines ſhe (to ſatisfie her will,)
The temple where her name was honour'd ſtill.

My

SONNET. XLV.

MY Delia hath the waters of mine dies,
The readie handmaids on her grace t'attend:
That neuer fall to ebbe, but euer dries,
For to their flow she neuer grants an end.
Th'Ocean neuer did attend more dulie
Vpon his soueraignes course, the nights pale Queene;
Nor paid the impost of his waues more trulie,
Then mine vnto her crueltie hath beene.
Yet nought the rocke of that hard hart can moue,
Where beat these teares which zeale, and furie driues:
And yet I rather languish for her loue,
Then I would ioy the fairest she that liues.
And if I finde such pleasure to complaine,
What should I do then if I should obtaine?

SONNET. XLVI.

HOw long shall I in mine affliction mourne?
A burden to my selfe, distrest in minde:
When shall my interdicted hopes returne,
From out dispaire, wherin they liue confinde?
When shall her troubled brow, charg'd with disdaine
Reueale the treasure which her smiles impart?
When shall my faith the happines attaine,
To breake the Ise that hath congeald her hart?
Vnto her selfe, her selfe my loue doth sommon,
(If loue in her hath any power to moue,)
And let her tell me as she is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deseru'd her loue?
I know her hart cannot but iudge with mee,
Although her eyes my aduersaries bee.

SONNET. XLVII.

BEautie (ſweet Loue) is like the morning dew,
Whoſe ſhort refreſh vpon the tender greene:
Cheers for a time but til the Sun doth ſhew,
And ſtraight tis gone as it had neuer beene.
Soone doth it fade that makes the faireſt floriſh,
Short is the glorie of the bluſhing Roſe:
The hew which thou ſo carefully doſt noriſh,
Yet which at length thou muſt be forc'd to loſe.
When thou ſurcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homward to the earth,
And that in Beauties leaſe expir'd, appeares
The date of Age, the Kalends of our death.
But ah no more, this muſt not be fore-told,
For women grieue to thinke they muſt be old.

SONNET. XLVIII.

I Muſt not grieue my Loue, whoſe eies would reed
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might ſmile,
Flowers haue a time before they come to ſeed,
And ſhe is yong, and now muſt ſport the while.
And ſport (ſweet Maid) in ſeaſon of theſe yeares,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither:
And where the ſweeteſt bloſſome firſt appeares,
Let loue & youth conduct thy pleaſures thither.
Lighten forth ſmiles to cleare the clowded aire,
And calme the tempeſt which my ſighes do raiſe,
Pittie and ſmiles do beſt become the faire,
Pittie and ſmiles muſt onely yeeld thee praiſe.
Make me to ſay, when all my griefs are gone,
Happie the hart that ſigh'd for ſuch a one.

SONNET. XLVIIII.

ANd whether (poore forſaken) wilt thou goe,
To goe from ſorrow, and thine owne diſtreſſe?
VVhen euery place preſents like face of woe,
And no remoue can make thy ſorrowes leſſe?
Yet goe (forſaken) leaue theſe woods, theſe plaines,
Leaue her and all, and all for her that leaues
Thee and thy loue forlorne, and both diſdaines:
And of both, wrongfull deemes, and ill conceiues.
Seeke out ſome place, and ſee if any place
Can giue the leaſt releaſe vnto thy griefe:
Conuey thee from the thought of thy diſgrace,
Steale from thy ſelfe, and be thy cares owne thiefe.
But yet what comfort ſhall I hereby gaine?
Bearing the wound, I needs muſt feele the paine.

SONNET. L.

DRawne with th'attractiue vertue of her eyes,
My toucht heart turnes it to that happie coaſt:
My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lies,
The leuell of my hopes deſired moſt.
There where my DELIA, fairer then the Sunne,
Deckt with her youth whereon the world doth ſmile.
Ioyes in that honour which her eies haue wonne,
Th'eternall wonder of our happie Ile.
Flouriſh faire ALBION, glory of the North,
Neptunes beſt darling, held betweene his armes:
Diuided from the world as better worth,
Kept for himſelfe, defended from all harmes.
Still let diſarmed peace decke her and thee:
And Muſe-foe *Mars*, abroad far ſoiſted bee.

SONNET. LI

CAre-charmer Sleep, ſonne of the ſable night,
Brother to death, in ſilent darknes borne:
Relieue my languiſh, and reſtore the light,
With darke forgetting of my cares returne.
And let the day be time enough to mourne
The ſhipwrack of my ill aduentred youth:
Let waking eyes ſuffice to waile their ſcorne,
Without the torment of the nights vntruth.
Ceaſe dreames, th'Images of day deſires,
To modell forth the paſſions of the morrow:
Neuer let riſing Sunne approue you liers,
To adde more griefe to aggrauate my ſorrow.
Still let me ſleep, imbracing clouds in vaine,
And neuer wake to feele the daies diſdaine.

SONNET. LII.

LEt others ſing of Knights and Palladines,
In aged accents, and vntimely words:
Paint ſhadowes in imaginarie lines,
Which wel the reach of their high wits records;
But I muſt ſing of thee, and thoſe faire eies,
Autentique ſhall my verſe in time to come,
When yet th'vnborn ſhall ſay, Lo where ſhe lies,
Whoſe beautie made him ſpeak that elſe was dombe.
Theſe are the Arkes, the Trophies I erect,
That fortifie thy name againſt old age:
And theſe thy ſacred vertues muſt protect,
Againſt the darke and tymes conſuming rage.
Though th'error of my youth in them appeare,
Suffiſe, they ſhew I liu'd and lou'd thee deare.

As

SONNET. LIII.

AS to the Roman that would free his Land,
His error was his honour and renowne:
And more the fame of his miſtaking hand,
Then if he had the tyrant ouer-throwne.
So DELIA, hath mine error made me knowne,
And my deceiu'd attempt, deſeru'd more fame,
Then if I had the victorie mine owne:
And thy hard hart had yeelded vp the ſame.
And ſo likewiſe, renowmed is thy blame,
Thy crueltie, thy glorie; O ſtrange caſe
That errors ſhould be grac'd that merit ſhame,
And ſinne of frownes bring honor to the face.
Yet happie DELIA that thou waſt vnkind,
Though happier far if thou woulſt change thy mind.

SONNET. LIIII.

LIke as the Lute delights or els diſlikes,
As is his art that plaies vpon the ſame:
So ſounds my Muſe according as ſhe ſtrikes
On my hart-ſtrings, high tun'd vnto her fame.
Her touch doth cauſe the warble of the ſound,
Which here I yeeld in lamentable wiſe:
A wailing deſcant on the ſweeteſt ground,
Whoſe due reports giue honor to her eies.
Elſe harſh my ſtile, vntunable my Muſe,
Hoarce ſounds the voice that praiſeth not her name:
If any pleaſing reliſh here I vſe,
Then iudge the world her beautie giues the ſame.
For no ground els could make the Muſicke ſuch,
Nor other hand could giue ſo true a touch.

SONNET. LV.

NOne other fame mine vnambitious Muſe,
Affected euer, but t'eternize thee:
All other honors do my hopes refuſe,
Which meaner priz'd and momentary bee.
For God forbid I ſhould my papers blot,
VVith mercenary lines, with ſeruile pen:
Praiſing vertues in them that haue them not,
Baſely attending on the hopes of men.
No no, my verſe reſpects nor Thames, nor Theaters,
Nor ſeekes it to be knowne vnto the Great,
But *Auon* poore in fame, and poore in waters,
Shall haue my ſong where DELIA hath her ſeat.
Auon ſhall be my Thames, and ſhe my ſong,
No other prouder Brookes ſhall heare my wrong.

SONNET. LVI.

VNhappie pen, and ill-accepted lines
That intimate in vaine my chaſt deſire:
My chaſt deſire, which from darke ſorrow ſhines,
Inkindled by her eyes celeſtiall fire.
Celeſtiall fire, and vnreſpecting powres
Which pittie not the wounds made by their might,
Shew'd in theſe lines, the worke of carefull houres,
The ſacrifice here offred to her ſight.
But ſince ſhe weighs them not, this reſts for mee,
Ile mone my ſelfe, and hide the wrong I haue:
And ſo content me that her frownes ſhould be
To m'infant ſtile the cradle, and the graue.
What though my Muſe no honor get thereby,
Each Bird ſings to her ſelfe, and ſo will I.

Lo

SONNET. LVII.

LO here the impoſt of a faith entire
Which loue doth pay, and her diſdaine extorts:
Behold the meſſage of a chaſt deſire,
Which tells the world how much my griefe imports.
Theſe tributary paſsions, beauties due,
I ſend thoſe eyes the cabinets of loue:
That Crueltie her ſelfe might grieue to view
Th'affliction her vnkind diſdaine doth moue.
And how I liue caſt down from off all myrth,
Penſiue alone, onely but with Diſpaire:
My ioyes abortiue, periſh in their byrth,
My griefs long liu'd, and care ſucceeding care.
This is my ſtate, and DELIAS hart is ſuch,
I ſay no more, I feare I ſaid too much.

An Ode.

NOW each creature ioyes the other,
paſsing happie dayes and howers,
One Bird reports vnto another,
in the fall of ſiluer ſhowers,
Whilſt the earth (our common mother)
hath her boſome deckt with flowers.

Whilſt the greateſt Torch of heauen,
with bright rayes warmes FLORAS lap,
Making nights and dayes both euen,
chearing plants with freſher ſap:
My field of flowers quite bereuen,
wants refreſh of better hap.

ECCHO, daughter of the Aire,
(babling gueſt of Rocks and hils,)

Knowes

Knowes the name of my fierce Faire,
and ſounds the accents of my ils.
Each thing pitties my diſpaire,
whilſt that ſhe her Louer kils.

Whilſt that ſhe (O cruell Maid)
doth me and my loue deſpiſe,
My liues floriſh is decaied,
that depended on her eies:
But her will muſt be obeyed,
and well he ends for loue who dies.

A Paſtorall.

OHappie golden Age,
Not for that Riuers ranne
With ſtreames of milke, and hunny dropt from trees,
Not that the earth did gage
Vnto the husband-man
Her voluntary frutes, free without fees:
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile,
Th'eternall flowring Spring
Wherein liu'd euery thing,
And whereon th'heauens perpetually did ſmile,
Not for no ſhip had brought
From forraine ſhores, or warres or wares ill ſought.
But onely for that name,
That Idle name of winde:
That Idoll of deceit, that emptie ſound
Call'd HONOR, which became
The tyran of the minde:
And ſo torments our Nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found: Nor

Nor yet ſad griefes imparts
Amidſt the ſweet delights
Of ioyfull amorous wights.
Nor were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne harts:
But golden lawes like theſe
Which nature wrote. *That's lawfull which doth please.*
Then amongſt flowres and ſprings
Making delightfull ſport,
Sate Louers without conflict, without flame;
And Nymphs and ſhepheards ſings
Mixing in wanton ſort
Whiſp'rings with Songs, then kiſſes with the ſame
Which from affection came:
The naked virgin then
Her Roſes freſh reueales,
Which now her vayle conceales.
The tender Apples in her boſome ſeene,
And oft in Riuers cleere
The Louers with their Loues conſorting were.
HONOR, thou firſt didſt cloſe
The ſpring of all delight:
Denying water to the amorous thirſt
Thou taught'ſt faire eyes to loſe
The glorie of their light.
Reſtrain'd from men, & on themſelues reuerſt.
Thou in a lawne didſt firſt
Thoſe golden haires incaſe,
Late ſpred vnto the winde;
Thou mad'ſt looſe grace vnkinde,
Gau'ſt bridle to their words, art to their pace.
O Honor it is thou
That mak'ſt that ſtealth, which loue doth free allow.

It

It is thy worke that brings
Our griefes, and torments thus;
But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Loue,
That swell'ſt her Kingdome,
What doeſt thou here with vs like vs from aboue?
Goe and from vs remaine,
Trouble the mighties ſleepe,
Let vs neglected, baſe,
Liue ſtill without thy grace,
And th'vſe of th'auncient happie ages keepe,
Let's loue, this life of ours
Can make no truce with time that all deuours.

Let's loue, the ſun doth ſet and riſe againe,
But when as our ſhort light
Comes once to ſet, it makes eternall night.

FINIS.